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WHITTLINGS

FROM THE WEST:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

BUTTERNUT CASTLE.

BY

ABEL LOG.

"Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, on sea or shore."

EDINBURGH: JAMES HOGG.
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TO

The Readers of the Instructor,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED

BY

ABEL LOG.

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PROLOGUE.

TO THE READER.

To pen a story, or sketch of travel, for a magazine, is one thing; to write a work for publication by itself, is another. In the former case, your paper appears among several others, and, like a bad shilling between two good crown-pieces, nothing more may be heard of it; in the latter, your book has to stand upon its individual merits—and the author may never hear the last of it.

Here is a book containing some sketches of travel which originally appeared in the pages of Hogg's Instructor. They were hastily written; and when I learned, a little time since, that it was the Proprietor's intention to publish them in a volume, I immediately set to work, blotting out, re-writing, and revising, to the very best of my abilities; but soon discovered that it was a much easier thing to write a new story, than to patch up an old one, and the consequence is, that, although I have done my utmost to make the Whittlings worthy of your perusal, they still fall considerably short of what I wished to see them before they were submitted to you in their present form.

Should any curious person feel moved to inquire whether, in rendering this account of my peregrinations, I have in the slightest degree availed

myself of the usual traveller's license, I can only say, that, what with penning down, copying out, revising, and examining proofs, I have the whole narrative by heart, and most scrupulously believe every word of it.

ABEL LOG.

IVYNOOK, September 1854.

———o———

POSTSCRIPT.

I should perhaps explain, that I gave these papers the name of Whittlings in allusion to a rather droll propensity which has been laid at the door of our kind and hospitable friends in the West; viz., that of inflicting, with their clasp-knives, during conversation, certain deep notches, and fancy devices, upon any chairs, tables, mantelpieces, book-shelves, sideboards, writing-desks, piano-legs, and all kinds of furniture to which at the moment they may happen to be contiguous; but I must confess that I have met with very few instances of the kind, and those only among the lower orders of society.

By WHITTLINGS, then, are, if you please, to be understood the Chips, or Shavings (carefully swept up, put into bags, numbered, and sent over for your distinguished inspection), gleaned from that decorative process to which such chairs, tables, mantelpieces, book-shelves, sideboards, writing-desks, piano-legs, and all kinds of furniture aforesaid, may have thus from time to time been subjected.

WHITTLINGS FROM THE WEST.

ERRATA.

Page 126, line	4,	*for* "morning air," *read* "morning airing."
... 146, ...	13,	*for* "secret himself," *read* "secrete himself."
... 259, ...	27,	*for* "fit state of a murderer and bully," *read* "fit fate of a murderer and bully."
... 263, ...	32,	*for* "over the bison prairies," *read* "upon the bison prairies."
... 371, ...	18,	*for* "and the persons," *read* "and the Shakers."
... 424, ...	17,	*for* "threw himself suddenly back," *read* "threw himself back."

belaying-pin; the chief mate, Mr Tongs, was poising his person upon the heel of the bowsprit, and issuing a variety of very vociferous orders, to which no one appeared to be paying the slightest attention; the second mate, Mr Major, was ropes-ending a thin boy—an operation that officer was pleased facetiously to term "sweetening him up;" and four or five of the stoutest of the crew were in the act of hoisting the maintop-sail, and timing their labours to a popular nautical ditty, the words of which (though particularly select and striking) I unfortunately neglected to commit to paper. To the best of my recollection, however, they ran as follows:—

> "Now-you-bad-sing-ers—yeo-yeo-yeo-heave-ho,
> You-are-no-good-here—I-know-ow-aw-ow;
> Bowse-'em-up-there-boys—sing-pul-ly-hoi-ho,
> Cheer-ly-men-cheer-ly—heave-cheerly-yeo-ho."

I recollect, too, that the melody came to a premature close; a

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WHITTLINGS FROM THE WEST.

HEAP THE FIRST.

The Golightly, Captain Tophamper, for Quebec and Montreal; 320 tons per register, and A 1 at Lloyd's. One gun, fourteen men and a-half.

Such was the name, and such were the character and destination, of the handsome and symmetrical little brig upon whose white quarterdeck I found myself standing, early on the morning of the memorable first of April, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six. The captain and supercargo had gone below: the pilot was sitting upon the combings of the after-hatchway, smoking a cigar the size of an ordinary belaying-pin; the chief mate, Mr Tongs, was poising his person upon the heel of the bowsprit, and issuing a variety of very vociferous orders, to which no one appeared to be paying the slightest attention; the second mate, Mr Major, was ropes-ending a thin boy—an operation that officer was pleased facetiously to term "sweetening him up;" and four or five of the stoutest of the crew were in the act of hoisting the maintop-sail, and timing their labours to a popular nautical ditty, the words of which (though particularly select and striking) I unfortunately neglected to commit to paper. To the best of my recollection, however, they ran as follows:—

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I recollect, too, that the melody came to a premature close; a

large block, through which some clumsy hand aloft was reeving a rope, having fallen upon the head of the principal singer, a fine young tar with ringlets, who rubbed the wounded portion of his cranium violently, and swore in a most shocking manner.

"Boat waiting alongside, sar," said the black steward, Mr Caleb Chin, as he passed me with a tureen of soup, on his way to the cook's galley.

"Boat waiting? what for?" said I, looking indignantly over the vessel's quarter.

"Anything the matter, sir?" asked Mr Tongs, raising his cap gracefully. "Oh, I understand; it is an old story. This rascal agreed to put you on board for half-a-crown, I suppose."

"Yes; and as it was a long pull, I gave him five shillings."

"Very good. Any one for shore? No. Cast off there."

The waterman still held on with his hook.

"What do you want, my good fellow?" said Tongs, smiling hideously.

"Another crown, your honour," was the reply.

"Hold on a bit, then," said the mate, running away for a moment, and then re-appearing with a two-and-thirty pound shot in his arms—"Here, you needn't mind the change—take care of your toes—ah! I thought you wouldn't wait for it;" and, having arranged the difficulty, Mr Tongs bowled the heavy iron mass back to the spot from which he had taken it, and returned to abuse two or three of the seamen who were paying out some rope in the forecastle.

"You may as well hoist that foresail," said the surly pilot, taking the cigar from his mouth, and eyeing it affectionately.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Mr Major, issuing the necessary commands.

"And the jib," added the pilot, gruffly.

The order was obeyed with alacrity.

"And I don't care if you shake out that foretopsail; there's a bit of a breeze springing up."

"Away aloft, two or three of you, and set that foretopsail," cried Mr Major, in his loudest key.

"And brace up that foreyard there," continued the sour pilot; "it's swinging about like a barber's pole."

Mr Major, who was an old man-of-war's-man, and had seen service, growled a disapproval of this reflection upon his seamanship, and executed the order with his own hands.

At this moment Captain Tophamper came upon deck, and welcomed me cordially. He was a middle-aged, weatherbeaten-looking man, with a good-humoured face, a frank blue eye, and a profusion of picturesque curly auburn hair. He introduced me to the supercargo, Mr O'Toole, a handsome young Irishman, with a florid complexion and excellent teeth; and we all three went below to breakfast.

"Are you a good sailor, sir?" asked the supercargo, with an engaging smile.

"Very—at least I think so." Here the captain and mate (for the latter had just joined us) exchanged a look—a sly look, which said a great deal.

"Let me assist you to some more beef," said the skipper, turning to me; "the fresh breeze should give you an appetite. Should it not, Tongs?"

Tongs said it should, and, wishing to set a good example, suffered his own plate to be replenished. The bustle on deck began now in some measure to subside, and the fitful plash of the waves against the sides of the vessel to whisper of blustering winds and blue sea-water.

"We shall be a nice, snug, agreeable party," said Captain Tophamper, rubbing his hands, and attacking a bottle of pickled onions. "Our last voyage was not a pleasant one, for we had an old gentleman on board, who did nothing but drink brandy and water, and play the violoncello; and a young lady, poor thing! with an infant in arms. It was her first trip to sea, and she was too ill to take care of herself—much more of the child."

"How did you manage with them, then?" asked the supercargo.

"It would not be civil to anybody but the carpenter," said Captain Tophamper, "so we made him nurse it. You can't

conceive the trouble we had with that infant. One day Mr Chips was wanted in a hurry. It was blowing a gale, and we had sprung our foreto'gallant mast, so all hands had to fall to work and rig another. 'Where's the carpenter?' said I.

"'Feeding the babby, sir,' was the reply.

"'Feeding the babby! drown the babby! Send him here.'

"'I can't, sir; the child won't let him come.'

"'Tell him to bring it with him, then,' thundered I, almost choked with rage; and presently, sure enough, up came Mr Chips with the infant tucked under one arm—as though it had been an umbrella, or a marlinespike."

"A very awkward encumbrance, upon my word," said Mr O'Toole.

Captain Tophamper nodded.

"At last the child became so attached to him that he was not able to stir a yard without it; so, as Mr Chips was but a bad nurse, he used to carry the little bald chap about in one of the ship's paint-pots, and set it beside him wherever he was at work."

"Wind's drawing aft a little, sir," said the second mate, putting his head into the cabin. Mr Major was not called upon to furnish this piece of intelligence, but he thought that Tongs had been quite long enough at the breakfast-table, and he was anxious to get there himself.

"Very well, I shall be on deck presently," responded Captain Tophamper; and he was as good as his word. Mr O'Toole and I accompanied him.

The shores of England were fast lessening in the distance; the sky was no longer blue; the waves no longer glittered in the sunlight; and, in spite of the novelty of my situation and prospects, I began to labour under that disagreeable heaviness of heart and depression of spirit which are inseparable from the last look one bends upon his native land. Perchance, too, my features were in some degree indicative of the state of my feelings, as the mate presently walked aft, and asked if I were ill. I replied with scorn that I was not—that I had seldom felt better. He saw that I was not conversationally disposed, and, going hastily away, abused some of the tars in no measured

terms, and assured them, that, as they would find him a pretty taut hand, it would be well if they took care what they were about; whereupon the pilot said he was glad to see they had got a lad of spirit among them, and lighted a fresh cigar.

On returning below, I found the skipper alone, with three decanters before him. Mr O'Toole had retired to his "state-room." Captain Tophamper shook his head in a melancholy manner, and invited me to sit down; observing, that it was his invariable custom on leaving port to dedicate one bottle to his absent wife, and another to each of his two children. "I brought Betsy to sea with me once," said Captain Tophamper, "but the dear creature was ill the whole voyage, and always fancying we were going down. She would make me sit by her side, and take my hand, and say, 'Now, my love, we are going, and it's all over—farewell, George!' It was more than my feelings could stand, Mr Abel, and I have never ventured to bring Betsy with me since."

Towards evening the breeze freshened almost into a gale, and the quicksilver in the barometer fell rapidly. Mr O'Toole was walking the deck stoutly. He had eaten very little dinner, and his lips were white. I saw the captain exchange another of those sly looks with the mate, and was on the eve of demanding an explanation, but forbore. Soon afterwards the spray began to dash over the brig's bows, and her deck to grow slippery and slanting. I glanced again at Mr O'Toole. He was standing upon one leg, and looking as though he would gladly have exchanged all his worldly wealth for some convenient spot on which he might deposit the other. The next minute he was upon his back. The wind now blew (as I thought) a perfect hurricane, and the Golightly laboured heavily. The mainroyal was furled, a reef taken in the foretopsail, and the foretopmast-staysail set. I hooked one arm in the shrouds, and the other round a belaying-pin. The captain advised me to go below, but I declined. The supercargo, being less refractory, suffered the black steward, Mr Caleb Chin, to lead him to the companion; and the vessel giving an alarming pitch at the moment, they were both precipitated

down the ladder together. I saw nothing more of Mr O'Toole until the next day.

"How do you like the motion, sir?" inquired Captain Tophamper, steadying himself with a great effort, and clapping both hands suddenly to his sou'wester, which a frolicsome puff of wind had snatched from his head.

"It is exceedingly pleasant," said I, with a spasm; "very delightful indeed."

"Had you not better go below? it will blow a little towards night."

"Blow a little! is it not blowing now?"

"O, this is a mere cat's-paw. Ah, take care!" The Go-lightly, as he spoke, gave a frightful roll, and I saw my legs sticking straight out upon a level with the horizon. I clung with all my might to the two belaying-pins, and Captain Tophamper laughed till the tears ran down his face.

"That is just the way I was taken once when a youngster," cried he, as soon as his merriment would suffer him to speak; "but you are more fortunate than I was, for the wind, which was pretty high, blew my boots off—a pair of Wellingtons, worth a couple of guineas. You will get your sea-legs in a day or two."

"I hope so," said I, as the vessel righted.

"Is she falling off at all?" asked the captain of Mr Tongs, who guessed what was the matter, and strove to look demure.

"Half a point or so; I am afraid the wind's going to chop round to the west. It looks rather ugly there to leeward."

"You think we shall have a squally night, do you?" said I, endeavouring to appear unconcerned.

"Well, it's not altogether unlikely," observed the mate, turning his head away, and coughing. Happening to look round, I saw three or four of the crew sitting on the fore-hatchway with their hands to their sides. I heard the black steward chuckle, too, as he put his head up the companion to examine into the state of the weather. I felt annoyed, and began to wonder whether I looked at all white.

"What is the matter with Captain Tophamper?" inquired I of Tongs; "he has lost his colour."

"He is always a little poorly when we first put to sea," said the mate, confidentially; "but you mustn't let him know that I told you. And there's that Welsh apprentice asking his messmates to heave him overboard."

"I am very glad Captain Tophamper is sick," I said; and a sudden dizziness having seized me, I released the two belaying-pins, and made an effort to reach the companion, but found myself between the legs of the man at the wheel. My next attempt was more successful. I managed to gain the first step of the ladder, and a second—and then the brig gave another pitch, and I lay upon my face under the cabin table.

"Are you hurt, sir?" asked Mr Chin, assisting me to my feet.

"I don't know; which are my quarters, steward?"

Mr Chin opened a door, and taking my arm, led me into a dark apartment about four feet square—a sort of bin.

"What is this?" said I.

"Your state-room, sir."

"Where am I to sleep?"

The steward pointed to a black hole above us, and then retired, coughing in a most suspicious manner.

It was not a season for soliloquy; my head ached violently, and, after a series of prodigious struggles, I contrived at length to deposit myself in the berth. There were several rats in it, but they scampered away in great haste, and left me in undisputed possession of my new territory.

"And this is what they call a berth," said I, with a sort of groan.

"Ay, there only wants a few nails and a lid to make it a coffin," replied a voice close to my ear. "I wish I could doze."

"Is that Mr O'Toole?" said I.

"It's all that's left of him," was the response. "I'm being eaten by inches. How long have we been at sea?"

"About twelve hours, I believe."

"And it seems twelve days. Have you been ill?"

"No; have you?"

"No; good-night."

"Good-night!"—and, like two babies of an elder growth, we were rocked by the billows to sleep.

I did not sleep long, however; the novelty of my situation, the groaning of the vessel's timbers, the splash and thump of the waves against her sides, the howling of the wind, the flapping of the sails, the hubbub of angry voices, and the incessant tramp of feet upon the deck above me, did not by any means conduce to slumber, and, like Childe Harold, towards midnight I "awakened with a start." The brig was pitching fearfully, and, every time she pitched, my head came into violent contact with a beam that ran along the upper part of my berth. There was a large cavity, too, close to my ear, which appeared to have an immediate communication with the sea, and through this a continuous stream of cold air, interspersed with an occasional splash of salt water, was poured upon my cheek. My patience was not proof against such a combination of grievances, and springing savagely from the dark hole in which I had lain immured, I threw open my state-room door. It was a singular coincidence that Mr O'Toole, worked up into a similar state of frenzy, should just have done likewise.

The captain and mate were sitting at the cabin table, poring over a chart by the sickly light of a very dim oil lamp. They both looked up suddenly.

"Is anything the matter, gentlemen?" inquired Captain Tophamper, putting down his compasses.

"Matter!" said I, snappishly; "is it nothing to have one's head thumped for four consecutive hours against a beam?"

"And be gobbled by rats into the bargain!" cried Mr O'Toole, holding up one of his legs, and exhibiting a boot which was minus the upper leather. "Look here!"

Captain Tophamper was about to make some appropriate reply, when his gravity gave way, and throwing himself back in his chair, he burst into a fit of laughter that might have been heard in the forecastle. The mate was not backward in reciprocating the skipper's merriment, and a suppressed cachin-

nation issuing from the steward's pantry, convinced me that Mr Chin also duly appreciated the humours of this nocturnal conversazione. Very much disgusted with the captain and mate, therefore, and vexed with ourselves for having appealed to their sympathies, Mr O'Toole and I rushed back to our respective state-rooms, slammed the doors with much violence, and resolved to brood over our griefs in private. And with the view of alleviating the unpleasantness of my situation, I tagged together the following rhymes, intended for transmission to a friend who had requested me to favour him with a few of my early nautical experiences:—

"Im afloat, I'm afloat"—that is all I can say,
For our skipper himself has been poorly to-day;
Ay, and some of his tars, for 'twould make the best man ill,
This knocking about in the "chops" of the channel.

Barry Cornwall was right, when he sang of the sea,
And call'd it the "blue," and the "fresh," and the "free;"—
Fresh enough—and a vast deal more free than polite—
So he'd say did he swing in my hammock to-night.

I'm bethinking me now, too, with no little glee,
Could a few of those heroes who rave of the sea,
And sigh for the life, as I've heard two or three,
Of a young buccaneer—and all that sort of thing—
Be afloat here an hour, in a rather small skiff,
When the night's rather dark, and the wind rather stiff,
What a different tune they would all of them sing!

I wish I could give you some sort of a notion
Of the treatment one gets from this amiable ocean.
First our ship (and it gives one a horrible turn)
Sits, like a young rabbit, bolt up on her stern;
Then (a motion of which I am not very fond)
Takes a dive down head first, like a duck in a pond;
Next, like two grim old dowagers spooning their tea,
Dip—dip go her yard-arms down into the sea,
And stir up its depths till they sparkle and smoke;
Then she makes such a leap that you'd almost suppose
Three or four strapping waves, which are all in the joke,
Have been laying her "backs," and, as over she goes,
Give her each, just by way of enhancing the fun,
A good slap on the bows, crying, "Bravo! well done!"

How often in fancy again I live o'er
Happy hours that are past, and life cannot restore!

Let others look forward, too blest if they find
A joy such as those they are leaving behind;
One hour of delight that has long taken wing
Were worth years of such bliss as the future can bring.
A few minutes since I was roving with you,
  Through those fields where at twilight we often would stray,
Talking over old pleasures, or sighing for new,
  And forgetting the gloom and the cares of the day;
The hedges were budding, the trees were in bloom,
And the hawthorn shed round a delicious perfume,
While the primrose and daisy were languishing nigh
With their calm, dewy faces fix'd on the blue sky,
As if—though the simplest of flowers—they knew
That a God was above, and they worshipp'd him too!

It was only a dream—I awake, and again
I am tossing about on the treacherous main;
Seven bells! 'tis the dead of the stormiest night,
I just catch a faint glimpse of the binnacle light;
Hark, the tramp upon deck, and the flap of the sail,
And the rush of the waves, and the roar of the gale!

HEAP THE SECOND.

Day had broken, a faint streak of grey light streamed down from the bull's eye above me, and an agreeable savour of coffee and broiled ham stole through the keyhole of my state-room door. I sprang from my berth, dressed myself hastily, and went on deck. The morning was fine, clear, and crisp; the waves were the colour of indigo; and there was not a cloud visible. The wind was on our larboard quarter, and we were what Captain Tophamper termed "walking along" at the rate of about seven knots an hour. The pilot had just left us, and I saw his little eggshell of a boat skipping merrily over the billows in the distance, like a rabbit over a furrow.

"Is it not beautiful?" said Mr O'Toole, taking my arm in a friendly way—for the brig was pitching most provokingly. He told me that he had not been at all poorly the evening before, and only went below for the purpose of arranging the contents of his chest—(Query: did he mean stomach?). He observed

that I looked extremely white about the lips, and I informed him, confidentially, that I feared he was going to be ill again. He said, "Do you think so?" and retired to the cabin instantly —I presume to complete the arrangement of the chest aforesaid.

The skipper and mate were in excellent spirits, as most skippers and mates are when the wind is in a favourable quarter, and things go on well. We all three paced the deck together for some minutes, and then, Captain Tophamper going below, I was left with Mr Tongs.

"You won't find Major at all a nice fellow," said the mate, "and I wouldn't advise you to take any notice of him."

"Ah! indeed," said I.

"If there is any question you want to ask, or any little thing you want done, come to me—don't go to him," said Tongs.

"Humph," said I.

"He's no sailor," pursued Tongs.

"What! and an old man-of-war's-man, too!"

The mate sneered in a most forbidding manner. "You won't forget, will you?" said he. I promised that I would not—and read, and paced the deck until dinner-time.

"Capital breeze, if it only holds," said Captain Tophamper, as the vessel gave a roll, and the bread-basket was precipitated into my lap. "Try a little of the lobscouse, Mr O'Toole; it is the finest thing in the world for a delicate stomach. Mr Log, I should recommend you some of that sea-pie—a regular three-decker by the look of it. I generally patronise the beef—so does Tongs. By the by, I have not told you that tale about the beef—have I?"

"No; pray relate it," said Mr O'Toole and I in a breath.

"During one of our late voyages home, we had the misfortune, in consequence of our having encountered severe head winds, to run short of provisions. We had been a week or more in this famished condition, when one day a sail hove in sight. We showed signals of distress, and she backed her maintopsail for a speak.

"'Schooner, ahoy!'

"'Hallo! what's the matter, shipmate?' cried a little fellow

with a trumpet; 'we haven't got any sticks to spare, if that's what you want.'

"'Never mind the sticks,' said I; 'can you let us have a barrel of beef?'

"He thought a second or two, then laughed, tucked the trumpet under his arm, and desired us to send a boat. We heard a sudden noise and scuffle, saw three or four of his hands gather in a group, and wondered what it meant. The beef, however, was soon forthcoming; we hauled it up the side, and the schooner filled away again with a promptness that rather surprised us.

"'A roguish-looking craft that, to say the best of her,' said I, as the barrel was rolled along the deck. 'Knock out the head, steward, and let us overhaul the contents. Hark! what was that? Did you cough?'

"'No,' said Mr Chin.

"'Then *you* did,' said I to Tongs.

"'No, I didn't,' replied Tongs.

"'Well, somebody did, that's all,' said I. 'There, again! it *was* you, steward.'

"'No, it wasn't,' cried Chin, stoutly, as he opened the barrel, and looked into it. Several of the crew had crowded round with hungry faces, but the moment they had caught a glimpse of the contents, they all retreated hastily.

"'A man!' exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"'In pickle, I suppose,' said Chin, raising his hammer, and giving something that looked like a human head a smart tap with it. 'No—he's alive!'

"'This is a serious affair,' said I. 'Who are you, sir? What's your name?'

"'Prime mess beef,' was the reply.

"'Ay, and as such we'll eat you, depend upon it,' cried I, in a rage; 'he thinks to make fools of us.'

"'No, don't,' whined the man in the barrel; 'if you'll only let me out, I'll keep sober in future, and not flog anybody, nor put them in irons. I will be good—I will indeed.'

"'Aha! I see how the land lies now. Very well, walk for-

ward, if you please, and we'll make a foremast man of you; and if I hear any complaints, if we don't eat you, my name's not Tophamper!'"

"Ay, and a smarter seaman never trod a plank," remarked Tongs, as the captain finished his tale. Upon the delivery of which sentiment, the mate went on deck, and the vacant chair was immediately filled by Mr Major, who had a prodigious appetite, and a strong predilection for pickled onions.

In this lively and agreeable manner passed the first, second, and part of the third day of my "nautical existence." Nothing had yet occurred to ruffle the placidity of the captain: the wind was fair, the vessel in capital sailing trim, the men well-behaved, the wine and provisions were of the best, and the passengers (as the mate privately told us) quite gentlemen after the skipper's own heart. Moreover we had now lost sight of Cape Clear—were upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic—and fairly at sea.

But a "life on the ocean wave," like life on shore, and, indeed, like most other things in this world, has its dark side as well as its bright one, and we had now to experience this gloomy truth. In the evening, about sunset, the wind, as Mr Tongs had predicted, chopped round to within a point or so of due west, and our troubles commenced. From that moment everything went wrong. The brig had to be put about; the spray flew over us in torrents; the captain swore; the mate bullied; Mr O'Toole was sick; Mr Log slightly ditto; one of the men fell overboard, and was caught by the nether-garment with a boat-hook, as he was in the act of going down for the third time; the cook was found quite drunk in his caboose; the Welsh apprentice was too ill to attend to his duty; and the steward's cat, Felix, was walking the deck, howling dismally, with his fur very damp and dishevelled, his hind legs a remarkable distance from each other, and his tail the thickness of a moderate-sized hawser.

"Whenever you see that accursed cat go rather wide behind, you may be sure it is coming on to blow," said Captain Tophamper, pointing to the animal with his brazen trumpet. "I

have ordered Chin to heave it overboard half a dozen times, but he doesn't do it. All hands 'bout ship!"

A terrific tramp and commotion in the forecastle. "All ready there, for'ard?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Helms alee!"

"Helms alee!" re-echoed the man at the wheel; whereupon Mr Slops, the drunken cook, let go the foresheet, another of the hands let go the jib, and the brig came up in the wind.

"Tacks and sheets!" roared the captain, at the very top of his voice.

"Tacks and sheets!" roared the crew, at the very top of theirs; and the brig was taken aback.

"Mainsail haul!" thundered the skipper. The mainyard swung round, and was braced up; some of the tars rushed forward to haul aboard the maintack, and the remainder staid to haul aft the mainsheet. The Golightly fell off, and her maintopsail began to fill.

"Fore-bowlines let go and haul!" The foreyard instantly swung round, the mate and two hands (assisted by Messrs Log and O'Toole) boarded the foretack, and the cook and carpenter hauled aft the foresheet. The sails being then trimmed, the next order was, "Haul out the fore and main bowline—O belay!—Haul aft the fore-spencer"—which was done, and the Golightly had now all sail set on the other tack. As a captain and mate, however, have always something to add, in order that a crew may see how incomplete everything that is done would be if the officer in command did not give it the finishing touch, Mr Tongs shouted once more, though in a more suppressed and satisfied voice—"Forward, there, and take a pull at that flying jib-sheet. O belay that. A small pull at the starboard maintopgallant sheet. O, well there—well. Go below the watch."

"If it comes on to blow heavily, let me know," said Captain Tophamper, as he descended the companion for the night.

Captain Tophamper was out of spirits, and had resort to the bottle—or, more properly speaking, to bottles. He drank

deeply, and soon fell asleep with his head upon the cabin table. I retired to my berth, and lay there, rolling as the brig rolled, until midnight, when I seized my sou'wester and pea-jacket, and scrambled again to the deck. Mr Tongs was pacing it with rapid strides. I joined him. There was no moon, and the air was inclined to be foggy. We were going about six knots, and everything was very quiet. The mate suddenly came to a dead stop, and caught hold of me by the arm.

"Do you see anything?" asked he.

"No—where?—what is the matter?"

"Up with your helm, for God's sake!—up with it, my lad!" cried the frantic mate, running aft, and addressing the man at the wheel.

"Ay, ay, sir—up it is," was the prompt reply; and, as he spoke, a gigantic American ship loomed in sight, and passed us so closely that her foreyard grazed our gaff, and carried away the peak halyards. The danger over, Tongs ran forward, and found our two lookouts in the forecastle fast asleep, with their heads under the windlass. He kicked and cuffed each of them soundly, and promised to report their conduct. The Yankee merchantman had shown a light over her bows, and used every exertion to avoid us. She was heavily laden, and, had she struck us, we must have gone to the bottom in a moment.

HEAP THE THIRD.

"How is the wind this morning, steward?" said I, emerging from my state-room, and stealing a glance into the pantry as I passed. Mr Chin shook his head. He was a man of few words.

"Right in our teeth," said he.

"No prospect of a change?"

"Not till to-morrow."

I heaved a sigh, and went on deck. The captain was in an ill-humour, of course, and rather redolent of rum. Mr O'Toole was gazing after his fur cap, for a puff of wind had carried it

away, and a tall wave was now visible with it on, a cable's length or more astern. Felix the cat was promenading the lee-side of the quarterdeck. He looked less wet and miserable than he had done the day previously, but his hind legs were, if possible, wider apart than before.

"I wish somebody would heave that (something) cat overboard," cried Captain Tophamper, essaying to seize the object of his aversion by the tail.

There was a simultaneous hissing, and chasing, and clapping of hands, and stamping of feet—but Felix had absconded.

Nothing went right. Dinner was no sooner announced, than Captain Tophamper discovered that the cook had spoiled the pea-soup.

"Send him here!" cried the enraged skipper.

Mr Slops accordingly staggered down the companion into the "presence."

"Drink that, sir!—every drop of it—do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, your honour," said Mr Slops, touching his forelock, and taking the tureen carefully in his arms. In less than five minutes the soup had disappeared—and Mr Slops also.

"How did he like it, steward?" inquired the captain, as Mr Chin entered with the beef.

"Very much, sir, and he is waiting to know whether you will be so kind as to allow him a little bread and cheese, to finish off with."

"Go and put the scoundrel in irons!" thundered Captain Tophamper.

"No use," replied Tongs, without moving from his chair; "we haven't an iron that will fit him—the fellow has got a foot and ankle like an elephant." Mr O'Toole laughed at this well-timed sally; I caught the infection; then the captain; then the mate; and finally we all laughed together. Mr Slops was ordered back to his caboose; and the skipper, having once suffered his features to relax, continued to smile and joke throughout the remainder of the day.

On the morrow, as Mr Chin had predicted, the wind did change, and, in the space of one short hour, indeed, gallop

round to every point of the compass. It afterwards, as if fatigued with the exertion, fell away altogether, the sails flapped idly to the masts, and there was a dead calm. This state of things was even more provoking than the other, and the captain relapsed into a condition bordering upon frenzy; for he had goods on board his vessel which were intended for the early spring markets, and there was a probability of one or two rival traders getting into port before him. The whole ship's company began now, therefore, to whistle most perseveringly for a wind; and a very amusing process it was.

"Why don't you whistle?" asked Captain Tophamper of Mr O'Toole and myself, as we stood laughing at the ridiculous nature of the proceeding—"it is the least you can do to serve us"—so we puckered up our mouths, and began to whistle forthwith. The effort soon exhausted me, and, being anxious for a change of occupation, I despatched the steward for my rifle, and walked towards the bows, with the intention of shooting one of the many birds that were dipping and darting around.

"Avast there, sir, if you please," cried an old tar, as he saw me level the piece, and apply my finger to the trigger; "don't kill it."

"Why not?" said I, a little discomfited—and the bird fell. The old seaman shook his head.

"What is the matter, my good fellow?" said I.

"You have killed a Mother Cary's chicken," was the reply.

"And what then?"

"No good can come of it, sir, that's all," and away went the tar, shaking his head even more dolefully than before. I had quite forgotten, until that moment, that sailors always consider the death of one of these birds the precursor of evil.

Shortly afterwards, Mr Chin put his sable visage up the companion, took a careful survey of the horizon, and remarked that we should have some wind in the morning, and rather more than a capful of it, too. I had often felt amused to observe that this man no sooner said a thing (and that in as few words as possible), than he disappeared instantly, as though he

were in the confidence of the Fates, and feared, if he tarried, he might be pressed to interpose for a change in their decrees.

The sun had set, the moon had risen, and the sails were still flapping idly from the yards; a few of the crew were lounging in the forecastle, and Mr Major and I were conversing upon the quarterdeck. He had supplied himself with a fresh quid, and appeared to be communicatively disposed. I asked him if he took to the sea from choice. He shook his head, and replied, that he steered rather wild when he was a younker, so his father shipped him on board a man-of-war. "It was all through my mother-in-law though, sir," continued Mr Major, "and it came about in this 'ere way. You see, I was always up to some devilment or other, such as hanging the cat for divărsion, or putting gunpowder into my father's pipe, or privateering among the neighbours' hen-roosts—or something of that natur. At last, one night about three bells in the middle watch, I and a young messmate of mine had agreed to take a quiet little cruise through the parson's orchard, and go halves in the prize-money. Accordingly, when I thought all was pretty snug, and I could slip my cable unobserved, I filled away for the scene of action; but my mother had a trick of sleeping with one eye open, like a weasel, as you will presently see. Climbing a wall or two was an easy matter to me, and as for a tree, I could run up it like a cat; but the night being frosty, the ground sounded like the top of a drum, and there came down such a shower of apples at the first shake, that we expected every minute to find ourselves yardarm and yardarm with the old parson. Howsomever, we filled our pockets, and lined ourselves fore and aft, as well as stowed some into the legs of our running rigging. After ballasting ourselves in this way, and seeing that the coast was clear, we scaled the wall again, and parted company. I was just beginning to chuckle over my success, and make a short cut over the cauliflower beds into port, when up riz my mother just in my wake, and hails me to heave to, or she'd sink me. So I bouts ship at once, thinking of my father's maxim, that it's always best to

face danger and the devil. 'What have you got there, my young fox?' says she, grounding her big stick as a marine would his musket, and overhauling me steadily with her eye.—'Nothing at all, mother, in perticklar,' says I; 'I ain't very well to-night.'—'O, you're poorly, are you?' says my mother, aiming a blow at my figurehead with the big stick, which lit on a large golden pippin. 'I'll teach you to go robbing the parson's orchard?' and with that down came the stick again, and out rolled three pippins, which she gathered carefully up. After that she made another cut at my figurehead, and another over my quarter-gallery, each time dislodging half a dozen of the pippins, and securing them simulterranously. You see, sir, it was not so much for the punishing of me, as for the overhauling of the prize-money, so I put my helm up again, filled my maintopsail, and tried to make a run of it; but she made sail arter me, and kept dusting away with the crab-stick till I was forced to cry for quarter, and think of striking my colours. 'Avast there, you ould she bear,' says I.—'Not a bit of it, you willin,' says my mother, making another pounce on a fine pippin. With that I bouts ship again, let fly a whole broadside of the pippins, and then endeavoured to board her in the smoke. And I should have got the best of it too, sir, if my father, attracted by the noise and the scrimmage, hadn't bore down to her assistance, and opened a raking fire close astern of me, so that, between the two, I had all my masts shot away, and was fairly riddled. A week arter that I was shipped aboard the Grampus, and I am now second mate of the Golightly."

"Call the watch!" cried Mr Major, as he finished his tale, put his pipe into his pocket, and struck the ship's bell eight times.

"All starbowlines ahoy! tumble up there—d'ye hear the news?" shouted one of the crew, with his head down the forepeak. Up came the larboard watch, rubbing their eyes, and grumbling sorely, while I hastened below, and committed to paper Mr Major's yarn, together with the few following lines, which (by way of penance for the wilful murder of Mother Cary's chicken) I had composed during the afternoon:—

TO A STORMY PETREL,

WHICH I HAD KILLED WITH A RIFLE-BALL.

Poor, happy, harmless bird! too late
I mourn my folly, and thy fate;
Why should this hand have work'd thee ill?
Wild wanderer of the sunny west,
I would that thou wert bounding still
O'er yonder billow's snowy crest!
Was there not room for *both* to live
And sport upon the glad blue main,
That I should pant to see thee slain,
And take the life I cannot give?
How gaily onward wert thou gliding,
So innocent, and so confiding,
As if to lead us o'er the waste
To that new world to which we haste.
I mourn to think that thou should'st die—
To see thee float so lifeless by
With bloodstain'd bosom to the sky,
As if in mute appeal to Him
Who taught that little feather'd form
Along the azure wave to skim,
And brave the billow and the storm,
Which thou wilt brave again—ah, never!
For only He, who saw thy pain,
Within that breast could light again
The spark which I have quench'd for ever.

HEAP THE FOURTH.

Mr Chin was right. The morrow brought with it a heavy gale from the nor'-nor'-east. I got out of my berth; and, finding that I could not stand, immediately got in again. The brig was labouring as I had never seen her labour before, and the uproar of winds, waves, and angry voices, was beyond anything that can be conceived. I made another attempt to dress myself, succeeded, and hurried on deck.

All the sails were furled, with the exception of the fore and maintop sails, and they were double-reefed, and the yards braced sharp up. Seas were flying over us in all

directions. The captain was bellowing through his trumpet; the mate was shouting through his palms; the men were scampering; cordage was creaking; the fowls were cackling; and Mr O'Toole was standing under the roundhouse, with his eyes closed, both hands applied to his glazed cap, and his coat-flaps sticking straight out behind him, in the most ludicrous manner imaginable. Felix the cat was parading the deck, uttering the most sickly and diabolical sounds, and lifting his hinder claws four inches into the air at every step.

It was in vain that I ran to my two favourite belaying-pins for succour. A heavy sea, striking me upon the back, tore me from them, tossed me over the cabin skylight, dashed me between the widely-planted legs of the second mate, and eventually deposited me upon my face in the lee scuppers. At the same moment, Mr O'Toole, while sharing in the mirth this catastrophe awakened, was wrenched from his strong position also, and stretched gasping over the after-hatchway. As I assisted him to his feet, I happened to catch the eye of the old tar who had taken me to task about the Mother Cary's chicken. Its prevailing expression was, "I told you so; but the worst hasn't come yet."

Nor shall I soon forget the humours of that day's dinner hour. The table was, of course, provided with guards, but they were of little use upon the present occasion, as the Golightly was one moment erect upon her stern, and the next balancing herself upon the extreme end of her bowsprit, with her keel rather awkwardly exposed. Lurch No. 1 carried away the cruet-stand and biscuit-tray; No. 2 knocked the chief mate's head through the pannel of one of the "state-room" doors; No. 3 cleared off knives, forks, and spoons; No. 4 plates, dishes, and mats; while No. 5 eloped with the potatoes and pickled onions; and Nos. 6, 7, and 8, splashed the pea-soup into the captain's face, thumped him twice on the brow with the ladle, and finally crowned him with the empty tureen, an ornament which imparted to the features of our skipper a dignity of expression that would have quite baffled the brush of any of the old masters. But I was

scarcely less taken with the novelty of this scene than with the self-possession of Mr Major, the second mate. During the struggle, he had been hurled violently from his chair, and when I turned round some time afterwards, wondering why he did not resume his seat, I perceived that he had been so considerate as to carry away his knife, fork, and plate with him, and was now quietly finishing his beef in a retired corner of the cabin. Of Mr Chin, likewise, I became hourly more enamoured. His favourite Felix had behaved unpleasantly during dinner, and offended Captain Tophamper, who ordered his immediate removal. Mr Chin accordingly picked up Felix calmly by the tail, and, as the skipper was relating an anecdote at the moment, held his protegé still in that position, at arm's-length, without once deigning to glance at or sympathise in the slightest degree with his sufferings, until the story was finished; and then the steward smiled in his usual silent, grim manner, and bore the animal into the pantry for punishment.

The gale increased in ferocity towards night, and then, being unable to sleep, I was repairing to my favourite position under the roundhouse, when I tumbled against one of the tars, who in his turn tumbled against the carpenter, who lost his footing, and we all three rolled laughing into the scuppers together. Regaining my legs with some difficulty, I was making a second effort to reach the man at the wheel, when my ear caught the strange and startling cry of "Ship ahoy!" proceeding apparently from somebody close under our bows. Drawing the mate to the brig's side, therefore, I bade him listen, and the same dismal sound rose once more upon the wind. We looked long and steadily over the quarter, and from the bows, and from the stern, but could see nothing save dark angry waves and white foam. Again—though much more faintly—"Ship ahoy! ahoy!"

"Turn the hands up, and see if there's any one missing," cried Tongs. "Look alive there—how many do you muster?"

"Fifteen in all, sir," said the carpenter, coming forward; "is anything the matter?"

"There's some one hailing us. Hark, don't you hear it?"

"Ship ahoy! ahoy! ahoy!"

"Where's Mr O'Toole?" asked the mate, anxiously.

"He turned in half an hour ago, and I heard him snoring just now, as I went to speak with the steward," replied the carpenter—"he's safe enough."

"And Mr Log?"

"He's here, sir."

"And you're sure the captain's below?"

"Quite, sir."

"Well, it's very odd; listen again."

"I do not hear anything now, and it would be all one if we did; poor fellow, he's gone."

"Could we not retrace our course," said I, "or—or lower a boat?"

"Lower a boat on a night like this!" almost screamed the mate. So I said no more; but the incident left a gloom upon my spirits; and often in the dead of night now I hear the roaring of that storm, and the same strange, sad cry coming down upon the wind, and dying away again, far to leeward. Here are some lines too, by the by, which I wrote soon afterwards:—

"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" 'twas a dismal cry,
It will ring in my ears till the day I die;
For, borne along on the midnight gale,
It told a sad and a solemn tale.

"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" but fainter now;
We bent our gaze from the foam-wash'd bow—
We strain'd our eyes o'er the latticed stern—
Yet nothing—nothing could we discern.

"Ship ahoy! ahoy!" poor struggling tar,
With help so near, and hope so far,
Must you find a grave in the stormy deep,
Where no wife may wail, and no children weep?

Those mournful sounds were heard no more,
The angry waves had whelm'd him o'er;
And my heart had thoughts that it could not speak,
As I paced the deck with a moisten'd cheek.

Another day, and another, and yet another, and still no prospect of a change. At length the gale spent itself, and then there came a calm, which exasperated us even more than the headwind had done. This calm lasted the greater part of a week, at the expiration of which time the quicksilver in the barometer was observed to fall rapidly. A light breeze sprang up—died away—revived again—and drew aft.

"Square away the foreyard there," cried Captain Tophamper, skipping merrily to the deck.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the ready tars, flying to the braces.

"Handsomely, my lads, handsomely," shouted the skipper. "Oh, well there, well. Topsail-brace a small pull. Topgallant-brace a bit—oh belay. Mr Tongs, let the men go to their suppers."

Everything now appeared to be as much disposed to go right as it had before been inclined to go wrong. The breeze held bravely, and blew us, in the space of six or eight days and nights, upwards of a thousand miles upon our course. Captain Tophamper laughed, and drank, took observations, and told stories; Mr Tongs quoted poetry of his own composition, and sang for us; Mr Major taught me how to box the compass and steer the ship; and the crew, at the suggestion of Mr O'Toole and myself, were allowed to splice the main-brace twice in one week, and have a double quantity of plums in their Sunday pudding.

"Sail, ho, on the larboard beam!" sang the look-out in the forecastle, early one fine morning. She was an emigrant vessel. I borrowed the captain's glass, and the sight of the dirty objects crowded upon her deck almost made me ill. Captain Tophamper seized the trumpet, and, as soon as we were within speaking distance, the following interesting parley took place:—

"Schooner ahoy!"

"Hal-lo!"

"What schooner's that?"

"The Sprig of Shilellah."

"Where from?"

"Cark."

"Whither bound?"

"St John's."

"How long out?"

"Fifteen days."

Captain Tophamper aside—"We'll believe as much as we like of that."

"What cargo have you?"

"Them craturs," said the skipper of the Sprig of Shilellah, pointing contemptuously to the emigrants; and having now gone satisfactorily through his lesson, he became in turn the interrogator, and asked the same questions all over again. Those being duly responded to, he inquired whether we had got an observation that day, and if so, begged to be favoured with the longitude, as his chronometer was a *little out of repair*. Having obliged him in this particular, we took a long survey of "them craturs," and the supercargo and I did not feel in the slightest degree anxious to cultivate a closer acquaintance, though both Mr Tongs and Mr Major began to ogle some of the young Irish ladies frightfully. They all looked very wretched and filthy, with the exception of one facetious youth in a blue coat, the tails of which reached almost down to his shoes. He appeared to be the life and soul of the ship. One minute, he was making them laugh by standing heels upwards on the top of the cook's galley, with the tails of the blue coat flapping over his ears; the next, he was swinging by his neck from the foreyard-arm, to all appearance quite lifeless and stiff; then he might be seen scouring along the decks with a saucepan of potatoes for some superannuated emigrant's dinner; and, shortly afterwards, holding an elderly female by the back hair and chin, while she was in the agonising throes of sea-sickness. I have little doubt that he was one of the best-hearted fellows on board, and that, if any melancholy casualty had deprived them of his society, the greater portion of the ship's company would have shed tears, and become inconsolable at their loss.

The bleak and blustering month of April had now rolled

by, and the weather began to grow mild and pleasant. The days were warm and clear, and the nights bright and starry. It was upon one of the latter that I perpetrated these lines:—

TO MY SISTER.

'Tis night—but not a night to sleep—
Upon the blue and moonlit deep.
It is a night to think of home,
  And friends, and all the heart holds dear;
And, though so far from thee I roam,
  My sister, thou wilt lend an ear.

Three thousand miles now intervene
  Between that happy home and me,
But though three millions these had been,
  They could not keep my thoughts from thee.
I know, too, thine will often stray
To him who wanders far away;
I know that not a night has pass'd,
Since thou didst gaze upon me last,
But what thy lip has breathed a prayer
  To Heaven for me, thus doom'd to rove
  Far from the happy land I love,
To one which cannot be more fair,
And never half so dear. Alas!
How many more such nights must pass,
Ere I can hope to see thy face,
And clasp thee in a long embrace!

I said 'twas night upon the sea—
  Our little bark, with wings unfurl'd
  To waft us to that western world
Which soon will smile beneath our lee,
Leaps joyously from wave to wave,
O'er many a gallant seaman's grave,
Down where the stars reflected shine,
Like jewels in an eastern mine.

How often, on such nights as this,
So calm, so bright, so full of bliss—
When the young moon has stoop'd to kiss
Each rapid billow on its flight,
And tinge it o'er with mellow light—
I've scann'd our graceful ship with pride,
And wish'd that *thou* wert by my side,
To pace the moonlit deck with me,
And breathe the hour's tranquillity.

But, L——, see, while yet I sing,
The storm to windward gathering!
That little cloud of silver hue,
Which hid the young moon from our view
(As if she would have blush'd to stray
Unveil'd along yon milky way),
Has spread itself o'er all the sky,
And call'd from 'far those sleeping gales
We long have woo'd to fill our sails.
It freshens—fleeter and more fleet
Along the foaming main we fly;
But ah! the scene that was so sweet!—
All now is darkness to mine eye.

O thus, thus, many a dream we cherish,
And many a hope, doom'd but to perish,
And many a bright and rosy hour
We spend in love and friendship's bower,
Although replete with all the joy
That earth can give—and soon destroy—
One single moment will o'ercast,
Until we learn to feel, at last,
Some other world contains the bliss
Which we have vainly sought in this.

Four bells! 'tis time to sigh adieu;
Would that the bark which bears to you
These lines, could waft *me* o'er the main,
And give you to my arms again!

HEAP THE FIFTH.

Hitherto, though many rough and angry words had at times passed between the captain and mate, they had agreed upon the whole tolerably well, and had generally addressed each other with common civility. Friendships at sea, however, like friendships ashore, have their occasional interruptions; and accordingly, one day, Captain Tophamper and Mr Tongs got to loggerheads, and abused each other roundly. The grounds of the quarrel were these:—The mate, whose particular province it was to dictate to and overlook the seamen in the discharge of their respective duties, was busying him-

self to that effect, and blustering about a good deal in the forecastle. The captain, contrary to his custom and privilege, happened to go forward and suggest some improvement which had suddenly occurred to him. The mate, therefore, finding himself superseded, walked quietly aft, and presently went below, whistling a lively tune with the most captivating calmness. The skipper, seeing how matters stood, grew very red, and then white, and shortly worked himself up into a towering passion.

"Where's Mr Tongs?" thundered Captain Tophamper, facing about.

"Here, sir," said the gentleman alluded to, putting his head insinuatingly up the companion; "here, at your service."

"What do you mean by leaving your post, sir?" bellowed the skipper. "I've a good mind to put you in irons."

"I mean precisely this," replied the mate, "that, if you are so condescending as to aid me in the performance of *my* duties, it's only fair and polite that I should render you what assistance I can in the discharge of *yours;* so just be good enough to lend 'em a hand in rigging out that starboard foreto'gallant stun'sail boom, while I take the sun's altitude."

"You're an impudent scoundrel, sir," roared Captain Tophamper.

"Thank you, sir," said the mate, waving his hand gracefully, and raising the quadrant to his eye.

Captain Tophamper spoke again, but a sudden flapping of one of the sails rendered the words inaudible.

"Much obliged, I'm sure," replied Tongs, with the same fascinating coolness.

"You're a mutinous rascal," cried Captain Tophamper, "and if you'll just walk forward here, I'll heave you overboard."

"Oh, you are really too good," responded the mate, with another wave of the hand. "I should be sorry to put you to so much unnecessary trouble and exertion—pray excuse me."

At this juncture of the altercation, Mr Tongs wiped the glasses of the quadrant carefully, and was retiring below,

when the skipper, exasperated beyond all bounds, seized a handspike, and rushed aft. Apprehensive that murder would be the inevitable result, aft rushed the supercargo and I likewise, and down the companion in an instant. But we had reckoned without our hosts, for, in place of finding the two worthy disputants (as we had anticipated) bleeding profusely, and locked savagely together in the death struggle, we found them embracing each other with the most irresistible cordiality, and interchanging vows of eternal friendship. The scene was indeed so precisely the reverse of what we had expected, that Mr O'Toole and I sat down and laughed immoderately; the captain and mate joining in our merriment, and (as mirth is somewhat catching) Mr Chin (who was in the pantry, rolling out paste for a pudding) deigning also to add his queer abrupt cachinnation to the general stock.

This man Chin, as I have already hinted, was a particularly odd character. His perfect self-possession and extreme demureness amused me very much, and I was anxious to see whether anything would move him. The anecdote is a little out of place here, perhaps, but I may not find a better opportunity of relating it. I had noticed that the steward was in the habit of attaching the piece of beef or pork intended for cabin consumption to a long line, and then flinging it overboard, to be dragged through the water for an hour or two in the brig's wake. He had no sooner done this one day, therefore, and returned to his pantry, than Mr O'Toole and I hauled up the line, removed the beef, and substituted for it one of the second mate's gigantic wet-weather boots; then dropped it overboard again, and waited the issue in great glee. By and by up came Mr Chin, looking as demure as ever, hauled in his line hand over hand, and without glancing downward at all, for he had no suspicion that anything was wrong, began to move back towards the companion. "Hallo, steward!" cried the captain, who was just ascending to the deck; "what have you got there?"—"Beef, sar," said Mr Chin.—"Beef, eh? then I fancy you'll have to borrow me a set of shark's grinders to masticate it. Look what you have got at the end of your

line, you jackass!" Mr Chin bent his gaze downward now, and I observed that his whole frame underwent a momentary convulsion; then he looked at Captain Tophamper—then back to his beef—and then walked away below, thinkingly. He was very silent the whole of that day and the next, and sat musing a good deal on the top of one of the pork barrels. I felt almost afraid that his intellects had suffered, and determined to play no more such practical jokes in future.

This, however, is a digression; now to resume the thread of my narrative.

I had suffered a sort of dread lest this unexpected outbreak on the part of our officers should threaten the harmony I wished to find prevailing during the remainder of the voyage; but the termination of the affray convinced me that I had little to apprehend on that score; and ere an hour, indeed, had elapsed, I had the satisfaction of seeing the captain and mate pace the quarterdeck together again with as much good-will as though nothing whatever had occurred to shake their equanimity.

And since I have been led into an animadversion upon our skipper's amiability, I may as well observe, that I think it had seldom shone forth in more conspicuous colours than upon the very evening subsequent to the dispute of which I have already treated. One of the hands had come aft to consult him upon the expediency of an application to the ship's medicine chest.

"Put your tongue out, my man," said Captain Tophamper.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Oh belay—haul it in again."

"Ay, ay, sir; in it is."

"Let me overhaul your pulse. Ah! it's going ten knots at least; have you any pain?"

"A little, sir, in my upper works."

"I see—you're too much by the head—that's it. I fancy we had better give you some salts. Do you like salts, my man? Here, steward, bring a glass."

As both Mr O'Toole and I, however, had a predilection in favour of castor oil, the bottle containing that preparation was

handed out of the chest, and a powerful dose of it administered; the tar pulling the most hideous grimaces all the while, and Captain Tophamper's expressive features involuntarily daguerreotyping them. Jack then made his scrape as handsomely as though he had been treated to the very best the cabin afforded, took two strides up the companion ladder, and filled away to his quarters. And thus merrily rolled by the first beautiful and sunny week in May, to which period of our pilgrimage the following memoranda also have relation.

It was about two bells in the middle watch. The night was so unusually mild, and the sea so calm, that I had little inducement to quit the deck—more particularly, as I entertained for the nonce some intention of turning eavesdropper. There were five tars (I have already observed that we had several old men-of-wars-men on board the Golightly) sitting round the combings of the fore-hatchway in earnest conversation, and I felt sure that something of more than ordinary interest was "in the wind." With this conviction, I crawled stealthily forward, and took up a position close abaft the foremast, where I could hear all that went on, without risk of detection. I should have advanced with boldness, and made one of the party, but I invariably found that a step of the kind led to embarrassment and reserve on the part of the yarn-spinning fraternity, and I preferred to give them their full swing of cable. The voice that met my ear was that of a handsome, middle-aged seaman, whose activity and address I had frequently admired, and whose general air and conduct induced me to believe that he had been born to figure in a more imposing station.

"Before I begin my story, shipmates," said he, "I tell you all candidly there is not a man of you will believe it; and I would not credit it myself, if I had been anything but an eye-witness of what I am about to relate. You have often got me to spin a yarn for you, and I have spun it, and you knew at the time, as well as I did, that it *was* a yarn, and there was an end of the matter. But I am now going to tell you a truth—a thing that actually occurred—and I must beg of you, whatever your private sentiments may be, not to *appear* to doubt my

veracity, as I am, perhaps, a little sensitive on that point, and might be led to say something in my haste which I should afterwards regret. Indeed, this is the first time I have ever opened my lips to any one on the subject, except to those who were concerned in the business, for I knew that I should be taken for a liar, and laughed at, and have therefore held my peace. The only reason why I am disposed to allude to the thing now is, because it was on this very night year that it happened; ay, and in these very latitudes, too, for I stole a look at the mate's log to-day, and that brought the whole occurrence to my mind. The night was just such another as the present, except that there was a fine moon, and we could see around us for miles, it was so clear and beautiful. Suddenly one of our look-outs in the forecastle sung out, 'Sail, ho, on the larboard beam!'—then dropping his voice—'and the ugliest-looking craft I ever clapped eyes on, too. Bill, see if you can make out her rig.' It was but a moment before that I had scanned the horizon carefully, and you may guess, my lads, that I was a little taken aback when I heard my friend Tom Jervis deliver himself after that fashion. However, I ran forward and took a long squint through the mate's night-glass at the stranger, and, as I did so, I felt my hair bristling up, for she bore about as much resemblance to a ship as my figurehead does to Harry Sullivan's there; and you'll all acknowledge that he's about one of the ugliest chaps that ever cracked biscuit. 'I don't know what to make of this at all,' said Mr Johnson, our first mate, as pale as a ghost.—'Turn the hands up, and pass the word down to the captain—look alive, some of you.' Up tumbled the men in their shirts, and down went Bob Simmonds to rouse the skipper; but, when he got into the captain's state-room, the poor fellow's teeth chattered so in his head, and his knees knocked together so with fright, that all he could do was to bump himself down on a chest, and gape, and point aloft. 'Speak, you scoundrel,' said the skipper, nearly as much frightened as himself; 'what is the matter?—is the ship on fire?—have the men mutinied?—or are we boarded by pirates?' Then, without waiting for an answer, he snatched up his pistols,

and rushed on deck. A single glance served to explain how matters stood, and as he gazed, I could see the big drops of sweat chasing each other down his weather-beaten face. 'Make ready the carronade there,' cried he, in a hoarse whisper, 'and give her a shot across her forefoot. What do you make her out to be, Mr Johnson?'—'Something from another world, sir,' said the mate, with a ghastly look. The next minute the heavy boom of the gun was heard, and the shot went skipping over the water, without producing the slightest impression upon the great black mass abeam of us. 'Lower away the quarter-boat,' cried the captain; 'jump in four of you—quick's the word—so—give way, my lads, give way.' In the turning of a handspike, down went the jolly-boat by the run, the skipper jumped into the stern-sheets, seized the tiller, and away we flew. But before we had pulled ten strokes in the direction of the monster, our arms fell paralysed to our sides, our tongues stuck to the roofs of our mouths, and there we sat, with our eyes nearly bolting out of their sockets, and our teeth chattering like so many castanets. The fellow had a head the size of our hull, and shaped like a horse's; tusks like a hippopotamus; and a tail like a crocodile. And there he was, turning himself first this way and then that, and looking as though it was the first time he'd ever been above water in his life, and didn't quite know what to make of it. Just then the creature reared himself still higher out of the sea, and clapped together his huge jaws with a rattle like twenty muskets; at the same time his eyes glared like two balls of fire, and the water for a hundred yards astern of him was one sheet of foam. That was all the observation we had time to make, for the moment he gave us the salute I've described to you, the whole four of us, as if by one consent, gave way together, the skipper put his helm hard-a-port, and we shot alongside the ship again with a crash that nearly stove in her bows. Deuce a one of us had the heart to look behind him, and it was happy-go-lucky, devil take the hindmost, in getting up the side again, I can tell you; for it wasn't an everyday occurrence this, and when our skipper turned tail, it wouldn't be for a trifle either. When we looked

again, however, for the cause of all our alarm, he was nowhere to be seen, so the captain summoned the hands aft, and addressed us as follows:—'My lads, for the first time to-night, in a life of eight-and-forty years, I have been frightened, and I am not ashamed to confess it, for I have never heard nor read of a monster bearing any resemblance to the one we have now seen. Respecting it, too, let me give you one piece of advice: relate the affair to no one; it is so extraordinary, and so improbable, that no man in his senses will believe it, and all you will reap for your pains will be a large amount of laughter and ridicule, which it would be hard to put up with, and folly to resent. So I say again, keep your own counsel—and now go below the watch.'"

The handsome sailor here concluded his yarn, and I went below, to commit it as nearly as possible in his own words to paper.

HEAP THE SIXTH.

It was Sunday, and the seventh of May; we had been upwards of five weeks afloat, and I began to sigh for a glimpse of some green fields and trees again. The mate and I were pacing the deck slowly together. A perfect stillness and languor pervaded sea and sky, and the only sound that could be heard was the musical splash of the waves against the sides of the vessel. The sails hung drowsily from the yards; the crew were lounging in the forecastle, some reading, a few smoking, and others asleep. Several whales were spouting in the distance, and a flying fish had just risen, but I did not see it.

Suddenly, a thick smoke was observed to issue from the after-hatchway. The mate, with a face as white as a sheet, passed the word below to the captain and Mr Major, and turned the hands up instantly, under the impression that the brig was on fire. Mr Chin, the second mate, and four of the crew, dived frantically into the hold, and began to toss the bales

and boxes about with the air of so many insane sheriff's officers; Captain Tophamper, with Messrs Tongs, O'Toole, and Log, not a whit less active, dashed down the forepeak—and the mystery was at once unravelled. Instead of ascending the funnel decently, as it should have done, the smoke from the stove in the sailor's quarters had contrived to make the tour of the whole vessel, and find it's way into Mr Chin's pantry. We were all a little frightened, and proportionately merry when the alarm was proved to be a false one. I had not seen Mr Chin excited before.

There is an old adage, that "it never rains but it pours." We had scarcely recovered from the shock the anticipation of a fire occasioned us, than a violent squall sprang up, and laid the Golightly almost upon her beam ends. As our studding-sails were set, and there was no time either to clew up or haul down, the stu'nsail tacks were let go, and the topsail halyards let run; the brig then paid off before it two or three points, and for some minutes we tore along at a furious rate. The scuffle and commotion surpassed anything I had ever witnessed. The sails were all flapping out, and nearly blowing from the bolt-ropes; the captain was bellowing through his trumpet; the seamen were running aloft, and laying out dizzily upon the yards; the wind was roaring lustily; the waves were looking over our stern, and threatening to poop us; heavy seas were flying over the quarter; the water-casks broke from their moorings; the fowl-pens were washed overboard; and Mr Chin's talented cat was striking out for life and death in the lee-scuppers. And then the squall subsided almost as suddenly as it had sprung up; not, however, before our royals and top-gallantsails had been furled, the studdingsails hauled *down*, the mainsail and foresail hauled *up*, and nothing left standing but the fore and maintopsail, and those double-reefed. The foretopmast-staysail was then set, and the brig brought to her course again. In the bustle and confusion, one of the hands (the young Welshman) tumbled, without being hurt, from the foreyard to the deck, his fall having providentially been broken by a rope that was flying about the foremast from the weather-

rigging. The mate sympathisingly threatened to masthead him if he did it again.

The next day, as we were becalmed once more, Captain Tophamper proposed an hour's rifle practice, and ordered the carpenter to sling a bottle from the spritsail-yardarm, while we endeavoured to cut the string with a bullet. Captain Tophamper smashed the bottle; Mr O'Toole chipped a splinter from the neck; and the mate, owing to some slight inaccuracy of aim, had the misfortune to wound one of the men in the foretop. He loaded again, however, and was about to level the piece a second time over the cabin skylight, when five or six of the crew, who appeared to entertain some doubts of his proficiency as a marksman, rushed desperately down the forescuttle. The sharp crack of the rifle followed, and Mr Slops, the cook, thrust his red face out of the galley, with a hearty execration, and a hint to us to continue the amusement at our peril.

"Eh! what's that, sir?" asked the indignant mate, with a scowl, and a highly complimentary epithet. "I haven't shot *you*, have I?"

"No, but you *might* have done," responded Mr Slops, "for you've knocked the bottom out of one of my *sarcepans*;" a choice retort, which drew so loud and lively a sally of mirth from the gentlemen of the forescuttle, that the mate thought it prudent to raise the siege, and beat an immediate retreat.

A few evenings afterwards, a fine breeze having befriended the Golightly, we found ourselves on the great bank of Newfoundland. There were three ships in sight, and each of them had experienced a disaster. One had lost her bowsprit; a second her maintop-gallantmast; and the mizzen of the third had been carried away at the cap. She made signals to us, but Captain Tophamper, observing that he had no sticks to spare, shirked the correspondence, and she soon dropped astern. Towards night, the lead was heaved, and brought up a few grains of sand, and a shell or two. The weather began to grow colder, and the mercury in the thermometer having fallen an inch in an hour, our skipper said that we must be in the neighbourhood of icebergs.

Hearing that we were upon the "banks," Mr O'Toole went to the steward and procured a piece of pork, which we attached to the end of the deep sea line, and hung over the quarter, in the hope of catching a cod; but a cod would not be caught, and we only got laughed at for our pains.

I was awakened early the next morning by the novel and startling cry of "Icebergs ahead!" "Icebergs on the larboard bow!" and "Icebergs on the beam!" I ran hastily to the deck, and counted upwards of fifty of them. They were of a bright, bluish-green colour, and glittered beautifully in the sunlight. Some looked like old castles and cathedrals; others like floating islands of fretted silver; and one, with its hundred sparkling minarets and spires, like a fairy city emigrating. A large ship was sailing past it, and her maintop-gallantmast only reached one-third the height of the berg. In calculating its total altitude, I did not forget to take into consideration the fact of there always being at least eight feet of ice below water, for every one that is above. Some navigators, indeed, say there are eleven.

The liveliest imagination could scarcely conceive anything more sublime than the scene the ocean now presented. We were surrounded by icebergs, and every time the waves struck one of them, the spray ascended a hundred feet into the air, and gave birth to an exquisite bow, which alternately formed and disappeared, as the light fleecy clouds let through or obscured the rays of the rising sun.

Notwithstanding, however, that these stupendous fabrics (the handiwork of the Frost King) were beautiful objects for contemplation by day, they were particularly awkward and unpleasant things to come into contact with at night, and such they proved themselves on the present occasion. Though our watches were doubled, and the mate himself stood at the bow, with his quick eye peering into the gloom, twice we were nearly dashed to atoms in the darkness; and eventually a heavy fog that set in, denied us the privilege of carrying any sail at all. In this melancholy condition, we continued to beat about for the space of two days, ringing bells, halloo-

ing, drumming upon empty casks, firing pistols, and blowing horns, as a means of hinting our proximity to the numerous fishing smacks that were cruising around.

At length the fog cleared away, and the welcome cry of "Land, ho!" sent a thrill to all hearts. I borrowed the captain's glass again, and saw in the distance the bleak, bluff, inhospitable-looking coast of Newfoundland, with its high cliffs and snow-covered mountains; but this was my first glimpse of a foreign soil, and I gazed upon it with rapture. Soon afterwards we doubled Cape Race, and by and by the revolving light upon Cape Ray became visible. The next morning we were becalmed off a lovely little island, and could see the green trees waving upon the heights; and anon a stiff blustering breeze springing up, blew us, with all sail set, straight into the Gulf of St Lawrence.

"What have you got there?" inquired Captain Tophamper, with a glistening eye, as Mr O'Toole and I were gliding past him, each with a bottle under one arm.

"A treat for the men," was the reply; "they have conducted themselves very well, and you can be looking the other way."

"Ah, very good; but let me see that you are not going to poison some of them. You know I should be the responsible party, if you did," observed Captain Tophamper, with a prudent cough. "O, this is fine indeed; it hasn't paid a very heavy duty, I warrant. I suppose the other bottle contains something similar," said the skipper, smacking his lips, and hammering down the cork with the palm of his hand—"I must just put my lips to it. Really, this is an improvement on the other—heigh-ho!"

We had not taken more than two steps in the direction of the forecastle, ere we were accosted by Mr Tongs.

"Fine evening, gentlemen," said he; "glorious sunset—hem!"

"Very. Just give us your opinion of this, Tongs," said I, handing the bottle."

"Shall be exceedingly happy," replied the mate, raising his cap in a most irresistible manner.

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack,"

Merrily sang Mr Major, as he walked (accidentally) by.

"Stay, Major," said I, "it will be your eight hours in the lee-scuppers to-night; sip a little of this."

"That's just what the old gunner on board the Grampus used sometimes to say to me," returned the second mate, removing a yard of tobacco from his cheek. "Poor fellow! I think I see him there now, limping along the deck so nateral."

"What of the gunner, Major. Let us hear, if the story is not a long one."

"He was cut off in his prime, sir, like a flower of the walley, or a leg of pickled pork. This was the way of it:—One night, as we were cruising off the coast of Africa, we had the luck to fall in with a pirate, who, mistaking us in the darkness for a merchantman with a cargo of gold-dust, had the impudence to heave to, and give us a taste of her long Tom. She only fired one shot, but that was a fatal one, for it blew my old friend Harry Plops clean away, all but his wooden leg. 'Boarders, be ready,' cried our skipper, leaping past me, cutlass in hand; so, as it was not a time to be nice in the choice of tools, I snatched up my old messmate's timber toe, jumped on board the schooner, and was just in time to knock the pirate captain over one of his own hatchways with it. Your healths, gentlemen, and thank you!"

"They are making pretty merry there, for'ard," remarked Captain Tophamper to me by and by. "Whose voice is that, steward?"

"The cook's, sir; they've voted him into the chair."

Here there was a great uproar and clinking of cans, and then a dead silence prevailed, after which Mr Slops, who was a thorough "old salt," was heard to warble the following plaintive ditty, for the composition of which, I believe, I must render myself responsible:—

"'Twas the middle watch, o'er the moonlit wave
The gallant frigate sprung,
While each tar troll'd out a cheerful stave,
And here are the lays they sung:

The first was the father of all the tars,
And he'd weather'd many a gale;
His head was one lump of wounds and scars,
And he wore a yard of tail.
Quoth he to his messmates—'Hark'e, boys
(And he turn'd his quid, and cough'd),
Just give me, when I weigh anchor here,
Snug moorings up aloft.'

This was a tar of the true blue sort,
And he sang what a veteran should;
For although his song was rather short,
The sentiment was good.

The next was a younger tar than he,
Though his hair was grizzled and grey;
His nose was all knobs, like a tough oak-tree,
And each eye look'd a different way.
Quoth he, 'Give me a Frenchman stout,
So a health to Mounseer Frog!
Here's—a prize where'er we cruise about,
And a good stiff glass of grog!'
Then he roll'd his quid, and smiled around,
And raised the foaming cup,
And a long deep sigh was the only sound,
As he turn'd it bottom up.

A jovial tar was this, I wot,
And an honest heart had he,
But one or two things he had forgot,
So he's not the tar for me.

The next was a youth with a dark eye, which
He wink'd in a knowing way,
Then he gave his canvas togs a hitch,
And sang this cheery lay—
'Here's a tight little lass, boys, on one's knee,
And something, too, to sip,
But hark'e, messmates, that shall be
The dew on her rosy lip!
And here's a good wide berth to Davy Jones,
But his billet be a cannon-ball,
Then the finest coffin for one's bones
Is the sea, boys, after all!'

The boatswain's whistle cut them short,
But I think you will all agree
That this was a tar of the genuine sort,
And the jolliest of the three."

A hearty applause greeted this select effusion. The surly Mr Tongs, however, appeared to have little relish for such vocal entertainments.

"Forecastle, there!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Less noise, if you please. Let's have none of this caterwauling here; if you want something to do, you'd better bring your bucket, and slush down this mainmast."

The mention of the word caterwauling, by the by, brings to my recollection another little circumstance which occurred about this time, and I think ought to find place among other matters in my log.

I was pacing the deck one dark and squally night, when I heard, as I supposed (for I knew not what else it could be), a mermaid singing, and called Mr Major, whose watch it was, to come and listen. Mr Major got quite frightened, and declared that he had never heard anything so queer before. "Call Tongs," said I; and he called him. Tongs said it must be a spirit, and went down for Captain Tophamper; and then the steward went down for Mr O'Toole, who made his appearance in a dressing-gown and sou'wester; and at length one by one the whole crew gathered about us, all looking over the brig's side, and listening to the mysterious sounds, which appeared to issue from some spot just under the main-chains. Now they were like the soft tones of a delicate female voice; now like the plaintive wail of an Æolian lyre; now like the scream of some savage animal; now soft and low again like a child being lulled to sleep—and then there came an awful snarl that made us all jump. At the same moment a black object leaped suddenly over the quarter into the midst of the terror-stricken group, and scoured away along the deck with the speed of lightning. For a second or two consternation sat upon every face.

"It's that confounded cat!" cried the mate, savagely, "I flung him overboard, as I supposed, a day or two since. Do you hear anything now, Mr Log?"—but I was already descending the companion on the way to my berth.

HEAP THE SEVENTH.

The four or five days which contrary winds compelled us to spend in the Gulf of St Lawrence were among the most miserable that I had known since I had left England. True, we had escaped the dangers of a collision with icebergs, but the weather was cold, raw, and foggy; we were not able to have a fire in the cabin, in consequence of a heavy sea having taken a fancy to the stove funnel, and gone away with it; the deck was too wet and slippery to admit of our walking on it with any comfort; the captain was in an ill-temper; and the mate a perfect Tartar. We had every inducement to be gloomy, and none to be gay. I was not sorry, therefore, when Mr Chin came into my berth one morning, and told me that a favourable breeze had sprung up during the night, that we had doubled Cape Rozier, were now cruising along the shores of the dangerous island of Anticosti, and, if we were lucky, should have a pilot on board in less than half an hour.

At Cape Chat, accordingly, we signalled a pilot, and I was one of the party to assist in lugging him up the brig's side. He was a tall, spare, fresh-coloured man, with black curly hair; blue greatcoat and trousers; tarpaulin hat; and a pair of immense jack-boots, which reached almost to his chin. I had never beheld such boots, nor had Mr Tongs, who looked at them, felt them, walked after them, and finally (the pilot consenting) got into them; but, as he was scarcely discernible over their tops, and the supercargo, captain, and myself laughed until we shed tears, he withdrew his tendered six dollars, and went forward to vent his chagrin upon some of the crew. The pilot had brought us a newspaper or two, some soft bread, and (what were particular delicacies) a few newly-laid eggs; as he had carried those dainties in his greatcoat pocket, however, and had been so inconsiderate as to sit upon them once or twice, at Mr Chin's suggestion they were allowed to remain there.

Of the scenery from Green Island to Quebec, I have neither

the inclination nor the assurance to attempt a description. Pen cannot describe it, brush cannot paint it; the poet and the artist must throw both away in despair. In the whole course of my wanderings at home and abroad, I had never beheld anything so beautiful. The pure sky above us; the magnificent St Lawrence beneath and beyond; the majestic ships, that, with white wings spread, bore their wealth over its azure bosom; the loveliness of the shores, strewn with many a picturesque village and exquisite little church, their tin taper spires peeping from the green foliage, and twinkling in the sunlight; the bold, dark outline of the stately mountains on either side of us;—all these together formed a glorious picture that I gazed on with wonder and delight, and for a moment was disposed to regard less as a thing of reality, than as the idle mockery of some bright day-dream which had borrowed its hues from heaven.

"What are those tall, stiff, straight piles of stone?" asked I of the pilot. "Monuments? or is it a churchyard?"

"No, by gar," said the pilot, depositing a steel tobacco-box in his right boot; "dem is vot you call chimneys."

"Chimneys? But where are the houses belonging to them?"

The pilot shrugged his shoulders—"Gone, monsieur; grand feu!—build up again by and by."

"You have heard of a snake fence," said Captain Tophamper, handing his glass to Mr O'Toole, "that's one yonder, and an ugly thing it is; you will not see many quickset hedges here."

The supercargo looked through the telescope, and then handed it to me. The contemplation of a snake fence (which is an affair constructed of some thousands of scraggy pine logs, put together without much regard to either picturesqueness or regularity) did not inspire me with any particular amount of admiration.

"And is that a Canadian farm?" said I. "If so, why do they chop down all the trees?"

"It's their way," replied Captain Tophamper, "and they

deserve to be keel-hauled for it. There's that fine island of Orleans—I remember it a perfect paradise, and now it's as bald as a baby's head. Hallo! who cut off that cat's tail?"

This turned out to be a performance of Mr Chin's. The steward, who was a man of strong observatory powers, had noticed that the appendage alluded to, in consequence of its extreme prominence and liability to be seized upon by the captain and crew, proved rather an encumbrance to his favourite than otherwise; so he had served Felix precisely as Alcibiades served his dog. And when, in addition to the absence of the ornament in question, I mention that the cat possessed but half an ear, and had lost his right eye (the mate having one day, in a passion, struck it out with a marlinespike), the reader will be able to form a tolerably correct estimate of that distinguished animal's attractions.

How my heart beat, and what a thrill of rapture shot through my veins, when at length, after having spent upwards of five-and-forty days upon the deep, and gazed at little but sky and water, our gallant brig rounded a point of land, and Quebec, with its tin roofs, and spires, and cupolas, gleaming in the yellow light of the setting sun, burst upon my dazzled gaze! It was like a scene in some fairy tale. To my right, wreathing themselves like a myriad of milk-white snakes down the dark, perpendicular rock, appeared the sublime Falls of Montmorenci; to my left, stretched Point Levi, rich in verdure; before me gleamed the city; far up the height might be seen the plains of Abraham, where the brave Montcalm lay sleeping; beneath, was the slippery crag at whose foot the daring Montgomery fell, pierced by a score of bullets; and in the distance I caught a glimpse of the dizzy steep up which the gallant and lamented Wolfe climbed to glory and an early grave. I turned hastily round to look for some kindred soul that could reciprocate my enthusiasm, but the captain and supercargo had gone below; Mr Major and his myrmidons were busy in the forecastle making the necessary preparations to let go the anchor; and my worthy friend, Mr Tongs, was leaning pensively over the quarter, casting envious and ena-

moured glances at the notorious jack-boots, as they sprang into the captain's gig, and were rowed rapidly to the shore.

HEAP THE EIGHTH.

"All ready there, for'ard?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Let go!"

A hoarse, sullen, rumbling sound, like the roar of distant artillery, broke the stillness of the evening; the heavy anchor plunged into the blue depths beneath us; and the voyage was ended. There was a knock at my state-room door. It was Mr Chin.

"Boat going ashore, sar; captain waiting. No time to shave now."

A few minutes afterwards, there was another knock, and then I heard the voice of Captain Tophamper.

"Now, then, who's for shore? Where's Mr Log?"

"Here," said I, rushing hastily to the deck, scrambling down the brig's side, and jumping into the boat. Mr O'Toole, in a similar state of dishabille, had just jumped in also. "Give way, my lads, give way," cried the skipper, springing to the stern sheets, and taking the tiller under his arm; and away we dashed in the direction of the tin-topped city. Three hundred feet above us, perched upon the edge of a dizzy precipice, frowned the citadel of Quebec. The sentry, with his bright bayonet flashing, was gazing over the ramparts, and looked like a red insect shouldering a rather large silver tooth-pick. I had not leisure for further observation, as in another moment the boat touched the wharf, and I leaped ashore. Everything here appeared to be on the roll, and I was compelled to seize the arm of Mr O'Toole, who in his turn seized that of Captain Tophamper, and we all three proceeded up the street together. As the captain and supercargo had to seek out the consignees of the vessel, and report her at the custom-

house, we then "parted company," and agreed to meet once more on board the Golightly towards midnight.

The city of Quebec consists of an Upper Town and a Lower. I found myself in the latter. A board, placed wrong way upwards upon a wall, announced the rue St Pierre; and a brisk shower coming on, I began to look for shelter. In an instant, half a dozen, or more, thin, lanky French Canadians, mounted each upon an eccentric, tumble-down species of conveyance, termed a caléche—or calash—drove up, and nearly over me, under the impression that I required their services. I shook my head; but they persisted in it that I could do nothing without them, and, pointing to their broken-winded and spavined steeds, cried, "Bon horse, monsieur;" "Good trot;" "Devil to go;" "Bon caléche." These recommendations having caused me to smile, two of the most energetic of the party, to decide the priority of claim to my patronage, resorted to whips and fisticuffs. The battle was soon over; an elderly traveller hove in sight round a distant corner, and the whole seven of the calash drivers, jumping with the speed of lightning into their crazy vehicles, cracked their whips, stamped their feet, yelled a kind of shrill war-whoop, and charged down in a body upon the unfortunate gentleman, who, to escape instant macadamisation, ran into a pastry-cook's shop, and slammed the door violently in their faces.

A calash appeared to me to be an affair constructed for the express purpose of baffling all powers of description. It has two uncouth wheels, and something at the back like a ship's taffrail; this is provided with a shallow shelf, but, as there is nothing whatever to hold on by (except the driver), experience alone can initiate a person into the art of maintaining his seat upon it. The process of alighting is about the easiest part of the business. The proprietor pulls up all at once—there is a sudden jerk—and you are shot out instantly, in place of having to undergo the embarrassment of a descent by the step. The drivers themselves have wonderful nerve, and never grow disconcerted, happen what may. I once saw a calash tumble over on its side, and it seemed to get along

quite as comfortably for a few hundred yards in that way as in any other. The velocity, too, with which they dart round corners is perfectly appalling; but I suppose the foot-passengers are used to these surprises, and don't mind them.

It began to rain, I said; not as it rains in England—the drops were the size of quarter-dollar pieces, and six of them were a wetting. I saw a great many tall spare men running about the street, clad in curious oil-skin garments of a bright and flaring yellow; and I noticed one fine big-whiskered Canadian in a white blanket coat, with sky-blue facings, and blood-red epaulettes. I took shelter in a dry goods *store:* there are no *shops* in the New World. The proprietor of it, who was an Englishman, "guessed" that I was from the "old country." He said the shower would be over in less than five minutes, and then the clouds would roll away, the sun burst out, and we should have a glorious evening.

In the time specified, accordingly, it was fair again, and the sky bluer than ever. Not being much fascinated with the Lower Town, I inquired for Mountain Street, which I understood led to the Upper. The appellation which has been bestowed upon this street is a particularly appropriate one. I had climbed Skiddaw, and scaled Helvellyn, and would almost have preferred the second ascent of either, to my present undertaking. But I was determined to accomplish it, as I knew (if Weld, and Hamilton, and Buckingham, and Basil Hall, and Captain Marryatt, were to be credited) there was a scene at hand which would amply remunerate me for my trouble; so I pushed vigorously on, passed the guard-house, and the theatre, and the English church; turned abruptly to the left, and presently stood upon the celebrated "platform," the lounge and promenade of Quebec.

I was not disappointed. My imagination had fallen far short of the reality; and that reality was such, that I feel the handsomest compliment I can pay it will be—not to describe; though I may just observe, that, in the sleeping valley beneath, perfect pictures of beauty and repose, a hundred graceful ships lay at anchor; among which I could distinguish the Golightly,

the British ensign flying gaily at her peak, and her taper yards, tinged by the yellow beams of the setting sun, looking like golden steps to some region of bliss. There is a description of scenery that palls upon the sight, but from the platform at Quebec may be beheld one of those gorgeous spectacles of which the eye and heart can never tire. A convincing proof of this interesting fact I read in the countenances of most of those people who had congregated upon the spot that night. They had come evidently with the intention of sauntering to and fro, and enjoying a litttle friendly chat with their neighbours; but, though they had lived, many half, and others all, their lives in Quebec, and seen the same thing perhaps every day, still they became drawn by some invisible agency to the edge of the steep, and releasing each other's arms, began to contemplate the majestic mountains and peaceful river with as much earnestness and delight, as though it was the first time a scene so noble had ever greeted their admiring gaze.

Quitting the platform, I found myself in a quiet, retired, shady garden, where there were few people, and where the soft evening air (thanks to the late shower) was impregnated with a most delicious scent of sweet-briar. The view from this garden pleased me quite as much as that from the platform—and, indeed, rather more so, as the Lower Town (which is decidedly nasty) was no longer visible; and the placid St Lawrence, distant villages, and background of bold mountains, looked all the lovelier through the fresh green foliage of the fine trees that were just bursting into bloom. Hard by me stood a handsome monument to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, either side of which bore a long Latin inscription, and I was in some degree amused with the efforts of two lady-visiters to decipher it. One of them, pointing upwards with a plethoric umbrella, threw a great light on the subject by observing slowly, "There's a e, and 'ere's a hi—but lauk, Sarah, ain't it beautiful?" Sarah assented at once, and down they both sat upon a rustic bench, to contemplate the wonder more at their ease, and give vent to fresh bursts of enthusiasm.

I experienced less difficulty in getting down Mountain Street,

than I did in getting up it. I commenced the descent slowly and carefully, but, in spite of all my caution, from a walk I broke into a trot, and from a trot into a run, and had it not been for the kind interposition of a gallant soldier who dived suddenly out of the guard-house to my relief, I must have made my way down a long flight of stone steps, and accomplished the passage back into St Peter's Street, with a much greater display of velocity than would have been either prudent or graceful.

Upon returning on board the Golightly, I found Mr Chin sitting upon the after-hatchway, with a sponge in his hand, and Felix upon his knee. The animal had met with another accident, which threatened the welfare of his remaining organ of vision, and the steward was applying a fomentation.

"Have the captain and Mr O'Toole got back," I inquired.

"No, sir; hark! there they are now."

"Lend a hand here, somebody," cried the voice of Mr O'Toole.

I looked over the brig's side, and grasped Captain Tophamper by the arm. I pulled lustily—Mr O'Toole pushed—and we escorted our jovial commander into the cabin. He was smiling in the most winning and agreeable manner possible, and I turned for an explanation to the supercargo.

"I can't say," returned Mr O'Toole; "he is in a very good humour, that is all I know. He has been smiling in this way for more than hour. Speak to him."

I did, but received no reply. "He is quite sober," I remarked.

"Sober as a judge," said the supercargo; "he's merry, though —very merry indeed."

"We had better get him into his berth," said I; and it was done; but Captain Tophamper was smiling still, and in that cheering state he must have fallen asleep, for he was smiling at an early hour the next morning, though the expression of his features changed as the Golightly weighed anchor, and, grasping his hand warmly, I parted with him for ever. A kinder-hearted man, and a better sailor, never trod a deck; but he has found a grave in the depths of the wide Pacific, and will

not waken more till the last dread trump shall sound, and the sea give up her dead.

* * * * * * *

TO A——;

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST LAWRENCE.

'Tis England's spring; among her boughs,
The young wild birds are leaping;
And from the warm, green, gladsome earth,
The primroses are peeping.

The welcome leaves are budding out
On every bush and spray;
The blackbird in the hawthorn-tree
Sings half the livelong day.

When earth revives, and loads the air
With every balmy scent,
Alas for those who sigh within
The dull, close city pent!

But thoughts at least are fetterless,
And mine still fondly roam,
And linger, like eve's golden clouds,
Around your happy home.

I will not fail to love the spot,
Nor cease to think of you,
As long as myrtle leaves are green,
And violets are blue.

What moments we've together seen
Of mingled bliss and pain;
Alas! alas! 'twere sweet to have
Their very gloom again.

I trace these melancholy lines
To while a weary hour;
So think upon me, as you sit
Within your summer bower.

O for Prince Ali's magic tube,
To gaze upon you there!
And O to wander by your side,
And breathe the evening air!

Vain thoughts, and hopeless wishes all,
When, but in fancy free,
The wide Atlantic's waters roll
Between that home and me!

HEAP THE NINTH.

I had been recommended to take up my quarters at Payne's Hotel; but Payne's Hotel was a big, bustling place, and I preferred retirement and quiet. With the view of securing these two comforts, I visited a variety of genteel streets in which apartments were to be obtained, but, not finding any to my taste, repaired to the neighbourhood of the Battery. I knocked at the door of a neat house with green blinds, and inquired for Miss Priscilla Partlet, and Miss Priscilla herself responded to the knock. "Had she accommodation, &c. &c."—"Yes; would I walk in? That was the sitting-room; a delightful view of the St Lawrence from the bow window; and if I would have the goodness to step up-stairs, she would show me the dormitories." I did so, and entered one. Miss Priscilla, however, modestly remained outside. "Ah, but how is this?" said I; "here are *five* beds."—"Yes," replied she; "there is Mr Small, the member; young Tucker, the artist; Lieutenant Rowdy; and Doctor Panakin; the *fifth* bed is unoccupied at present." I said, "O, indeed!" and, with all due deference to Mr Small, the member; young Tucker, the artist; Lieutenant Rowdy; and Doctor Panakin (one of which select party was now visible with his long delicate legs protruding about three quarters of a yard beyond his prescribed limits of counterpane), declined the honour of their nocturnal acquaintance. My next application was more successful. Mademoiselle Millefleurs, a sprightly young French Canadian lady, could oblige me with everything that I required, and we came to terms on the spot. She thought it prudent, however, to inform me that she had a rich old gentleman boarding with her, who was somewhat flighty at times, and said and did queer things; but he was quite harmless—only playful—a little playful. As there was nothing objectionable in a little playfulness, I closed the engagement with Mademoiselle at once, handed her a reference, sent down to Payne's for my luggage—or plunder, as Americans term it—and then started for a stroll until dinner-time.

The French Canadians, or "habitans," as they are generally called, are the politest people in the world. Two of the humblest of them meeting in the street, shake hands with the utmost elegance, and, addressing each other as "Monsieur," raise their blue nightcaps, and bow with a grace that is perfectly enchanting. They rejoice in frock coats and nether garments of a bilious grey, patronise long picturesque boots of a sombre black, and wear about their waists handsome sashes of a gaudy red, which are sometimes profusely decorated with coloured beads. But the gesticulations of the men, when in conversation, are so energetic, that several times I suspected parties of them to be quarrelling, and bent upon mutual slaughter. This was only their way, I was told. They are a harmless, indolent, contented race of people, and seemed to be on good terms with the English who are resident among them.

Monsieur Bonbon, the playful gentleman (to whom Mademoiselle introduced me when dinner was announced), certainly had eccentricities. He was a corpulent personage, and wore a little dusty brown wig, the size of a sparrow's nest; which, having no fastening, slipped about wherever the humour took it—first over his right eye, then over his left ear, and then into his plate. When grace was being said by the Rev. Mr Tombs of Connecticut, Monsieur Bonbon flopped down with the most moving solemnity upon his knees, and, having subsequently neglected to get up again, had to be hoisted to his legs by the assembled company. Mr Tombs and I soon became acquainted, and entered into conversation. He had a long, thin, white face, and wore his hair all tucked away behind his ears, as though it would not be wanted till by and by. He made use of some peculiar phraseology, but did not "guess" much. He patronised a quiet bit of "honey-dew" occasionally, however, for I saw him take out his box, and push a portion of its contents surreptitiously into his cheek. He said there was no particular credit due to Wolfe. When the news was brought to Montcalm that the English general had carried the heights, Montcalm only laughed, and treated the matter as a joke, instead of sallying out at once, and cutting Wolfe and his little

army to pieces; or, what would have been wiser, retiring into the citadel, and standing a siege. Mr Tombs furthermore stated, that if so and so had but taken place, such and such a thing would not have occurred, and then somebody would have found himself in an awkward "fix;" to which I replied, that life is made up of apparent accidents and oversights, and a man is not to be judged by what he didn't, but rather by what he did; and that, if Montcalm made a mistake, Wolfe was right in availing himself of it, &c. &c. &c. The argument was here interrupted by Monsieur Bonbon, the playful gentleman, who stalked mysteriously to my chair, and whispered, in a hollow tone, "Don't mind him—mind *me*, not *him;*" so I assured Monsieur that I would not fail to comply with his kind suggestion, and began to amuse myself by drawing out my plans for the morrow.

But the morrow drew out plans for itself. I was seized with the Canadian cholera. I inquired the name of the most scientific medical practitioner in the neighbourhood, and, hearing that Dr Panakin's professional fame stood high, despatched a lackey for him; but, in return, received a polite intimation that Dr Panakin (who had a talent for music) was in the middle of a difficult vocal duet with a married lady, and would not be disengaged for some time. I asked how long attacks of this nature usually lasted, and was told that some persons were indisposed for two days, others for ten, and many for upwards of three weeks or a month; that people were always taken with something of the kind on their first arrival in Canada, and it was brought on by drinking of the St Lawrence water; but whether they drank of the St Lawrence water or not, they were sure to be laid up sooner or later, and the only remedies were patience and water-gruel. Mademoiselle, nevertheless, procured me some burned brandy and sugar, which she said was a capital thing, and I promised to give it a trial.

As I was revolving the anticipated unpleasantness of a long confinement in the house, Monsieur Bonbon entered, and, seating himself upon a rocking-chair precisely opposite me, began to counterfeit the agonies of a person in the last stage of

cholera. My good-nature (of which I possess—even at the best of times—but a scanty portion) was scarcely proof against the infliction of so unseasonable a piece of pantomime; and, grasping a heavy footstool, I was about to launch it at the French gentleman's head, when, with a shrewdness of which I had scarcely believed him capable, he read my intention, skipped pleasantly towards the tumbler of burned brandy, drained it to the very dregs, and then, with a graceful kiss of the hand and wave of his wig, disappeared.

The next morning found me better, and, sallying gaily out, I went through the citadel, over the works, and upon Cape Diamond. In the evening I visited the Plains of Abraham, and stood upon the spot where the gallant Wolfe received his mortal wound, and breathed forth his soul. I afterwards strolled to the steep up which he led his men, and dragged the heavy cannon. It is a formidable one, and the head that could plan such a surprise was worthy of the spirit that achieved it.

And it was with equal delight and interest that I listened to tales of Montcalm's cool intrepidity. He was an accomplished general, but, alas (for there *will* be an alas in the history of even earth's greatest), his strange conduct at Ticonderoga has left upon his memory a stain which the laurel leaves of victory can never hide.

It was evening. If I had deemed the Rev. Mr Tombs of Connecticut by any means a sharp and intelligent man, Master Washington Tombs, his son and heir, was in every respect worthy of his sire. He was a young gentleman of about nine years of age, and three feet in height, and wore a species of knee-breeches, of a style and arrangement which struck me as being somewhat primitive and peculiar. His ear, like his parent's, served (to use a nautical figure) as a sort of belaying-pin to his hair, behind and around which that was all carefully coiled away. The young lady boarders patted his head, and called him a "little dear," a "sweet child," and so forth; but emigrated from the sofa, nevertheless, on the cushion of which the interesting boy had commenced a series of spirited somersets. He executed five or six very cleverly, but, on wishing to

indulge in a seventh, had to undergo earnest expostulation at the hands of Mademoiselle Millefleurs and other ladies, as the recreation was discovered to have resulted in the temporary dishevelment of some portion of the young gentleman's attire. Debarred from the further enjoyment of so refreshing a pastime, therefore, Master Washington brought his eyes suddenly to bear upon myself, and observed, "I guess you're a Britisher." I pleaded guilty. He paused a second, and then continued, "We're an almighty people, we are; our country will whip yours afore long." I should not enter this brief (though certainly not pointless) conversation among my other memoranda, did I not deem it of vital import to the interests and welfare of the mother country. I regard the physical and intellectual developments of this heroic child as emblems of the rising genius and greatness of his fatherland. What is America, but a boy, who, in the exuberance of his vigour and playfulness, is throwing somersets, and kicking up his heels in the face of the whole world! Let Britons beware.

My health, which had received a severe shock, being now quite restored, I engaged a calash, and started one sunny morning for the Falls of Montmorenci. I had sundry misgivings as to what was to be the result of my rashness in venturing to deposit myself in a calash, but the conveyance was at the door, and I jumped without more ado to the shelf prepared for my reception. "Marchez! marchez!" cried the driver, whose name was Pierre, to the horse, whose name was Bonaparte, and away we went—over a post and a pig—against a corner—under an archway—down Mountain Street—along St Peter Street—and out at the suburbs by the banks of the river St Charles. A frightful scene of desolation met my eye, for that portion of the city had lately been visited by an extensive conflagration, and was one melancholy heap of ruins. The flames had consumed the houses, but, as usual, left the chimneys standing. There was little in such a locality to charm or cheer, and I was glad when Pierre, and Bonaparte, and I, had got out of it.

The scenery momentarily improved. We passed a pretty

little bridge, and, shortly afterwards, a diminutive but picturesque waterfall, which made a pleasant murmur. Had it not been for the unsightly snake fences, and the attendant baldness they imparted to the face of the country, I could almost have imagined that I was being whirled along one of the less respectable of our English high-roads.

"Heyday! what is the meaning of this?" cried I presently to Pierre, as Bonaparte came to a sudden halt, with his forelegs stuck out obstinately a yard in advance of his body, his ears laid perfectly flat upon his head, and his rat tail tucked in so tightly, that he did not appear to possess any tail at all. Pierre was pitched over the dashboard, and I was lying on the wheel. I inquired of the driver, who spoke a little broken English, what such a freak on the part of the animal was intended to imply. He said it was a way Bonaparte had got, but that he'd "come to" shortly. I asked how long he believed the fit would last. He said, sometimes the beast "came to" in five minutes, and sometimes in an hour. There was another calash in our rear, which had been compelled to pull up, as the road was narrow, and had a deep ditch on either side. Pierre sprang out, produced a bunch of lucifer matches, lighted a small wisp of hay, and held it under Bonaparte's flank. The Emperor recovered himself in an instant, gave a shrill neigh, flung out savagely with his hind-legs, and darted away at full gallop. Pierre, with very red cheeks, scrambled over the back part of the calash, and in less than five-and-twenty minutes we reached the Falls of Montmorenci.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr Patterson, who owned most of the property in the neighbourhood of the falls, and I had another to Mr Holl, his son-in-law. I alighted, discharged Pierre and Bonaparte, and proceeded on foot to the mansion, which is finely situated. Mr Patterson was from home, but Mr Holl was to be found below. I heard the roar of the tumbling water, and making the best of my way down a precipitous winding path which led to the foot of the cataract, overtook a lean old gentleman, who was perseveringly endeavouring to climb the side of a very dangerous and slippery crag. I

doubled the angle of the cliff with some difficulty, looked admiringly up, and saw a majestic body of water, of about twenty yards in width, wreathing itself elegantly down a dark perpendicular rock, of between two and three hundred feet in height. The sun was pouring his beams immediately upon it, and a bow of surpassing loveliness lent additional beauty to the scene. A shout from some person near caused me to face about. The elderly gentleman whom I had overtaken, was standing upon a narrow shelf of rock, holding on with intense desperation by a fast-yielding twig, and imploring my assistance; for he could neither get up nor down, nor, to all appearance, remain much longer where he was. I made as much haste as I could over the sharp jagged stones, to his relief, but was too late to render him any material service; he fell a distance of about seven feet, much scratched, and wet to the skin. I raised him to his legs, hoped he was not hurt, and he took my arm, gazing all the while with a sort of sublime horror at his white hat, which, manned by, and under the careful superintendence of, a large heap of froth, was gliding peacefully away to join the St Lawrence, a quarter of a mile below.

Mr Holl told me that the Falls of Montmorenci were the highest in Canada, and that I was very fortunate in having visited them in the spring, as the body of water is always greatest at that season of the year. "In winter," continued he, "this spot is the favourite resort of hundreds of people, who come for the express purpose and gratification of shooting down the ice-cone, which is formed by the ascending spray, and assumes a shape similar to that of a loaf of sugar. They clamber to the top of it, fix themselves securely, chest downwards, upon little sledges, termed by the Indians 'tarboggins,' thrust their chins over the edge, kick up their heels, and away they go, like a bolt from a cross-bow; the impetus they gather in the descent being sufficient to propel them afterwards a hundred yards or more over the level ice below." I inquired if the amusement was attended with any danger. "Oh. no," replied Mr Holl, laughing, "none whatever: for if you slip off the tarboggin, or steer unskilfully, you merely get your clothes

torn, and become the subject of a little harmless merriment. And it is interesting now and then to watch the concern of certain nervous individuals who have been seduced to the summit of the cone, under the supposition that they can get down again by simply retracing their steps; a mistake that is to be remedied solely by the tarboggin." I understood also, that there was a tradition current of a heavy gentleman having, one moonlight evening some winters ago, been persuaded to make the descent, and never having turned up anywhere since, to the great discomfiture of a few select friends and acquaintances, with whom he was rather a favourite.

We remounted the cliff. It was a long and serious business, and demanded a degree of nerve second only to that required in the ascent of Mountain Street. We crossed a bridge, and Mr Holl requested me not to gaze in the direction of the cataract till he gave me permission. He led me round to the left wing of the precipice, from which the finest view is to be obtained, and then told me to look. I needed no second invitation. We were standing on the brow of the steep. To our right, and immediately beneath us, tossing their sparkling foam into our very faces, were the sublime falls—purple, green, and gold; and around us, in every direction, was spread a semi-civilised country of vast extent and unspeakable grandeur. Hard by this spot, Wolfe made his first attack on Montcalm, but was driven down again with the loss of several hundred men.

As we returned, Mr Holl pointed to a tree on the left bank of the river, and told me that, a few years since, a French Canadian gentleman of the name of Massue deliberately took off his hat and coat, hung them there, and, jumping into the rapids, allowed himself to be swept over the falls. Suicide, in any shape, is dreadful; but there was a horrible sublimity in a fate like this, which induces more than an ordinary share of pity for him who was the unhappy victim of it.

Twenty minutes' perambulation along the sweet and secluded banks of the Montmorenci brought us to the Natural Steps. There is something novel in the idea of a river going down-

stairs, and I enjoyed the spectacle very much. The Montmorenci, I suppose (judging from the astounding haste it appeared to be in), had received a violent fright a mile or two above, and its object was to evacuate the premises without loss of time. It was quite laughable to see such immense masses of bubble and foam go leaping down those picturesque crags, tumbling over and breaking each other's necks as they went, and stopping a moment afterwards in a corner to roar out lustily, as though they were hurt, till they got kicked on and out of the way by the next party, which, if possible, were in even a greater hurry than any of their predecessors. Mr Holl informed me that a valuable dog of his once fell in there, and was whirled away and down the cataract, unhurt. The animal, however, had the prudence to leave the neighbourhood the next day, and fix his residence in another, some distance from the scene of the disaster.

Walking briskly on, we came to the outlet of the Fairy River—a little rill so called, because it runs for a considerable distance under-ground. It was as clear as crystal, and, bubbling out so stealthily at that spot, reminded me strongly of divers rebelliously-disposed gentlemen who, in troublous times, had effected their escape from gloomy castles and strongholds, by the aid of certain secret subterraneous passages, which had a comfortable communication with the sea. Another quarter of an hour spent in the contemplation of the Natural Steps, ten minutes more at the Falls of Montmorenci, and then, declining an invitation to dine with Mr Holl, and shaking him by the hand, as a person whom I should never behold, nor have the pleasure of conversing with again, I began to bend my steps back to Quebec, which, with its tin roofs and spires flashing in the purple sunlight, looked like something less of earth than of the clear and deep blue glorious heaven above it.

I was a little weary and footsore, not having taken much previous exercise, and sat down on a heap of stones by the roadside. A middle-aged man, with a most meditative cast of countenance, was sitting on another heap near, pecking at it with a small hammer, and casting an occasional glance upon

myself. Not deeming his calling one of the most lucrative in the world, I plucked a quarter dollar from my pocket, and, prefacing the act with a slight apology, threw it towards him. He very deliberately picked it up, examined the inscription with some curiosity, and threw it back. I begged his pardon for having wounded his feelings, replaced the piece, and ventured to solicit a little of his private history. He laid the hammer across his knee, took off his straw hat, pulled a handkerchief out of its crown, wiped his brow, dabbed the handkerchief into its place again, resumed his covering, and said, "Why, you see, mister, I am only doing this for div*a*rsion."

"Oh, indeed," I replied; "that's it, eh?"

"You see I am getting rayther old and ricketty, and must have some amusement or other, so I took to stone-breaking—a line of business which turns me in from three to four dollars a-week, places me above want, and helps me to support an old mother and a couple of grandchilder, God bless 'em!"

"Ah, then you are a married man?"

"No; they're none of my raising, but it's the same to me as though they were, for they're my own flesh and blood like."

"You have excited my curiosity; let me hear more of them, I beg."

"Well, as the story is a short one, there will be no harm in my telling it, and I don't mind if I do. You must know, then, that it's eight-and-twenty years since I left old England, and set foot on the soil of Ameriky; for, as my own country denied me bread, I was obliged to seek it in one that I couldn't love better, but was kinder to a hard-working man like me. So I took my passage out in an emigrant ship, but we were blown ashore in a gale on the coast of Newfoundland; and I, and about six others, were all that were saved out of a crew and company of nearly three hundred souls. Through the kindness of a few people there, I was shipped off again to Quebec, where I landed without a sixpence to bless myself with—but that's just the way to begin life. As I was an industrious lad, I soon managed to get employment, and, in twelve months, had laid by sufficient to fetch my old mother,

who made a point of fancying the ship was going down, and being sick the whole passage; and brought over with her a couple of saucepans, and a chair without any bottom to it, as old ladies always do on these occasions. Well, by means of a little economy, we contrived to get along pretty snugly together; and, in another twelvemonth's time, I had scraped up enough to pay the passage of my sister, who had married, and been left a widder, with three blessed babbies, and nothing to keep 'em on. 'Cordingly, over they came, when I bought an acre or so of land, cleared it, built a hut and a barn, got a cow and a couple of pigs, and, for a little while, took my pleasure, and lived like a gentleman. But, notwithstanding that everything I laid my hand to prospered, I couldn't help now and then looking back with a sigh to old England, for (as the truth must come out sooner or later), rough and ugly as I may seem to you, there was a kind little heart *there*, that had promised to remain true to me; and all I had been slaving away these three or four years for, was to place my little gal above want, and provide her with a comfortable home. As there was nothing standing in the way of that now, I got together sufficient to bring her out like a lady, and, in a few weeks, I was to see her smiling face at my board. But that was not a happiness in store for a poor fellow like me, for she took ill on the passage, and met with nothing but unkindness and ill-treatment from the captain; so she died a day or two before the ship made land, and they heaved her overboard, for all the world as though she had been a dog."

With the last few words, the stone-breaker wept like a child; a moment afterwards, he seized his hammer, scattered the tears that lay glistening beautifully among the pebbles at his feet, and began to work away again with a reckless energy quite painful to behold. I rose with a sigh, and was walking from the spot, when he looked up, and said he would like to shake my hand before I went; he was an old fool, he knew, but he couldn't help it, and I would forgive him, he dare-say: there, I was to keep straight on for Quebec, and couldn't miss the road.

"Here is a noble soul," thought I, as I slowly trudged along; "and if all men acted with as little selfishness, how different would be the state of things, how much less wretched the lot of suffering humanity! Instead of dedicating the first scanty savings to his own gratifications, he sends for his old mother, and makes her happy; he next sends for his sister, and his sister's children, and makes them happy; and, last of all, he thinks of himself—and becomes miserable. Why? Because life is duty; duty is sometimes sorrow; and goodness and generosity do not always receive their reward in this world. But there is another, in which the poor stone-breaker and his 'little girl' may perhaps meet again."

HEAP THE TENTH.

It was evening, and Mademoiselle wished to know whether I danced, as she generally had a few friends drop in on a Sunday night, and would be happy to make me acquainted with them. I told her that I seldom danced on a Sunday; and was about to retire, when the door opened, and half a score of very lively and well-dressed people entered. A quarter of an hour's complimentary conversation ensued, then two sprightly young ladies sat down to the piano, and six or eight others were led out by their respective swains, and formed for a quadrille. They all danced very elegantly, with the solitary exception of Monsieur Bonbon; whose agility being of a nature somewhat analogous to that which might have been expected from a rampant prize ox, was the cause of much merriment. It was amusing, too, when Monsieur Bonbon flung himself into the waltz, to watch the extraordinary capers of his little brown excitable scratch, which persisted in describing sympathetic circles all the while upon his cranium, with a velocity nearly equal to that exhibited by the pewter plate the juggler is wont to balance on the point of his long sword.

On the opposite side of the room, there sat a dollish-looking

young lady, with blue eyes and flaxen hair. In my simplicity, I supposed her to be entering her fourteenth spring, but I was informed that she was a married women and a mother; and that the two delicate little maids, whose united years I conceived might possibly amount to twenty-one, had their regular lovers, and were even engaged, as the lowering brows and flashing eyes of two small boys hard by sufficiently testified. "O yes, and why not?" said Mademoiselle Millefleurs, smiling good-naturedly; to which I echoed, "Why not, indeed—why not?" and, seeing that the moon was shining down beautifully upon the St Lawrence, I slipped from the room, seized my hat, and stole leisurely away to the sweetbriar garden upon Cape Diamond.

As the natural result of my having hinted, a few days previously, to my friend Pierre, of calash notoriety, that I had some intention of paying a visit to Lorette and Lake St Charles shortly, he drove to the door one fine morning, and intimated, by a startling knock and smart crack of his whip, that he awaited my pleasure. I had stoutly protested against allowing Bonaparte to be one of the party, and he had brought another animal in place of that hero; but the beast (which, I learned, was known by the sobriquet of "The Cardinal") had such a hideous Roman nose and villanous cast of countenance, that I did not feel much prepossessed in his favour. Pierre, however, assured me solemnly that an infant might drive him; so I mounted the calash, and we crawled magnificently away, at a pace to which that of the most sluggish snail would have been actually brilliant. Pierre observed that the Cardinal would go beautifully by and by, as soon as he grew warm: and I felt rather inclined to retort, by saying that the sooner the animal got the chill off him, then, the better for us all.

Although it was yet May, the thermometer stood at 68°. The heat had dried up the road, which was more than a foot deep in ruts, and the jolting exceeded anything I had ever experienced. Pierre's new horse had a method of going upon three legs, and keeping the fourth for emergencies. By dint

of a great deal of tugging at the reins, and flogging (which he received with a composure worthy of Diogenes himself), Pierre contrived to provoke him into a canter; and, if I may be allowed to draw any inference from the pleasure the interesting quadruped suddenly manifested, and the spirit with which he persevered in the pace, I should say it was a mode of locomotion the Cardinal was not previously aware he could be guilty of, and was somewhat impressed in its favour.

I began now to discover, also, what is meant by a "corduroy road." It is a species of raft consisting of some thousands of trees, generally pine, of all diameters, placed crosswise, and partially covered with soil and stones—or whatever may be most convenient—and with occasional gaps between the logs, of a width varying from one foot to six. A horse has to plunge clumsily in and out of these gaps, like a ship labouring in a heavy sea; and as for the unfortunate individual who happens to be behind him on these occasions, he becomes a sort of shuttlecock, and the shelf of the calash acts as a battledore. He must keep a sharp, calculating eye about him, and when he is tossed up, take care to join the vehicle again as soon as practicable, or there is a probability of his being left in a bog. I wonder Americans suffer themselves to be inconvenienced by dyspepsia, when they have so infallible a remedy close at hand.

We were now approaching Lake St Charles, coquettish glimpses of which occasional undulations of the ground and openings in the forest foliage presented to my eager gaze. A wilder and more enchanting little lake it would be difficult to find. It appeared to be about three miles in length, by, perhaps, three quarters of one in breadth, and was overhung with banks of picturesque rock and green forest heights. I sent Pierre to regale himself and horse in the best way he could at a lonely log hut, while I, with a young Indian chief, paddled about at our pleasure. The red youth was of the Huron tribe, and came from Lorette. He had the politeness to offer me a seat in his canoe. I accepted it, stepped cautiously in, and he shoved off. The canoe (it was, more

properly speaking, a "dug-out") was eight feet in length, and barely one in width. It had been hollowed out of a single tree, and I saw at a glance that, without I sat very still, I should be precipitated into the lake. The Huron was kneeling in the head of the ricketty little craft, and plying his paddle briskly. He was so grave and systematic a young gentleman, that I did not feel disposed to venture the slightest suggestion or interference, but left him to act as he pleased, and strove to look quite unconcerned.

As I had been led to expect, the "dug-out" presently capsized, and floated bottom upwards. I succeeded in getting astride it, but saw nothing of the Huron. The next moment I caught sight of his copper countenance, and, thrusting my hand quickly under water, seized him by the hair. The weeds had entangled themselves round his legs, and it was only by dint of my strongest pull that I was enabled to release him.

A few strokes of the paddle brought us to the shore. The Huron, without paying the least regard to his bruised head and dripping limbs, produced his knife, cut three or four pliant twigs, and lashed two of the canoes securely together. He then jumped in again with greater confidence, cried, "Good," and beckoned me to follow. I did so, and we darted rapidly away in the direction of the head of the lake.

A pretty and romantic scene. A large canoe shot suddenly round the little promontory for which we were making. Two stately red men were plying the paddles, and a third gentleman, attired in a white blanket coat and jaunty tasselled cap, stood in the stern sheets, shading his eyes with one hand, balancing a heavy fishing rod in the other, and surveying me with an air of the liveliest curiosity. The two red men, I learned, had been great warriors in their day, and the individual in the blanket coat was a dashing young Frenchman from Quebec, to whom I happened to have a letter of introduction; so we shook hands, and he introduced me cheerfully to his red friends, Bullfrog, and Bullfrog's brother.

"Parlez vous Français?" asked Monsieur.

"Non," replied I, shaking my head despondingly.

"Ah, ma foi!" said he, shrugging his shoulders ludicrously; "you no speak French—I speak small English; we get on bad together. N'importe!"

With the latter consoling reflection, Monsieur pulled a flask from his pocket, unscrewed the top of it (which served in the double capacity of stopper and cup), filled, and presented it to me. I cast my eye hastily over the group, nodded my head, and said at a venture, "Bon santè, messieurs." The brothers Bullfrog were next regaled, but the third Indian rejected the forbidden fire-water, and looked angry. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders again expressively, regarded the Huron with an air of pity, cried, "Pauvre garcon!" and, to hide his chagrin, took two cups himself; after which he handed me a spare rod, and we began to fish. I watched the float attentively for a few seconds, then lost sight of it all at once, got nearly pulled into the water, and after a long series of struggles, succeeded in hauling up an extraordinary affair, which they called a fish, but to me was a species of nightmare, under which I laboured for a considerable time. It was one of a genus, too, which appeared to be rather prevalent in those waters, for a second soon afterwards seized Monsieur's line, and without even permitting me the pleasure and privilege of wishing my friend good-morning, towed him away, canoe, Bullfrogs, and all, up the lake, at the rate of about five knots an hour.

It was noon. Pierre had brought out the Cardinal, and by our joint efforts (always paying a marked deference to his head and heels) we persuaded the animal to let us place him between the shafts. Pierre paused a moment, rubbed his nose with the handle of the whip, and said, if Monsieur Log had no objection, he would make a short cut over the clearing to Lorette. I told him he had my perfect sanction, and before I had time to alter my mind, he dashed over a dilapidated snake fence, with a shock that threw us both three feet into the air, and away we flew full tilt through the half-cleared forest. The stumps of the old trees were sticking staringly up in all

directions, and a collision with any of them, if not immediately fatal, would certainly have proved far from pleasant; but Pierre was a capital whip, and the possibility of an accident at that moment was, I daresay, "not dreamt of in his philosophy."

HEAP THE ELEVENTH.

The very appellation of this charming semi-civilised Indian settlement contained a promise of something that was beautiful and romantic, and half an hour's ramble along the shady banks of the sweet St Charles, and the delightful dell through which that river winds its way, more than realised the bright picture imagination had loved to conjure up. In this dell there is one of the most picturesque little cascades I ever beheld, approachable only by a long flight of wooden steps, and down these I soon made my way with all that break-neck impetuosity for which I had lately become remarkable. I scrambled to the foot of the fall, but that was not enough: to appreciate a spectacle of this nature, one should get sprinkled with the purple spray—become part, as it were, of the cataract itself, and live for awhile in the radiance of the gorgeous bow that spans it.

A stranger at Lorette always creates a sensation, more particularly if he happens to have come from the other side of the "big salt lake." I was immediately surrounded by a lively group of dusky young ladies and gentlemen, who all began to chatter away in the most polite and attentive manner possible, though their complimentary harangue was altogether lost upon me, as it was couched in a language of which unfortunately I did not comprehend one syllable. I, however, gave them to understand that I wished to see their chief, or king, and, under a select escort of four fine boys, and as many handsome young squaws, was conducted to the lodge of Tsoohahissen, sole surviving chief of the Hurons. He was from home, but was expected to return shortly. A very fat, though pleasing-looking

squaw, came forward, and invited me to *take a chair*. From the marked deference that was paid to this lady, I concluded (and rightly) that she was the Huron Queen. She spoke a little broken English, and inquired how long I had been in Canada; then asked my name, and whether I was any relation to the late King George. I gave her my card, and after spelling the word over a great many times, she finally asked me to write it down. I did so, and she scrutinised it closely; then surveyed me from top to toe, as though in the endeavour to trace some analogy between us; which was all very natural, as an Indian generally derives his title from some great feat that he has achieved, or from some prominent peculiarity in either his "gifts" or person. Failing in the attempt, she told me gravely that I must be "great medicine," and just at this moment Tsoohahissen entered. I arose, and he extended his hand, which I shook in a respectful manner. He said, "Hugh!" once or twice, and motioned me to resume my seat. He was an elderly man, rather above the middle height, and of a commanding figure; had a face the colour of a polished cocoa-nut; features strongly marked, and finely chiselled; eyes of a brilliant black, and glistening like the moon on a bayonet; and ebon hair, parted in the centre of his forehead, and falling in a profusion of rich glossy curls, the size of dollars, upon his superbly-moulded neck and shoulders. His dress was simple but elegant: he wore a blue military surtout, a red sash, blue leggings, and deerskin mocassins ornamented with beads. He was every inch a chief, and I felt that it was far more conducive to my comfort to be sitting on friendly terms with Tsoohahissen, and regaled by him in his own lodge, than to have the old warrior dodging me from tree to tree in the forest, eyeing me over the long barrel of his firelock, and coveting my scalp. I was told that he was one of the four who had visited England many years since, and been entertained by King George. The Huron Queen pointed to a handsome portrait of that monarch, which King George himself had presented to Tsoohahissen; and she also showed me some medals, given at the same time, but in which both kings were grossly

deceived. The medals were not gold; they were plated, and the impostor who supplied them deserves to be exposed.

"White man great rogue," muttered the old Huron chief; "no tell lie and deceive pale-face, but cheat poor Injin."

The queen said she had a long cherished wish to see England, and I assured her she would meet with a kind reception, as the "pale-faces" entertained a strong regard for their red friends. She asked whether the big salt lake was not very angry and dreadful at times. I told her no, that she might make the passage in the summer season, and suffer scarcely any inconvenience at all. She thought nothing about the expense, she said; she had plenty of money, and wouldn't care if the voyage cost her a hundred—ten—forty—sixty dollars; it wasn't for *that*, but she was growing stout, and the young pale-faced men would laugh, and point at her. No, I said, the young pale-faced men had too much politeness to do any such thing. Well, she might perhaps visit England yet before she died; and when I saw Queen Victoria again, I was to speak a kind word for my red sister in Canada. Could Victoria hunt? could she cook venison? could she paddle a canoe? No! Ah! that was bad; she must never expect to become the squaw of a great warrior till she had acquired all such graceful and requisite accomplishments as these.

Tsoohahissen was very silent and observing. He knew little English, but his son, a fine young fellow of about six-and-twenty, spoke sufficient of it for me to comprehend his meaning. He was feathering some arrows for his two magnificent boys, and said, if I would step out on the green, I should witness their skill with the bow. I thrust a quarter-dollar into the cleft of a thin stick, and one of the young marksmen, standing at a distance of at least thirty yards from the object, struck it out. The other (who possessed the finest pair of eyes that ever adorned a human head) winged his arrow through the cleft without removing the stick. His father told me that either of them would shoot a moose through the eye at forty paces.

Tsoohahissen invited me to spend a portion of the winter

with him. He said he would teach me to hunt the moose, and kill bears. He showed me his rifle. It was a load for a strong man. On my hinting as much, he seized the weapon by the middle, uttered a wild whoop, and whirled it around his head with a rapidity and address that brought to my mind the feats of a certain spirited Irish gentleman who was celebrated for his neat mode of handling a flail, and his ability to "empty a fair" with it in a few minutes.

Of the beauty of the Huron squaws, I received a particularly favourable impression. The few I had seen enveloped in blankets at Quebec were but a poor specimen. Here, squatting at the doors of the neat lodges, with their black luxuriant hair falling in large rich curly waves down their backs, were many really beautiful girls, with fine oval faces, and figures of the most bewitching plumpness. One of the prettiest of them presented me with a pair of white mocassins, ornamented with coloured moose hair. In return, I presented her with a little pocket mirror, set in ivory; a bauble which seemed to give great satisfaction.

The Lorette Indians are proud of their church, and asked me to walk in, and look round it. It was handsomely decorated with crucifixes, pierced hearts, bloody daggers, &c. &c.; and among other frippery of the kind, there flared upon me, what I have no doubt passed among those poor deluded people for an exquisite painting. It consisted of a full-length portrait of St Peter, who was grasping a key half the size of his own body. On his right hand, perched upon a Bible, stood the cock; an animal of a very insinuating expression of countenance, and with a pair of prodigious legs, which appeared to involve him in a great deal of painful embarrassment. He had his beak open, too, and was evidently in the act and crisis of inculcating some weighty moral lesson. While I gazed, awestruck, at the sagacious bird, the squaw to whom I had given the ivory mirror entered, with the toy suspended from her neck. Dipping her finger into the font of holy water, she sprinkled herself devoutly, crossed her forehead, and then walked rather coquettishly out. I followed, and after lingering a few minutes

more in the sweet village, paying another visit to Tsoohahissen and the Huron Queen, and asking her not to forget me when she ventured to England, shook hands with all present, and sprang to the shelf behind the Cardinal, who, having an extra feed of corn in perspective at Quebec, did not appear inclined to lose any time in getting back to it.

I had frequently observed, in different parts of this wild country, a species of tall rough cross, stationed by the roadside; and I now inquired of Pierre what such affairs meant. He told me that the Canadians, in lieu of travelling a long distance to church, came and prayed there, which answered the same purpose. I noticed also that the present crucifix had a small niche, or cupboard, half way up; and I was so curious as to dismount and peep in. Two droll little dolls inhabited it, and these, Pierre said, represented saints. I examined one attentively, and found his carotid artery completely severed, by means of a deep notch which some malicious and evil-disposed fellow had inflicted with his heretic knife. "This sort of thing is wrong," said I; "drive on, Pierre."

In rendering an account of my hasty visit to Lorette, I have omitted to speak of an interesting conversation I held with an old Canadian. This man asserted himself to be the sole survivor of a band of five-and-forty emigrants, fifteen hunters, and ten trappers, who, many years since, as they were fording the upper eastern fork of the Missouri, were fallen upon by a fierce horde of Sioux—the most warlike and predatory of the Indian tribes—and massacred. But I have endeavoured to condense the story into a few lines of poetry—or what not—which run thus:—

God help our wives and little ones, God shield them in the strife,
From rifle, murd'rous tomahawk, and bloody scalping-knife;
Breathe fire into our warriors' hearts, and nerve their arms for fight,
For twice two hundred Sioux dogs lurk on our trail to-night.

All was a deep deep silence now, save when the wind would pass,
And whisper for a moment with the long wild prairie grass,
When suddenly, in dim relief against the midnight sky,
Five stately elk—five giant elk—came stalking boldly by.

Brave hunter's fare!—sharp, shrill, and sure, our ready rifles rang:
Such be the fate, thou daring five, of all thy coward gang!
There in their hideous war-paint lay, besmear'd with grease and gore,
Five braves who ne'er would draw the bow, nor wield the hatchet more.

Ay, blood for blood; on—on they came, with shout, and whoop, and yell—
With such a whoop as if the damn'd had burst the gates of hell.
Now hunters of Kentucky, and ye hardy trapper ten,
If ye would save your scalps and ours, *now* 'quit yourselves like men!

Thick flew the poison'd arrows round, and thicker, thicker still,
The leaden shower their firelocks sent, as samples of their skill:
Then, sallying o'er our friendly walls of good tough bison skin,
Up—up we from our ambush sprung, and pour'd our volley in.

'Twas foot to foot, and hand to hand, and breast to breast, we fought,
And every inch we yielded, with their best heart's blood was bought;
Until, faint, few, and failing fast, hemm'd in on every side,
Each, battling yet, fell where he stood, and where he fell he died.

And for the rest—o'er that, alas! 'tis well to draw the veil—
He ceased—his lip grew deadly white—his cheek turn'd deadly pale;
He bared his brow; it bore the scars of many a border strife,
And lo! the ghastly traces of the bloody scalping-knife!

HEAP THE TWELFTH.

I had one little journey yet in contemplation, then I purposed bidding adieu to the beautiful city of Quebec, and wending onwards to Montreal and the Upper Province. The journey hinted at was to the Falls of La Chaudiere, a cataract of which I had heard much, and I was fearful I might not have another opportunity of visiting. To accomplish this desirable end, therefore, I stepped on board the small steamboat plying between Quebec and St Nicolas (a small settlement about fifteen miles further up the left bank of the St Lawrence); and, getting as much out of the glare of the hot sun as possible, sat down to take a survey of the company around me. It consisted of about six French Canadian ladies (three of whom had been superintending the purchase of some very noisy ducks and geese, and a sucking pig); one Jesuit priest, in a long black dismal gown, and capacious sombrero to match; and four

"habitans," with blue nightcaps, and the indispensable jack-boots, into the tops of which the lower portions of their unmentionables were tightly tucked. The Jesuit, who was a gentleman of an exceedingly heavy and forbidding appearance, was reading a book; but the moment I took my seat by his side, he coloured up very red, and scrambled it under his gown.

I was rather concerned to see the four habitans making a hearty meal of the coarsest black bread and yellow soap. I expressed my surprise, as well as disgust, to a person who sat near me, and learned that they were not devouring soap, but maple sugar, which they eat much as an English ploughman would his cheese, though with a higher relish.

San Nicolas. The sun began to have great power, and there lay a distance, yet, of at least three miles between myself and La Chaudiere, which is situated in the middle of a forest. I inquired, at what I suppose I must term an inn, and possibly an hotel, whether such a thing as a calash could be procured in the neighbourhood, and an encouraging shrug of the shoulders was the response. The fact is, my application was somewhat ill-timed, the hotel-door at the moment happening to be in an active state of siege. Two noisy, drunken habitans, desirous of renewing their potations, were struggling manfully to push themselves in, and the landlord, or "boss," backed by a stout posse of relatives and dependants, was struggling as manfully to push them out. The landlord (unlike most Canadians) was very fat, and served as an admirable battering-ram to the landlady and bar-maid, who, by a succession of sudden and violent sallies against that gentleman's interposed person, were contributing largely to the dislodgment of the assailants; while a third lady, an extremely scraggy and ferret-eyed little personage (probably the landlady's sister), was rendering herself highly conspicuous in the background, by virtue of a long broom—a formidable implement, with which she laid about her laudably, though with perhaps a greater display of energy than either skill or discretion, as the bruised and disfigured heads of more than two of the parties engaged sufficiently testified.

Jogging onwards, I overtook a tall well-made strapping

young fellow, of some three or four-and-twenty. His face was the colour of mahogany, but his accent (as I discovered when he spoke) was decidedly English. We eyed each other for a few seconds, and then entered into conversation. I asked him to direct me to La Chaudiere. His whole countenance brightened up at once.

"Are you going to La Chaudiere?" said he. "I have a little piece of business to transact with a farmer a few miles from here, but, if you will accept of my company, I shall be happy to walk with you to the falls; for, though I have seen them twenty times, they have always a novelty and charm for me, and I may be of some service in pointing out to you the positions from which they may be viewed to the most advantage."

I accepted his offer gladly; and, looking at me again, he said, "You are from the Old Country."

"Yes."

"Have you been long in Canada?"

"A few weeks."

"Do you intend to remain here for any length of time?"

"About twelve or eighteen months—not more."

"All in the settlements?"

"No, I think of spending three or four of them in the backwoods."

"Of the Upper Province, pray, or the Lower?"

"In the backwoods of Lake Ontario."

"Ha! I am from Lake Ontario; we ought to become better acquainted. Perhaps we might contrive to pass a portion of the winter together. Do you mean to penetrate into the *wilderness?*"

"I do, indeed. I am quite decided as to that."

"Then you'll never return to the settlements."

"Why not?" said I, looking at him.

"Where one does, ten don't—a hunter's life has such a charm in it."

"Then what brings you here?"

"I come to sell my skins, and purchase a new rifle; I broke my last over the head of a bear."

The Falls. Deafened and dizzy, we pushed our way through the green refreshing underwood, into a wild romantic glen, and gained the edge of the steep down which the impetuous La Chaudiere leaps and thunders. The shock of so many thousand tons of falling water, and the novelty of a scene so inexplicably grand, compelled me to retire a few paces, and gasp for breath. My eyes were dazzled, my brain swam, and my heart began to beat violently, as though it were sympathising with the rush of the cataract, and hailing it as a kindred spirit. I sat down on a jutting ledge of rock, and my friend the young backwoodsman, not a whit less moved and awe-struck, took a seat by my side.

True, the height of La Chaudiere is considerably less than that of Montmorenci; and, true, Weld, the celebrated traveller, was disposed to yield the palm to the latter; but he visited La Chaudiere in the summer, when the body of water is comparatively small. Montmorenci is a very beautiful and picturesque fall; its fame is based principally upon its vast height and extreme elegance. La Chaudiere is less remarkable for these, than for its stern terrific grandeur, and immense volume. Montmorenci has an air of open-heartedness, which is most captivating; it desires no concealment, and seeks none, but bares its pure chaste snowy bosom to the world. La Chaudiere, on the other hand, loves the retirement of the forest, and is so splendidly girt about with green overhanging woods of pine, and dark savage scowling rocks, that I could not help giving it the preference—more especially when the sun darted down all his meridian glory upon it, and the usual gorgeous and gigantic bow bestrode the tumbling mass.

A sudden thought having occurred to the young backwoodsman, he started to his feet, and beckoned me to follow. Selecting from the heap of drift-timber lying near, a heavy pine log, of about thirty feet in length, we shuffled it (with the aid of two smaller logs, acting as levers) into the rapids. It trembled and tottered for a moment, like something endued with life; was tossed fiercely into the air; whirled about dizzily there for a few seconds; caught in its descent by the advancing body of

waves and foam; flung high on end; and then precipitated into the boiling caldron below.

Descending the precipice, and getting as near to the foot of the cataract as possible, we now seated ourselves upon the projecting angle of cliff, on which one extremity of the beautiful iris was based. The rapid and growing intimacy that had sprung up between the young backwoodsman and myself, led him to give me some little sketch of his history. Among other things, he told me that his Indian name, translated into English, was Twobears; that his mother was a squaw; and his father, Captain Ramsay, a British officer, who, in consequence of some deep-rooted dislike he had taken to the world—or the people in it—had retired into the wilderness, where he led a Robinson Crusoe sort of life, the pleasures and privileges of which he would not exchange for all the blessings and comforts civilisation could lavish upon him. Twobears wound up his narrative by giving me a pressing invitation to return to the backwoods with him; and finding that could not conveniently be accomplished, extorted from me a promise to seek him out in the fall—or autumn—and undergo the agreeable ceremony of an introduction to the captain.

"On no account, however," said Twobears, "defer your visit later than the first week in October."

"Why are you so particular in specifying the first week in October?" I asked.

"Because," replied he, "I have to fight a duel with a trapper, and would like you to be present. It might interest you. We have a somewhat novel way of fighting duels in the backwoods."

"Upon my word, you take things coolly," said I, laughing. "Is there no possibility of your being killed?"

Twobears shrugged his shoulders.

"It will be an awkward affair, certainly," said he; "but what is to be done? I am insulted by a man, and knock him down. He gets up again, and flings a challenge in my face. I accept it, of course, because, if I didn't give him redress in public, he would retaliate in private, and most probably assassinate me. I would not spill the blood of a mosquito in wan-

tonness, but if I find that he is about to sting me—then ——"

"True, the case is altered; do you use pistols?"

"No, I should have preferred them; but Isaac Crease had the selection of weapons, and mode of warfare; so we are to hide in a given circumference of forest, and steal upon each other with rifle, tomahawk, and knife."

"And pray, is Mr Isaac Crease at all an expert shot?"

"Very—very good, indeed," returned Twobears, stirring up his curls pleasantly with three fingers. "He has won the prize at several matches, and fought two or three brushes of the kind before; on one of which occasions he wounded his opponent mortally, and got his own arms and legs barked in numerous places, as well as the greater part of his left ear shot away. Isaac is now in the Wisconsin territory, arranging his affairs, and will return towards the end of September."

I asked Twobears what sort of a marksman he himself was. He leaped to his feet, laughed, and said I should see when we met in the backwoods; and with a few more directions for my procedure to the retreat of the captain, his father, when I arrived in the forests of Lake Ontario, and with sundry admonitions to me not to fail in keeping my pledged word, Twobears grasped my hand, clambered the crag, and slowly took his departure. A minute afterwards, he turned round, and cried, "Catch!" and an elegant little silver powder-flask dropped at my feet.

"That is mine, remember," shouted the hunter; "and I prize it highly. Read the inscription. Don't neglect to return it." He gave me no opportunity of replying, but waved his cap, and was gone.

I sat a few minutes pondering over the odd adventure, and weighing the probabilities of an illness, or some other unforeseen event, occurring to derange my plans, and hinder me from fulfilling the engagement into which I had so rashly plunged; then, gazing my last upon the sublime falls, reluctantly turned my back upon them, and began to shape my course for Quebec.

But the vexatious little steamboat had left San Nicolas, and my only alternative was to walk to Point Levi, a distance of ten miles, through a pathless forest and half-cleared country, in which I was a perfect stranger. To my utter chagrin, too, I discovered that it would be necessary for me to cross the La Chaudiere River. As this rapid stream was not more than seventy or eighty yards wide, I resolved to swim it; and had already, indeed, begun to undress, and form my wardrobe into a bundle (which I intended to carry precisely as Cæsar did his famous Commentaries over the Bay of Alexandria), when a tall man, standing bolt upright in a high waggon, presented himself upon the clearing. I told him that I wished to get to the other side of the La Chaudiere, and he had the assurance to hint, in French, that for a "trente sous" he would *drive me over*. I looked at him, to see whether he was at all jocularly disposed, but, finding him perfectly demure, climbed into the waggon at once, and the horse plunged up to the blinkers in foam. The waggon filled instantly, and I was about to spring from it, and carry out my original intentions, when we emerged from the river, and found ourselves on a sort of table rock. From this the horse had to plunge again—like a gentleman from the steps of a bathing machine at Ramsgate—into at least ten feet depth of water; a measure which set us afloat a second time, and left nothing of the animal visible but the tips of his ears, and a few bristles of his rat-tail. A minute more brought us to another shelf of rock. In the act of scaling this, the concern tilted on one side, and dashed me violently against the driver, who darted suddenly forward, and made a desperate attack upon the hind-quarters of his afflicted quadruped with the flat of a huge three-pronged potato-fork; a species of expostulation which induced the poor beast to effect another plunge or two, when the vehicle righted, and we were ashore. I asked the habitan if he had ever forded the river in his waggon before. He said, "Non, monsieur," pocketed the quarter-dollar, and bowed with great affability. My way was now clear. It lay direct through a small settlement

called "New Liverpool," to Point Levi, from whence I could take a canoe, and paddle across to Quebec.

HEAP THE THIRTEENTH.

Before leaving the Lower Province, I went again over the citadel and works, and to inspect the spot over which Theller, Dodge, and three or four other American "sympathisers" (who had been captured by the British in the rebellion of '38, and were awaiting sentence), had contrived to make their escape. Their leap from the wall on the ramparts to the rock below was a fearful one, and their subsequent adventures in and around Quebec equal to, if not surpassing, anything to be found in the pages of romance. Theller published a book shortly afterwards, but it is a coarse production, though his bombast, and abuse of England, and everything English, diverted me amazingly.

My next destination was a settlement called Trois Rivieres. My friend Twobears Ramsay had given me a glowing description of some majestic falls (and fall scenery was my passion) situate up the St Maurice, or Black River, which empties itself into the St Lawrence at about mid-distance between Quebec and Montreal. Of these falls nothing has, apparently, been said, and little is known (except to the few wild hunters and "voyageurs" who have occasion to pass them on their way to the station of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company), and I was determined to pay them a visit. Trois Rivieres appeared to be the nearest starting post, and, accordingly, to Trois Rivieres I proposed to repair. The cruise from thence to the cataracts (as the numerous rapids render the river unnavigable to larger craft) would, I understood, have to be performed by canoe; and from the peculiar relish with which Twobears had described how I was to set about the business, and hinted at the privations I should have to undergo, I was led to anticipate an indulgence in a few days of stirring adventure and

excitement. The fact, however, of the falls being almost unknown, and, in a measure, out of the reach of the sight-seeing world—as well as far removed from all symptoms of civilisation—formed in itself a sufficient inducement to me to undertake the projected trip.

The last few days of my sojourn in Quebec were devoted to a variety of pleasant walks and excursions in the neighbourhood; one of which solitary rambles led to the composition of these lines:—

'Twas evening; in the glowing west
The golden sun had sunk to rest,
And, lured on by the vesper star,
My weary feet had wander'd far,
When one of those refreshing showers,
So welcome to the fainting flowers,
Fell to revive the thirsty ground,
And scatter fragrance all around.

A little wood look'd green and fair,
I turn'd to seek a shelter there,
And as I watch'd the wreaths of gems
Hang sparkling round the tall pine stems,
A softer, sweeter, sadder strain
Than I shall ever hear again,
From some unseen musician near,
Stole gently on my listening ear.

Such plaintive tones, in such a spot,
When will they—can they—be forgot?
'Twas one of those deep touching lays
That bore me back to boyhood's days;
And many, o'er whose early graves
The yew or nodding cypress waves,
One note of that forbidden air
Brought painfully before me there.

A maple bough aside I drew;
A lovely cottage met my view,
And at the open'd lattice stood
(Just in the dawn of womanhood)
A dark-eyed maid, in act to place
The rose, she match'd in bloom and grace
(And her fair hands had tended well),
To catch some pure bright drops which fell.

I soon shall leave this happy shore,
I shall not see that cottage more,

But springs and autumns will roll by,
And forest leaves long bud and die,
And cherish'd flower, and dark-eyed maid,
Will bloom their little day, and fade,
Ere I forget the summer shower,
And bliss, and sadness of that hour.

* * * * * * *

With Mademoiselle Millefleurs, and the Rev. Mr Tombs, and most of my other friends in Quebec, it was a comparatively easy matter to part, but with Monsieur Bonbon it was an affair of some difficulty; between which gentleman and myself there took place a scene very similar to the one we read of as having occurred between Nicholas Nickleby and the warm-hearted Mr Crummles, of theatrical notoriety. It was only, indeed, by dint of a supernatural effort that I managed to tear myself from his embrace, and he was just visible afterwards in the distance, with his wig on the ferrule of his walking-stick waving a final adieu.

I had now a fine view of Wolfe's Cove, over whose dark pine-fringed cliffs there gleamed (as Bailey in his "Festus" hath it)

"The last high upward slant of sun,
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall."

The scenery of this part of the St Lawrence is very grand and imposing, but will not bear a comparison with that between Quebec and Green Island, which, from what I have heard, and can readily imagine, has no equal all the world over. The evening was delightfully mild and calm, and the river like molten gold; the green, fir-clad heights that hemmed it in, gazing down upon themselves in the placid depths, and awaking in the swelling heart all those holy and happy emotions of which the magic twilight hour ever renders it so sweetly susceptible.

The majority of the passengers soon retired below for the night. A Jesuit, a Vermont farmer (a very Hercules), and I, had possession of the quarterdeck. The Jesuit, with his head sunk upon his bosom, shortly nodded himself to sleep, and slipped from the bench to a coil of cable at his feet; while

the Vermonter (who was sitting on one chair, with his legs dangling over the back of another, trimming a plug of tobacco for his cheek), eyeing me good-humouredly, propounded the following query:—

"I con-clude now, mister, that you're from the Old Country."

I supplied him with the requisite information.

"Where might you have been raised, sir?"

On this point, also, I satisfied his curiosity.

"Where do you locate when you're toe hum (at home)?"

Having received the solution of this enigma, Jonathan ruminated for a few minutes, was guilty of a slight indiscretion with his tobacco-juice, parted with the old plug, inserted the new one, and said, with a queer composed look, "What do you do for a living?" While yet staggering under the effects of this home-thrust, I had the fortune to be relieved by the sudden advent of a long shapeless man from below, whom I presumed to be a particular friend of the Vermonter's, as that worthy inquired of him what he was looking so "all fired" about, and what had "riz his dander" *now*. The new-comer replied, with an odd execration, that he couldn't sleep, and pointed testily to his eyes and nose; the former of those expressive features being quite closed up, and the latter covered with a profusion of white bumps and blisters, which threw a much stronger light on the cause of his uneasiness than could have resulted from any oral explanation whatever. Allowing both him and his friend, therefore, as wide a berth as the dimensions of the vessel would permit, I stretched myself upon one of the benches, and endeavoured to follow the seasonable example set by the Jesuit, whose nasal organ was emitting a series of sounds similar to those usually attendant upon the tearing up of a large quantity of very stout calico.

At midnight we reached Trois Rivieres. The bell was rung, the "en-gines" were backed, the vessel stopped, a plank was shoved out, I was pushed by some one behind, and pulled by somebody before; I clambered to the wharf, the bell rang again, a carpet-bag was flung into my face, there was a slight scuffle, the steamer was gone, and I was left in the dark. I

poked my way with a walking-stick, and knocked at the door of the first house I came to. It happened to be an inn, and I asked if I could have a bed. Yes, luckily there was one vacant. A pretty little blue-eyed maid brought me a pair of immense slippers, and I inquired for the landlord. He came.

"I want two stout voyageurs," said I; "where can such men be procured?"

"There are two moose-hunters, Monsieur, now in the neighbourhood," was the reply. "Shall I fetch them?"

"If you please;" and in less than five minutes the men stood before me. The one was a dark, active, intelligent-looking fellow of about forty years of age, and the other a handsome smiling youth of perhaps one-and-twenty. I explained my intentions to them, and we struck a bargain in a moment. When would I start? Early in the morning. Was Monsieur aware that Shawinnegamme was distant many leagues in the wilderness? Yes. And could Monsieur eat pork and potatoes, and sleep upon hemlock boughs under a tent? Certainly. "C'est bon!" cried Baptiste, the elder of the two hunters, snapping his fingers. I told him to have himself, and his friend, and the canoe, ready by six o'clock the next morning, and he said he would "do his possible."

Day dawned, and I descended the steep bank of the St Maurice. It was a much larger river than I had expected to see, and as black as ink. Two men were standing by the brink of it; they were my friends the moose-hunters. They turned round, and, finding me true to my appointment, cut a ludicrous caper. The canoe was about eleven feet in length, and constructed of the bark of the birch-tree. The bag of provisions was put carefully in; then the axe; a spare pair of paddles; a couple of kettles; a bit of rope; a tin pot; and a piece of canvas. I stepped in next; was followed by Baptiste and Jacques, one of them taking his seat on the provisions, the other kneeling in the bows; and, each plying his paddle briskly, thus commenced we our cruise up the bold and black St Maurice.

HEAP THE FOURTEENTH.

I would never, willingly, be the means of inducing a corpulent gentleman, nor indeed any gentleman, of other than average proportions, to venture into a canoe; since, in the event of his being in the most trivial degree unevenly hung and balanced, such a step would not only endanger his own private safety, but also be particularly detrimental to the welfare of those who chance to be his fellow-voyagers. And, even in ordinary cases, I much question whether the fact of one's right whisker having outgrown his left, or of his having a button more on the one cuff of his coat than is destined to adorn its fellow, would not, each in itself, furnish the touchy little craft with sufficient provocation for an immediate capsize. I gleaned a valuable hint or two, relative to the caution necessary for observation in all such aquatic excursions, from my adventure on Lake St Charles, and had now to undergo a second lesson from Baptiste, the elder of the two hunters, who, in consequence of my having merely raised my hand to dislodge a large blue bottle-fly, which was whispering something in my ear that had no interest for me, shouted at the top of his voice (though I am not at all deaf), "Prenez garde, monsieur—prenez garde, s'il vous plait," and made a violent demonstration with one of his legs, as a means of averting the calamity which the unguarded movement of my arm had nearly been instrumental in bringing upon us. It was less an anxiety for our individual comfort that suggested this caution from the moose-hunter, than an earnest regard for the safety of our axe and provisions, without which very essential encumbrances we should have cut but a foolish figure in the wildernesses we were rapidly approaching.

Baptiste hinted that a storm was brewing overhead, but consoled me with an assurance that it would not last long. Eight or ten large black scowling clouds, like so many grim ships of war, sailed majestically up the heavens, and began to open their fire upon a similar number of others, that had given chase

and spread themselves out, right and left, like the two wings of an advancing army. Jacques, with proper precaution, covered the provision bag, and put on his coat. Baptiste glanced skyward, shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders. A drop of rain, the size of a quarter-dollar, fell upon the back of my hand; another on my cheek; and a third on Jacques' nose, with a force that made him wink. Both he and Baptiste suspended operations with the paddle for a moment, and gazed inquiringly at me. Baptiste was about to speak, when a magnificent flash of forked lightning darted down the sable vault above us, and struck a huge pine into a thousand splinters. A deafening peal of thunder followed, and the "big" impetuous rain, which had not the leisure to distribute itself into drops, poured on our devoted heads, in long, thick, luminous streams. In an instant we were up to the knees in water. Baptiste said he would do just which Monsieur pleased—either run the canoe ashore, that we might take shelter in the forest, and await the issue of the storm; or dash boldly on for a solitary farmhouse, inhabited by a Canadian family, friends of his, and there spend the remainder of the unpropitious day. I chose the latter alternative for two reasons:—first, because I was of opinion that the weather would not undergo any favourable change, and it was impossible for us to get more drenched than we were already; and, secondly, because I had a longing to see something of the Canadian family to which Baptiste had made allusion. The two moose-hunters, therefore, shaped their course for the farm, while I busied myself in baling out the canoe, with the tin pot provided for such emergencies.

Upon arriving at the farm, we ran the canoe ashore, as agreed upon, turned it bottom upwards under cover of the trees, and stowed the axe, paddles, pots, and kettles, carefully underneath it; then, with the water streaming from the legs of our trousers and the cuffs of our jackets, made the best of our way to the log-house, which was perched upon a small patch of clearing under the lee of the dark silent forest: the lightning and thunder giving us, meantime, a parting flash and volley not easily to be forgotten, and the rain, with a similar pitiful dis-

play of spite, attacking our persons suddenly in rear, and absolutely pushing us into the hut porch.

Baptiste introduced me, with all becoming gravity, to his friend the farmer, the farmer's wife, two daughters, and wife's brother. Monsieur and madame were portly, middle-aged personages, and the young ladies correspondingly buxom and prepossessing. As I had not a dry thread about me, and had made three large puddles on the floor already, Marie, our hostess, led me into a private apartment, where I doffed my own wet garments, and donned a dry and handsome suit, the joint property of Monsieur Philippe and his wife—to wit, a pair of grey breeches of novel cut and alarming latitude; a yellow waistcoat, with a rather embarrassing height of collar; a kind of flannel kilt, or dressing-gown, from the wardrobe of madame; and a symmetrical pair of deerskin mocassins, which would have fitted Wombwell's largest elephant. Thus attired and transmogrified, I mingled with the group around the stove, who all laid down their pipes, and burst into a hearty fit of laughter; in which, after another sidelong survey of my person, I was by no means disinclined to join, as the grey breeches reached almost down to my knees, and the flannel dressing-gown had a development of bosom and bustle which would not have been altogether unprovocative of mirth on even a more solemn occasion than the one that had now called us together.

Monsieur Philippe had a strong passion for dogs. He had three huge mastiffs, all fond of warmth and comfort, and one of them the possessor of a degree of obstinate assurance that quite amazed me. Four times was he dislodged from the vicinity of the stove, and four times did he return to it. He walked languidly to the spot, and did not lay down like any other dog, but allowed himself to fall, with a short sigh or grunt, and in a perfectly exhausted state, flat on his side, without bending a joint or relaxing a muscle. Monsieur Philippe, somewhat ruffled, seized the poker, and gave the brute a sharp thump on the spine with it, which caused him to howl dismally for a moment, and then, observing that one of his canine friends in a distant corner was privately enjoying his embarrassment, to

bound suddenly towards that worthy, with a snarl, and bite his leg smartly. That done, he jogged wearily back to his old quarters, and, bumping his heavy frame down once more at my feet, turned his watery eye upon me, with a look that said, as plainly as a look could, "Bear with my weakness; intercede for me." He was a tall sleek fellow, with a monstrous head, and brilliant teeth; but he had barely three quarters of an inch of tail, and the absence of an ornamental appendage of that nature rendered his appearance anything but agreeable or picturesque.

By and by the habitan brought out his fiddle, and his wife, daughters, and wife's brother, with the able assistance of the two moose-hunters, got up a dance—a recreation in which I was compelled to decline the distinction of participating, as my present costume incapacitated me for it; and the size of my feet, encumbered with the mocassins, made my calculation of distances a little uncertain and precarious.

Night at length set in, and I began to speculate upon the best mode of disposing of myself until the dawn of day. As the house boasted of but one other apartment, which was appropriated to the accommodation of madame and her blooming daughters, I had in contemplation the propriety of converting the tall mastiff into a bolster, and stretching myself along the floor, but Marie intimated her intention of putting me into her own room—an arrangement to which I deemed it advisable to accede, when she assured me that it would be productive of no unpleasantness or privation whatever to her, or any of her interesting family.

The bed provided for my reception was just five feet in length, but I placed a chair at the foot of it, and flattered myself that I should rest very comfortably. I soon discovered my mistake. The heat of the stove nearly suffocated me. It was a species of slow-cookery to which I had never before been subjected. Sleep was out of the question; so I did what I could to persuade myself that my situation was far from uncomfortable, and rather preferable than otherwise, on the score of novelty.

An hour elapsed, the door opened, and Marie presented herself with a candle—a measure which induced me instantly to dispense with the assistance of the chair. My next act was to glance inquiringly round the walls of the room. They were one mass of Brobdignagian cockroaches, which, headed by half a dozen veterans of superior parts, were chasing each other about from floor to ceiling, and window to door, in the highest conceivable state of jovialty and good-fellowship. I shuddered. Marie, remarking my concern, laughed, and said, "Ah, oui, monsieur—*cockrel*—ne les regardez pas"—at the same time whipping off her head-dress, depositing it pleasantly upon the bed-post, and beginning to unlace. At this juncture, a very fine and interesting young "cockrel" fell from the ceiling to the quilt. As he chanced to come down upon his back, I assisted him to his legs; and, the effort over, shut my eyes with a strong convulsion not to be rendered into language.

The buxom Marie, all preliminaries being satisfactorily adjusted, got into bed, and, the light being extinguished, Monsieur Philippe, her affectionate consort, was about to follow her example, when a long and vicious struggle took place between him and the tall mastiff already alluded to; that genteel quadruped having, in the ardour of his attachment, mistaken his master's quarters for his own. He was dislodged with some trouble, and finally, after an abortive attempt to billet his shaggy person upon myself, kicked out. Two phantom figures then flitted once or twice across the room; Baptiste crept stealthily in, and coiled himself in a corner by my side; and soon all was a dead silence, save the plash of the rain against the windows, the ripple of the waves upon the shore, the thick breathing of the sleepers, and the occasional chirp of a cricket.

Now, whether anything had tickled the winds this night in particular, or not, I cannot say; but it was evident that they had sallied from their respective hiding-places with the view of enjoying a little boisterous recreation, for they all came rushing down from the hills in a body, bellowing and whistling their loudest, wrenching up trees by the roots, lashing the river into a foam, and indulging in a variety of other engaging freaks,

too numerous for recital. In fact, they blew a perfect hurricane, and then lulled as suddenly. There was a treacherous stillness, and I began to suspect that they were merely preparing for a new exploit. Precisely so; in another moment, they lifted the hut from the ground, in a way which led me to expect that it was about to take an aerial excursion something like the enchanted palace in the Arabian tale. No; a fresh idea must have struck them, for they put it unceremoniously down again, and raced off in an entirely different direction, making a clean sweep through the forest, and dashing the spray from the black St Maurice against the window, with a roar and a rattle as though a whole broadside of grape and canister had been suddenly poured into us by some passing privateer.

The gale had spent itself, but it was much preferable to that which succeeded it. There was a sound as of a large herd of swine marching in procession through the room. My friend the farmer, and the unconscious partner of his joys and sorrows, were what are termed "heavy sleepers." They were also heavy snorers. Such an infliction was not to be endured, and, as oral expostulations were productive of no reform, I felt that I should be justified in seeking some stronger means of expressing my antipathy to so unexpected and ill-timed a serenade. I awoke Baptiste, who I knew had a brain fertile in expedients. There happened to be a long wild-duck gun standing in the corner at his elbow, and, on drawing the ramrod, we perceived that it terminated in a sharp spiral point. With this appropriate implement, the moose-hunter, leaning forward, made a smart lunge under the blankets whence the objectionable sounds were discovered to proceed. The effect was as instantaneous as it was startling. There was an immediate cessation of the offensive sounds, and a volley of "sacres" vented upon the lady by her deluded husband, with a polite warning not to venture it again on peril of her life. A few comparatively silent moments elapsed (like the quarter of an hour's intermission between Jullien's pieces), and the nasal music mounted once more to as high and sublime a pitch as ever. A second vigorous thrust was the result. It was the lady's turn to "sacre" this

time, which she did to some purpose. A brisk skirmish ensued. Monsieur fought and plunged, and madame scratched and kicked; counterpanes, sheets, and pillows, flying above and around them in all directions, like foam upon a troubled sea. The struggle over, I could just distinguish, by the sickly gleam of the waning moon, a confused heap of lacerated legs, torn blankets, and dishevelled hair; but I am altogether ignorant to which side the victory leaned. I need scarcely observe, that what with the crickets, and the cockroaches, and the rain, and the wind, and the stove, and my own reflections, and the eccentricities of my neighbours, I did not succeed in obtaining much sleep that night, and felt extremely thankful when morning broke, and my two guides expressed themselves ready to start.

HEAP THE FIFTEENTH.

It was morning, bright, blue, and beautiful. We searched under the trees, behind the trees, in the trees, among the bushes, and along the bank, and no canoe was to be seen. Baptiste ran one way, Jacques ran another, and I ran a third. A shout from the moose-hunter brought me to his side. He had found the canoe, which the winds of the previous night had pressed into their service, and, after the frolic, flung bottom upwards on a high rock. A strict search was next set on foot for the axe, paddles, pots, and kettles. Baptiste feared that they had got adrift, and floated away, or perhaps rolled down the bank, and sunk out of our reach. He seized a long stick, and probed for them under the water. "Voila!" he cried, and held the chief of the kettles to view on the end of the stick; while Jacques, giving vent to a similar exclamation, produced the axe, and I fished up the paddles, which had secreted themselves under a prostrate pine by the river's brink. There was one kettle yet missing, but Baptiste said, "N'importe, monsieur," and away we shot. The golden St Maurice was unbroken by a ripple, and the scenery momentarily became more

varied and fine. We had now left all signs of civilisation far behind, and I could not help feeling elated at the thoughts of soon wandering about in those lonely woods where the axe had never rung, and the sod never been trodden by any but the mocassin of the Indian hunter.

Baptiste told me that the principal falls we had to visit were those of Le Gras, Shawinnegamme, Grande Mère, and Grande Pîle. As all our upward journey was, of course, against the stream, we had now and then some powerful rapids to stem, and occasionally, where they could not be stemmed, to make what is termed a "portage." Upon our arrival at the La Gabelle Rapids, it became necessary for us to effect one of these portages. The canoe was hauled up the beach, its contents taken out and formed into a bundle, which bundle was fixed (by the aid of a strap passing round his forehead) to the younger guide's back; I followed with the axe and paddles; and the old hunter (for, though he was but a middle-aged man, he was an old hunter) with the canoe, which he carried, inverted, over his head, with one of the thwarts resting on his shoulders, looking, as he wound through the green forest, exactly like a huge alligator on two legs.

These portages are extremely pleasant things, for two reasons: first, because the fatigue attendant on having sat for several hours in a cramped posture, is exchanged for the excitement of a scramble through the forest; and, secondly, because it is one of the most stirring sensations imaginable to watch your guide, with a heavy canoe on his head, leaping from tree to tree, and crag to crag, with all that buoyancy of motion and elasticity of step, that a lively young lady would exhibit in tripping through a quadrille, after supper is over, and the champaign has been in pretty brisk circulation. I repeat that it is a most enchanting sight; and frequently, when I have watched Baptiste, as he sprang from the point of one rock to the extreme pinnacle of another, where a false step would have dislocated his neck, and shivered the canoe to atoms, I have felt a strong inclination to run after the hunter, and slap him heartily on the back for his prowess. This portage passed, we had yet a fierce current and some

powerful rapids to battle against, the scenery still changing, the eternal forest frowning down upon us in all its gloomy grandeur, and the sullen roar of the distant Le Gras saluting our ears at intervals.

Baptiste, on my hinting that I was fond of music, and would like to hear him and Jacques chant one of those sweet songs for which the Canadian voyageurs are so celebrated, said it was a hard task to sing when paddling up stream, and he would, if Monsieur pleased, give me a specimen of his vocal acquirements as we returned. Baptiste had sojourned many years among the Indians, and seen a great deal of bush life. His ready wit, his presence of mind in all trying emergencies, and his general address, reminded me forcibly of the famous Hawk-eye, who plays so conspicuous a part in the interesting pages of Mr Fenimore Cooper. The moose-hunter was not very tall, but his frame was beautifully modelled, and not encumbered with any superfluous fat. His limbs were short, round and muscular; his eyes wonderfully quick and penetrating; his ears curiously small, and exquisitely sensitive; and his teeth of such firm setting and powerful formation, that he could lift Jacques (who was no feather) between them easily, and shake him like a dog.

Le Gras. The portage at this place is usually made upon the left bank of the river, by which arrangement the falls are partially hidden. To obviate this unpleasantness, we effected a portage on the right bank, but it proved so formidable and breakneck a piece of business, that Baptiste said nothing should ever induce him to attempt it again; for the canoe had received some awkward wounds in the scuffle; and, had I not stuck the blade of one of the paddles into Jacques' ribs as promptly as I did, when he lost his footing and fell on his back, the torrent would have carried him away, and we should have been deprived of his valuable services. However, I was in possession of the finest view of the falls, and that was Baptiste's consolation; but I cannot describe them—and that will be the reader's. The spectator becomes quite bewildered. They are above him, and beneath him, and around him; and he no sooner

turns to feast his gaze on the one side, than the torrent, jealous of his applause, begins to roar and bellow so vociferously at him from the other, that he is induced to face quickly about again, under the supposition that there is some infernal scheme afoot, to whip him off his weak legs, and hurl him to instant destruction. What with the rocks piled so magnificently around, and the immense volume of scattered water, and the mist, and the foam, and the sunshine, and the spray, it is a scene that cannot soon be forgotten, and one, I am disposed to think, almost as worthy of a visit as the great Shawinnegamme itself.

The roar of Le Gras had no sooner died away upon our ears, than that of Shawinnegamme began to be audible, and I was all impatience to get to it; but, as we were anxious to reach Grande Mère by "sundown," and encamp there, we found it prudent to push on now, and defer paying our respects to the former, until we were on our way back. I confess that I had some difficulty in reconciling myself to this step, as I could see the mist of the falls rising in the distance, and feel the ground trembling underneath my feet.

The scenery of the Black River now underwent a lively change. It became less like a river, than a succession of enchanting little lakes, which opened one into the other in the most unexpected and charming way imaginable, and were dotted over with innumerable islands of surpassing loveliness and interest.

"Ah! monsieur," said Baptiste, pointing to one of these with his paddle, and sighing, "I have often thought how happy I could be in one of yonder pine clumps, with only my wife, and my babies, and Jacques, for companions. The world is a weary place, and I am always the better man when far away from it, with the grand old woods looking down upon me, and their branches to yield me a shelter at night."

It was evening when we reached Grande Mère; a thousand little floating islands of milk-white foam announced its vicinity; and, when a sudden bend in the river brought us in sight of it, what a thrill of delight shot through my veins! Grande Mère

pours itself down a precipice of about sixty feet, into a noble and spacious basin, which is of an amphitheatrical form, and surrounded by fine rocks and bold forest heights. There are two falls: the one body of water rolls smoothly to the edge of the steep, and bounds over at once; while the other files off magnificently to the left, and makes the circuit of an island before it gathers itself for the leap. I am doubtful from which position this superb cataract may be seen to the most advantage. Those who have particularly sure feet and steady nerves, should land on the craggy island alluded to, scramble to the summit of the dizzy rock that overhangs the fall, and there gaze, wonder, and admire; the less adventurous will, I daresay, be content to view it from the basin, or adjacent shores—but it cannot be seen to disadvantage, stand where and how one will.

An exclamation from Jacques caused the moose-hunter and myself to turn nimbly round, and inquire what had discomposed him. He pointed upward, and seized the axe. Upon the end of a fallen tree that jutted from a neighbouring cliff, sat a grizzly bear, contemplating our party with much apparent interest. I drew a pistol from my pocket, and was about to level it at his head, when the grim-looking brute, perhaps discouraged by the hearty laugh with which his presence was greeted, backed himself as far as the crag, and then trotted clumsily away, shaking his snout, and growling the gruffest disapprobation.

It was only when the air began to get chill, and the cataract to grow quite undiscernible in the gloom of night, that I felt at all inclined to descend from the slippery crag on which I had perched myself, and resort to the shelter of the tent. Everything here, thanks to the moose-hunter and his companion, looked as comfortable as heart could wish. In the first place, there was a roaring fire, and over it, suspended from a tough stake, whose thicker end was thrust firmly in the ground, hung the most cheerful of kettles, which was bubbling and singing away melodiously, and ever and anon lifting up one corner of its lid, as if to threaten with instant expulsion two or three refractory potatoes that had worked themselves into a high state of steamy excitement. Secondly, two other

sturdy stakes had been driven perpendicularly into the sand, and a third placed lengthwise on their tops, so as to form a tent the shape of the capital letter A. At the back of this tent, the canoe had been put on its side, to exclude as much of the cold night air as possible; and on what we may term the floor, had been strewn a quantity of the flat feathery boughs of the hemlock-pine, as a substitute for bed and blankets. And thirdly, in *front* of the tent, their faces glowing with health and heat, and their twenty toes cosily turned to the blazing fire, sat my friends, the moose-hunter and his comrade, who had been awaiting my return to commence operations upon the contents of the kettle. A jovial party were we. Scalding potatoes, plucked daringly out of the pot, and skinned with our fingers, never had so fine a flavour; bread, which had been sat upon by Jacques for a couple of days, never was so rich and sweet; bacon, stuck on the end of a forked stick, and frizzled over the red embers, never ate to such a relish; and water scooped up from Grande Mère, and topped with its sparkling foam, never smacked so much of champaign, from the day water was first invented, to the moment it was raised to our thirsty lips that memorable and eventful night. The meal once despatched, and a variety of facetious jokes cracked, each stretched himself blissfully upon the couch already described, and lay alternately watching the fire and the stars, till, lulled by the roar of the falls, and exhausted by the fatigues of the day, our eyes involuntarily closed, and we all three fell fast asleep.

HEAP THE SIXTEENTH.

In effecting my descent from a lofty and almost perpendicular crag, the evening of our encampment at the falls, I had been so unfortunate as to tear out the back of my coat. This incident, together with the fact of there being a slight breeze abroad, will, I think, sufficiently account for my having crept

out of the tent at an early hour the next morning, to the dying embers of our forest fire. Nor was the measure an impolitic one on other grounds, for a select party of about seven wolves were in the act of paying a short visit of ceremony to the provision-bag, and day was just breaking upon Grande Mère. Of the beauty of the latter scene I wish I could give an adequate description. It was one that I can never forget, and I sighed for some congenial hearts on the other side the "big salt lake" to enjoy it with me.

I awoke Baptiste and Jacques, and we were soon upon the move once more. The tent was struck, and the canoe carried over the height and launched for Grande Pîle, which, according to the information of my guides, was the last "chute" of any importance that would be met with on the black river for some fifteen or twenty leagues.

From our present position we had a noble view of Grande Mère. I have once or twice alluded to a peculiar rock, rising between, and on the immediate edge of the two cataracts. Owing to the dense mist curling fantastically around it, this might easily now, by a lively imagination, have been mistaken for the sole surviving tower of some sturdy old castle, in an active state of siege. It was fine, also, to mark the contrast presented by the waters above Grande Mère, and those below it; here, all being beauty, gentleness, and peace; and there, nothing but thunder, and fury, and foam, and desperation.

Towards mid-day, our canoe had shipped so much water, and the tin pot was in such constant requisition, that Baptiste told me it would be necessary for him to run me ashore, light a fire, heat his cement kettle, examine the leaks, and plaster them up. As I had a violent cramp in one leg, and in the other that particularly odd and absurd sensation commonly known as "pins and needles," I expressed my perfect approval of the step, skipped clumsily to the shore, and, leaving the two moose-hunters to kindle a blaze as they best could, struck at once into the forest, making the broadest possible trail, and breaking a branch here and there as I went, to aid me in tracing my way back to the river's bank.

I had never till that moment anything like an adequate conception of the grandeur and solemnity of an American forest. The stillness was truly appalling; not a bough creaked, not a leaf stirred, not a dewdrop fell; and when I got up a shout, just by way of trying the effect of it, it absolutely startled myself, and induced a sort of suspicion that the grave old trees were quite shocked at my familiarity. A young squirrel, too, put his head noiselessly from his hole in a rotten cedar, and regarded me with an air of such unqualified disgust, that I did not dream of attempting a disturbance of the kind again. Many of these stately pines must have been the growth of centuries. Some huge old fellows were reduced to touchwood. Some, perhaps tired of their existence and bent on suicide, had kicked up their thousand heels into the air, and dived head foremost into the St Maurice. Some (probably a freak of the late hurricane) had been lifted completely from the ground, and, lying full length along the shoulders of their comrades, looked as though they were being carried away for interment; while others, stripped of every branch and twig, and tapering beautifully to a point, protruded far over the bank of the river, and looked like deserted fishing-rods, of dimensions suitable to the requirements of that famed angler who is said to have "sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale." So closely, indeed, did they resemble the implements alluded to, that I was in momentary expectation of coming upon some gentleman of correspondingly gigantic proportions, seated calmly on the bank, with eyes fastened upon his float, and a bait-can resting on his knees.

Among the many novel and curious spectacles this rude scramble exhibited to me, however, was one which amused me more than all the rest put together, and one for which I for a long time vainly puzzled myself to account. I had seen the same thing once or twice before, but on a much smaller scale. A colossal pine, with a whimsicality more befitting a clown in a pantomime than a grave old tree, had wrenched itself, together with a few dozen tons of earth, from the spot where it grew, and taken up a position just the reverse of that in which

nature had placed it. Its world of withered foliage rested where its roots should have been, and its roots, which were a forest in themselves, flourished precisely where you ought to have looked for the branches. Whether this pine had misconducted itself, and been compelled to assume this position by way of penance, or whether the antic was a private pastime and conceit in which it had frequently indulged, but had performed once too often, I am equally at a loss to say; but there it was, and there it would most probably remain till it rotted and crumbled to powder. Having spent half-an-hour in the contemplation of this natural curiosity, I began to move leisurely on, and presently, happening to glance earthward, caught a glimpse of an enormous rat at his dinner, which, the instant it became conscious of my presence, gave vent to so shrill and prolonged a yell, that I was compelled, in mercy to the animal, and in consideration for my own ears, to effect as hasty a retreat as existing circumstances rendered it convenient for me to do.

But where was Baptiste? and where was Jacques? and where was the river? I knew not; and every attempt I made to extricate myself from the dilemma served only to plunge me more deeply into it. I had discharged my pistol an hour or two before, and, not having my powder-flask with me, was unable to intimate my misfortune to the moose-hunters; I had no compass to point out the course I should take; and I was not the possessor of that remarkable instinct which enables the red man to steer his course aright, even through wildernesses in which he is an utter stranger;—so, being altogether at a loss for an expedient, I fell into a rage, and sat down fiercely at the foot of a tree. I had not been long there, when, fancying I heard footsteps, I listened, and the next minute a deer shot past with the rapidity of a swallow on the wing. The thought occurred to me that this deer had perhaps been alarmed at the sight of the hunters; and springing joyfully to my feet, I ran in the direction from which it had approached. My conjecture proved a correct one; and shortly afterwards I rejoined the two guides, who stared at me, and asked if monsieur had had an encounter with a bear. My face, they told me,

was covered with blood, which I could only account for in the following way:—In crossing a ravine some minutes previously, I had resorted to the trunk of a prostrate cedar, which formed a sort of natural bridge from bank to bank, and promised a safe footing. On reaching the middle of it, however, the rotten and treacherous timber gave way beneath my tread, and I suddenly found myself buried to the ears in the tree, with my legs overhanging the frightful abyss—a position in which I must have borne a striking resemblance to one of those symmetrical birds, whose prodigious length of limb (according to Goldsmith) obliges them to thrust those preposterous members through the bottoms of their nests, as the necessary preliminary to their getting in, and sitting upon their young.

The canoe had been a great sufferer. Baptiste had dressed five of its wounds, and the pitch-kettle was now being heated for a sixth. The little craft had received so many gashes and abrasions, that its bottom, daubed over here and there with the dark cement, presented a very similar appearance to that usually exhibited by the mouth and features of some interesting child that has been bountifully regaled upon bread and treacle. The birch bark, too, was so thin and delicate a material, that none but a keen and experienced eye could have discovered these wounds; but few things escaped the observation of the moose-hunter, who, with his eagle glance roving hither and thither about the canoe-bottom, wore very much the air of a learned and lynx-eyed counsel endeavouring to detect a flaw in some carefully-worded indictment.

Grande Pîle has its attractions, but it will not bear a comparison with either Le Gras, Grande Mère, or Shawinnegamme. The height of the fall is not great. Its charm does not consist so much in this, as in its picturesque beauty, and the frantic haste with which it leaps and struggles among the fine rocks that are scattered around. It has evidently an appointment a few miles below, and is some minutes behind the time. It dashes down a slight descent—trips—tumbles—throws half-a-dozen desperate somersets—gathers itself up—and is off again like lightning.

Art, or rather accident, had lent an additional beauty to Grande Pîle. A pine log had drifted down, and stuck itself bolt upright between two masses of riven rock. The waters came thundering impetuously along, and finding the log prepared to dispute the passage with them, leaped gallantly over it, forming, as they did so, a very pretty and graceful frill of milk-white foam.

HEAP THE SEVENTEENTH.

The spot chosen by Baptiste for our encampment to-night, in point of savage wildness, surpassed anything I had yet seen. The tent was pitched in the bottom, or bed, of a gloomy ravine, which was hemmed in on every side by solemn cedars and grim overhanging cliffs. Salvator Rosa would have been quite at home in such a spot. A little stream bubbled at our feet, and the bleached bones of a full-grown moose (that had probably been hunted by the wolves, and crawled thither to breathe his last) rested on a rock hard by. Baptiste said he had passed a night in this ravine some years previously, when one of his party was dreadfully mangled by a bear. The hunter (as usual in such encounters), on seeing the animal approach him, put his back against a tree, and threw his arms above his head. The bear immediately went to grapple him, and the hunter made two attempts to rip up the brute's belly with his knife, but that weapon, having by some mischance got reversed, failed in its duty. The third gash was more effectual; the bear fell back, mortally wounded, and the Indian, fainting from loss of blood, was believed by his comrades to be a dead man. It appears, however, that he recovered. Baptiste having finished the relation of this startling story, followed it up with another more startling still. He thrust his head into the provision bag; withdrew it, all over crumbs; and said he was sorry to inform monsieur that the bread, potatoes, and pork, would not hold out much longer, and it was

lucky we had got to our journey's end. With this strong appeal to his feelings, Jacques (who was a tolerable trencherman) thrust *his* features into the bag also, and, when they again became visible, their expression had undergone such a change that I at first scarcely recognised them. It was evident that the strictest economy would be requisite; I therefore ordered Baptiste to deal out the potatoes and pork sparingly, and not to help me more bountifully than he did himself;—for hitherto I had generally received the lion's share.

Baptiste said he was sorry that the provisions were beginning to fail us, as he should have wished to take monsieur a few leagues further, and show him the big bald rock from which Jacques and he had once nearly been hurled headlong. My curiosity was excited, and I begged the moose-hunter to relate the adventure, which he did, in as nearly as possible the following words:—

"Jacques—as monsieur must by this time be well aware —is an extremely pert and impudent fellow; and nothing would satisfy him, one quiet day, as we were passing the big rock I spoke of just now, but going ashore and clambering to the top of it; I told him he was a fool, but it was no use— Jacques would go; and, having nothing better to do, I went with him. Had he been anything but my brother-in-law, and a good-natured lad to boot, I would have knocked him over with the paddle, and had my own way in the matter; but things were to be otherwise. Well, so we scaled the crag, monsieur. There was a fine view, and Jacques was pleased; I was not, for my eye rested on a little dark cloud away to windward, and I knew, by the heat of the day, and an odd sort of feel I had about the nostrils, that there was something wrong. 'There it comes,' cried I, pointing to the cloud, 'and now let us get down again as quickly as we can.' Jacques saw there was no time to be lost, and we were just about to descend, when our caps were blown away, and the wind threw us on our faces. They say drowning men catch at straws; a bush or a twig would have been our salvation, but there was neither, and the gale rolled us over and over in the direction of the

precipice. We seized each other's hands, thinking to offer some resistance. No—nothing could stand before it, and away we were whisked to the very edge. A thought then struck me. I roared to Jacques to grasp me tight, and felt for my knife. Diable! I had left it in the canoe, but I caught a glimpse of Jacques' sticking in his belt, and, snatching it out, drove the blade, just as we were gliding from the rock, deep into a crevice—and there we hung! I thought the tendons of my wrist would have snapped—but they held bravely, and we were saved."

* * * * * * *

It was the dead of a dark night. Our fire had burned out. Not a breath of air was in motion, and no sound of any kind (save the mellow murmur of the little brook) was audible. There were a few stars twinkling in the far black heaven, and I was lying under the tent contemplating them, when a long loud ear-piercing yell rang through the echoing forest. Baptiste (who always lay with one eye and ear open) sprang nimbly to his legs, and at the same time, with his unshodden foot, gave his sleeping brother-in-law so eloquent an admonition to bestir himself, that Jacques was soon upon his legs also, and together the two hunters slid from the tent. Baptiste requested me to remain where I was, but I did not feel inclined to forego a share in the adventure, and began to grope for the axe, which was not to be found, so I presumed that the moose-hunter had taken it with him. I succeeded, however, in appropriating to myself the stoutest of the three paddles, and with that implement to pioneer my steps, I stole forth; but, in doing so, brought my cranium into such violent contact with a tree, that the forest for miles around sparkled and flashed for an instant like a second Vauxhall. A perfect silence reigned once more, but I could hear and see nothing whatever of Baptiste, nor of Jacques, and was, of course, quite at a loss to know what construction to put on the strange sounds that had roused us from our slumbers; as my head therefore had come into sharp contact with another tree or two, and I had just detected myself in the act of stepping from a tall rock into

about twenty yards depth of atmosphere, I deemed it only prudent to retrace my way to the tent, from which I conceived myself to be distant about one hundred paces.

Instead of striding a hundred paces in the direction of the tent, I took precisely that number in an opposite course, and then, hearing a twig snap, paused to listen. The next moment, a dark object slipped between me and the sky, and continued to steal noiselessly onward. In retreating a step to allow it to pass, I trod on another of those dry, brittle, tell-tale little pieces of stick with which the forests abound, and this imprudent indication of my where-about, was very nearly giving the adventure a fatal turn. The dark mass made a sudden bound forward, and a heavy weapon whistling through the air buried itself deep in the bough of a tree that stretched close above my head, whereupon I gave the paddle a flourish, and brought the flat of it sharply down upon Baptiste's sconce; who laughed, and cried, "Ah, pardonnez, monsieur, I took you for a moose, and that branch above you for your horns. Ma foi, but I nearly brained you!"

We returned to the tent. Jacques was not there. Baptiste, rubbing his bruised crown very much *a la* Punch, said he had never heard such an odd noise in the forest before, and didn't at all know what to make of it. He suspected that a deer had been set upon by wolves, and sallied out in expectation of falling in for a share of the carcass; but he found all perfectly quiet. Jacques, though, who had a pretty keen nose and penetrating eyes, would perhaps be able to throw some light upon the matter; and presently in Jacques came, puffing very hard, and flinging his long body down upon the hemlock boughs with the air of a man in the last stage of exhaustion.

Jacques' story ran as follows:—He, like Baptiste, suspected the cry to have come from a wounded deer, and picking his way cautiously up the ravine, presently found himself on the brink of a precipice. A new suspicion then struck him, and swinging his body into a tree, he slid down it to the ground. He had no sooner reached that, than his ear caught the thick breathing of a wretched moose, which had over-

stepped itself in the darkness, and fallen down the steep. Jacques sprang upon him and felt for his knife, but he had left that in the potato-kettle. The moose thus attacked made a strong effort to rise, and in the struggle knocked Jacques down, and would have gored him, had not the latter skipped expeditiously out of the way, and seized the animal by the hind leg and tail. Encumbered in this way, the moose rallied his little remaining strength, and dragging the resolute hunter after him, struck at once for the river, into which they both rolled together, when the moose succeeded in recovering his liberty, and Jacques had to swim for his life.

HEAP THE EIGHTEENTH.

The morning proving brilliant and favourable, and Baptiste feeling anxious to be on the move, the tent was struck, the canoe launched, and we shaped our course for Shawinnegamme. As we were now homeward bound, and there was a powerful current, but slight exertion with the paddle was necessary, and the two moose-hunters had an easy time of it. I asked Baptiste what he thought of shooting the Grande Pîle rapids. He shook his head decisively, and said he dared not; but, if I pleased, he would shoot La petite Pîle, though even that was hazardous with so small a canoe.

La petite Pile. On approaching this rapid, I saw that the river stole calmly on for about a hundred yards, and then, the current becoming very strong, filed off to the right, and terminated in a succession of white boiling waves, and a sudden fall of from three to four feet. Baptiste told me to lie down along the bottom of the canoe, and stir neither hand nor foot. He, on his knees, was directing the little bark's course, while Jacques, similarly deposited in the bows, obeyed his friend's slightest suggestion. Now we begin to feel the current, and now the expression of the moose-hunter's features becomes more earnest and animated. Now we are in the rapids, and anon,

rushing onward with the speed of an arrow, we gain the edge of the fall. Baptiste plunges his paddle fiercely in—first on one side, and then on the other—cries "Sacre!" between his set teeth; and, while his eyes appear almost on the eve of leaping from their sockets, the canoe springs into the air—hangs there for a moment—there is an intense splash—Jacques' straw covering is snatched by a whirlwind from his brows—we are enveloped in foam—and the "chute" is shot cleverly.

Acting upon a seasonable suggestion of Monsieur Jacques (who was a great genius in a small way), we landed in a shady, picturesque little nook of forest, to shelter ourselves from the blazing sun, which had played upon our countenances till they resembled so many copper kettles. The moose-hunter and his comrade, to improve the time, stretched themselves out luxuriously on the mossed turf, and fell into a state of the most enviable unconsciousness; while I, relapsing into a habit which, like all evil propensities, is more easily acquired than overcome, committed myself as follows:—

TO M——:

All bliss be thine, my gentle friend,
On this thy natal day;
I pledge thee in the wilderness,
Five thousand miles away.

The hush of a sweet summer's noon
Is brooding over all;
'Twill not permit one leaf to stir,
Nor let a dewdrop fall.

Two swarthy hunters of the west
Lie sleeping at my feet;
And so profound a stillness reigns,
I hear their bold hearts beat!

Through foaming gorge, and rude ravine,
And forests dim and dark,
Full many a weary league we've roved,
In yonder birchen bark!

But where art thou? and where all—all
My lonely heart holds dear?
I think upon them with a sigh,
And check a rising tear.

Ah, how I envy yonder sun,
That peeps the forest o'er—
'Tis but a few hours since he gazed
Upon my native shore!

How often fancy bears me back
Across the gloomy main,
To the sweet valley that I love,
And ne'er may see again:

To that sweet valley where we roam'd
In sunny days of yore,
And that dear, happy cottage home,
Which is your home no more!

I see it yet—each primrose path
Where we when children stray'd,
The rugged hill we used to climb—
The garden where we play'd—

The stream that rippled at its foot—
The bridge, and willow tree;
There's not a spot in the wide world
Has half such charms for me.

Whene'er I think of hours like those,
My heart grows sadly chill;
Would—would that such were yet in store,
And we were children still!

"I beg monsieur's pardon," cried Baptiste, leaping to his feet. "Lazy hound that I am, I fear I have been asleep."

"I know not how otherwise to account for some very odd sounds that I have heard," said I, laughing; "but why did you twice unsheath your knife?"

"That brings the whole thing to my recollection," replied the moose-hunter. "I have at home a pretty little blue-eyed girl, with flaxen hair, and I dreamed that mischief had befallen her. I shall be glad to proceed, when monsieur is ready."

Monsieur was soon ready, and afloat once more, and in a few minutes we overtook two Indian gentlemen and their ladies, the proprietors of a large quantity of horns and skins (the produce of their last winter's hunt), which they were conveying down to the settlements for disposal. I was not very favourably impressed by this party. The red men were two of the most sinister and impertinent-looking fellows that I thought I

had ever seen, and their squaws were correspondingly brazen and frightful. Baptiste (as our provision-bag was in a state of collapse) wished to treat with them for some bruised corn and maple sugar, but the uglier of the two red men said they had none to spare, and cracked a rather indelicate joke at our expense. The moose-hunter's eyes flashed fire, and he muttered something in an under-tone to Jacques. The features of Jacques brightened, and he slightly altered his position. We were about to shoot a rapid. Baptiste intended to take the lead, but the foremost Indian, with a clever stroke of his paddle, darted past us, and urged his canoe into the current. The moose-hunter, with a smothered oath, made a tremendous effort, which bent his pine blade almost double; our little craft, obedient to the impulse, shot like a beam of light down the rapid, and, coming broadside on to that of the red men, capsized it, and left them sprawling in the flood. Shaking the white foam from my jacket, and dashing the spray from my eye, I inquired of the laughing hunters whether that was premeditated. "Oui, monsieur," they shouted, nodding their heads, "oui, oui, oui" —then, glancing back to the enraged red men, "Adieu, mes cheres enfans—adieu!"

Grande Mere again. The portage here had to be made over a bold hill, and down a steep descent; and to walk steadily, even empty-handed, down this descent, after a smart shower of rain had done its best to render the ground as slippery as possible, was no easy matter; and such I found it. When I came to the brow of the slope, I prudently allowed the younger guide to lead the way. He managed a first and a second step pretty well, and a third, and even a fourth, and then he gave a great stride, and shot, bundle, kettles, and all, to the very bottom. It was now my turn. Hesitation was useless. I made two strides, my heels flew into the air, and when I looked round, I found myself sitting, in a very journeyman-tailor-like attitude, upon a heap of leaves, with my back to the trunk of a huge pine. With an air of some chagrin, I quietly gathered up my axe and paddles, and stood awaiting the arrival of the moose-hunter, whom I confidently expected to see shoot the

declivity with a celerity similar to that exhibited by Jacques and myself; but I had reckoned without my host. Baptiste, with the heavy canoe upon his head, strode boldly to the top of the hill, and then majestically down it, without so much as a stumble. Once, in a particularly greasy part, I saw the corners of his mouth pucker up, and his left eye wink, it is true, but that was all. Subsequently to this, I did not feel astonished at anything he did. Had I lost sight of Baptiste for a few minutes, and then discovered him balancing his person upon the extreme tip of his nose, on the topmost twig of the tallest pine, I should have surveyed him with perfect calmness, and viewed the feat as one which he had done forty times before, and was in the habit of going through once or twice every day.

We began to see now that it would be impossible for us to reach Trois Rivieres until late the next evening, and already our provisions were no more. Jacques, however, remarked that a baked squirrel was by no means an objectionable dish, so we all stepped ashore, and into the forest, when he produced his knife, cut a tough twig, shaped it into a bow, applied a piece of cord to it, trimmed an arrow, and began to beat for game. A diminutive chitmunk sat washing his face on a bough near. He did not escape the quick eye of Jacques, who was about to draw, when Baptiste, with a comical application of his foot, caused his brother-in-law to desist, and glide into cover of a pine. Baptiste, making a signal for perfect silence, fell flat upon the ground, and writhed himself away with the stealthiness of an adder. Glancing through an opening in the green foliage, I saw, at a little distance, a noble buck bending to a "salt lick." A leaf happening to fall, he tossed up his antlered head, and stood listening, in an attitude of intense attention, not unmingled with alarm; while Baptiste, reappearing within twenty yards of his intended victim, raised the fatal hatchet, and let it fly. The axe was well aimed, and whistling fairly onward to the mark; but the gallant buck, startled by the flash of the flying steel, allowed it to slip past him, and bury itself in a tree; then, bounding suddenly forward, he leaped

over the outwitted hunter and his brandished knife, and plunged into the depths of the forest.

SHAWINNEGAMME. There was a cloud of mist and spray rising over the tree-tops, and a perpetual roar as of a hundred pieces of artillery. Silently we floated down the smooth and treacherous river, almost to the edge of the hidden falls, then shot off to the right for the portage, launched again, and landed at the foot of a small mountain, over which we pushed our way to the brink of the broad chasm that gaped between us and the cataract. It was a rough but delightful scramble. What with the steep banks we had to climb, and the pools of water we had to jump over, and the obstinate branches we had to creep under, and the prostrate pines we had to walk along; and what with the excitement, and the loss of breath, and the knocks, and the bruises, it formed one of the most agreeable pieces of recreation that I ever enjoyed, and one to which I always look back with considerable interest and satisfaction.

The precipice on which we stood faced the torrent; and though the "hell of waters" was upwards of two hundred feet beneath us, we were wet to the very skin by the spray, which is continually rising and falling in dense clouds. As at Grande Mère, the larger body of water comes thundering down at once into the wildest and most romantic of glens; while the lesser makes the circuit of an island, and pours itself through a narrow channel of rock fifty yards in advance, though both presently meet and mingle. I was about to step forward, thinking to get a better view of the abyss, when Baptiste thrust his fingers into my cravat, and drew me quickly back. The moose-hunter, apologising for the liberty he had taken, gave the ledge on which I had intended to venture my weight, a sharp prod with his pole. "Voila!" cried the smiling Baptiste, pointing to the loosened mass of earth as it tumbled into the boiling cauldron below—"that was monsieur, if I not pull him back!"

For reasons that will at once be intelligible to those who delight in cataract scenery, I wished to see Shawinnegamme with the sun shining full upon it; but the moment I presented my-

self, I had to undergo the unspeakable mortification of seeing that luminary (as though it were a premeditated thing) retire abruptly behind the clouds. I was not to be put off in any such way, however, and sat down patiently to await his reappearance; nor did I wait in vain. By and by (perhaps under the impression that I had become disheartened, and gone away) he thrust the clouds haughtily aside (just as an emperor might the folds of his tent), and walked majestically out. The dazzling effect of his golden beams, however, upon so stupendous a body of tumbling water, and the loveliness of the many-tinted bow to which they immediately gave birth, are among those brilliant creations—those "forms of light," and "things of beauty," which language can never adequately portray, but which "once seen, become a part of sight," and once received into the mind, are indelibly stamped there, and remain "a joy for ever."

Jacques (who was always either complaining of hunger, or making an important discovery) intimated by a signal that something of unusual interest was taking place in the valley below. Baptiste and I stepped aside, and looked in the direction of the river. Our friends, the Indians, were in the act of gliding quietly past the base of the little mountain on which we stood. They had recovered their horns and skins, but were manifestly a little sore still, for the taller of the two red men, happening to catch a glimpse of us, brandished his rifle fiercely, and raised a whoop that might have been heard up at Grande Pîle. Baptiste said he had no doubt if the "pauvre garçon's" powder had not been damp, he would, by way of expressing his kind feeling to our party, have presented us with a spare bit or two of lead. While he was yet speaking, the moose-hunter, closely followed by Jacques, leaped over a fallen hemlock, and together went scampering madly down the steep. As I was not a little anxious to learn what could have called for so strange and unexampled an exhibition of agility, I at once followed suit, vaulting over the prostrate pine as nimbly as my weary limbs would enable me, and swinging myself down by the overhanging boughs, till I reached the small patch of clear-

ing which Baptiste had chosen for the scene of our nightly bivouac.

A single glance put me in possession of the whole state of affairs here. The Indians contemplated seizing upon our canoe, and shoving it off into the rapids—a piece of rascality which would have put a stop to our procedure down the river, and caused us a great deal of annoyance and trouble. With a few dexterous strokes of the paddle, they diverged from the main stream, and pushed for shore; but there they paused, for the enraged moose-hunter sprang to the canoe before them, and, placing one leg on either side of it (just as one might bestride a slain buffalo), brandished the heavy axe above his head, in a manner that struck terror to the hearts of the enemy, and induced them to beat a rapid retreat. Jacques, meanwhile, with his arms folded (though evidently ready to render essential service with them, should occasion demand it), figured no less conspicuously in the background, leaning his long body against a tree, and laughing uproariously at the distorted visages of the two squaws, who, foaming with rage, and shaking their clenched fists wildly at him, were exhausting their vocabulary of all its choicest and most endearing epithets.

As the account of our encampment at these falls would be but a recapitulation of what took place on the evening of our sojourn at Grande Mère, I shall forbear to inflict it upon the reader, and perhaps the present moment may not be deemed an inappropriate one for the relation of a short story, the substance of which was communicated to me by my veracious friend the moose-hunter. We will call it

A LEGEND OF SHAWINNEGAMME.

"A choicer spot," Frank Furlough cried,
"You'll seek in vain for, far and wide.
A night once here I spent—
A jovial night, with best of cheer,
For by good luck we shot a deer."
"'Tis well," Big-hatchet said; "then here,
Methinks we'll pitch our tent."

Frank Furlough was a handsome youth,
A handsomer, you'd scarce, in sooth,

Meet in a twelvemonth's walk;
His face was like a morn in June,
His voice was like a pleasant tune,.
His quick bright glance was like the moon
Upon a tomahawk.

Big-hatchet was a chief as stout,
A good hand at a wrestling bout,
And mighty as a flood;
As bold a brave as ever stepp'd,
As sly as any snake that crept,
For in his veins there ran and leapt
A dash of Huron blood.

They hew'd the logs—they lit a fire—
They heap'd the fuel higher—higher—
And supp'd on a bear's ham;
And there, with hunter ease and tact,
They laugh'd, and talk'd, and bivouack'd,
Hard by the mighty cataract
Of bold Shawinnegamme.*

The flames illumed the wild strange place,
And round each hunter's swarthy face
Began to slip and play;
While, down this lone and grim retreat,
In one vast, white, unbroken sheet,
The torrent fell two hundred feet,
And splash'd them with its spray.

Quoth Furlough, "Joy to thee and thine;
About this maid for whom you pine,
Big-hatchet, let us talk."
Big-hatchet's air grew frank and free,
He stirr'd the logs with his fusee:
"The maid I dote on dwells," quoth he,
"Beside the blue Mohawk."

Frank pass'd his hand across his brow—
"Ha! by the blue Mohawk, said'st thou?
'Tis well, I would hear more."
"Then lend an ear," returned the chief,
"And if the tale should prove too brief,
I'll tell of maids I've left in grief,
Till you might count a score."

"Then, if 'twould act so base a part,
A curse upon thy coward heart!

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* Pronounced Shaw-win-ne-gam.

But, hunter, to thy tale.
What of this maiden? Was she fair?
What colour were her eyes?—her hair?—
And was her figure plump, or spare?
Say on, nor look so pale."

"What boots it now her charms to tell!
The maid was fond—I loved—she fell—
Nay, grasp not thy fusee—
I swore to make the nymph my bride ——"
"Her name—her name," Frank Furlough cried;
Big-hatchet laughed, and then replied,
"They call her Miami."

Up leap'd Frank Furlough at the word,
His beating heart's best blood was stirr'd,
And panted for the fray.
Far better that heart's blood were spilt,
Than he should live to learn her guilt;
The golden castles years had built,
One breath now blew away.

Big-hatchet all the challenge felt,
He drew his knife from out his belt—
Fire flashed from his dark eye;
No word of insult left his tongue,
But fiercely to his feet he sprung,
And while hill, glen, and forest rung,
He raised his battle-cry.

Short, stern, and deadly was the strife,
High-poised in air each death-fraught knife,
One fearful moment gleam'd;
Tight—tighter grew Big-hatchet's grasp,
Frank Furlough's hand released its clasp;
He drew one sigh—he gave one gasp—
And forth life's torrent stream'd.

True to its aim, the reeking blade
A passage for his soul had made—
Red ran the forest sod;
Big-hatchet's visage paler grew,
Around the corse his arms he threw—
"That I this foul deed could undo,
O God! O God! O God!"

He felt Frank's heart, if it had heat,
He knelt to learn if yet it beat,
But that was cold and still;
Then bitter was his bosom's groan,
And sorrow-stung, dejected, lone,

The dews of morning found his own
As lifeless and as chill.

Long did the faithful Miami
Keep watch for him she wept to see,
Beside her cottage door;
In vain the sob, in vain the sigh,
The tear that gathered in her eye—
Days, weeks, months, years, roll'd sadly by,
But Frank return'd no more.

HEAP THE NINETEENTH.

I did not contrive to pass the present night quite so comfortably as I had done the two or three previous ones. A shower of rain had fallen, the fire burned but sulkily, and, owing either to the fatigues I had suffered, or the severe penance my craving stomach had undergone (for a brace of baked squirrels are, at the best, but a slender repast for three hungry men), for several hours I was the victim of a strange and novel species of nightmare, which kept both my mind and body in a state of the most distressing anxiety and bustle. The moose-hunter, like all true Canadians, was in the habit of smoking a little, ugly, black, greasy, clay pipe. This pipe had about an eighth of an inch of stem to it—in fact, just enough for his teeth to hold it by, all the rest was bowl—and when the contents of it were in active combustion, I had always marvelled how it was that his nose, which jutted immediately over them, and looked like a piece of meat broiling, had not long since been reduced to ashes. The presentiment that a calamity of so painful a nature must sooner or later inevitably take place, so possessed me this night, that I fancied the ill-fated feature had at last caught, and was consuming with frightful rapidity. I accordingly jumped up, and made a careful examination of the article in question, but, finding all quite safe, lay down again. A second and a third time I arose, and went through a similar piece of pantomime, and with the same success. At

length the idea gained such ground, that, as the readiest mode of quenching the supposed conflagration, and calming my own anxieties, I was compelled to keep one of the kettles, with a good supply of cold water, constantly at hand, and ever and anon pour a portion of its contents gravely over the nasal organ of my sleeping friend, who, far from experiencing any inconvenience from the mode of treatment to which his proboscis was subjected, snored away louder and more approvingly than ever, and remained all the night through in the most blissful unconsciousness of the pleasant piece of service that was being rendered him.

Towards morning, though it was yet dark, I was awakened by a series of sharp shooting pains in my back and shoulders, and on looking up found that the fire was nearly out. I seized the axe, therefore, procured a fresh supply of fuel, and again had the satisfaction of seeing a blaze big enough to roast a buffalo. But, preferring natural warmth to artificial, I continued my amusement with the axe until I was interrupted by a great snorting and trampling of twigs, which caused me to suspend operations and listen attentively. My first persuasion was, that the moose-hunter had been taken in a fit, but, on peering through the branches in the direction of the tent, I saw him lying motionless, just as I had left him, with his face turned to the sky, and seven or eight of his toes protruding through his grey stockings and glistening in the rays of the fire. A repetition of the same perplexing sounds, somewhat louder than before, ensuing, with a strong effort at composure I walked back to the tent and aroused Baptiste. Baptiste rubbed his eyes, sprang into a sitting posture, felt for his knife, seized the axe, and told me to follow him closely. I filched the tomahawk from the belt of Jacques, and did as I was desired. The moose-hunter slipped cautiously into the forest, and then paused to listen, but the moaning of the wind through the trees was the only sound that was audible. "Did he go so?" asked Baptiste, making an odd noise with his throat. "Precisely, was my reply, and we both listened again. "It was a bear," said the moose-hunter; "but the

cunning fellow knows that we cannot get at him now. It is no good—we may go back; let him come when the sun is up;" and back we went accordingly. I fell asleep once more, and when I awoke it was broad daylight. The two moose-hunters had been killing squirrels for breakfast, and searching for the bear. Baptiste was heaping logs on the fire and laughing. I inquired the cause of his merriment. "You shall hear, monsieur," said he, shaping a splinter of pine into a spit, and thrusting it through the body of one of the slaughtered squirrels. "Jacques and I go hunt bear. He go one way, and I go one. I see nothing, hear nothing; Jacques both see and hear. Bear look at him, and run, and he run after bear. Bear go half mile, then stop, turn round, give grunt, and run after Jacques; Jacques now take lead, long legs, and make for river. Bad business run, lose bear; seldom kill bear without fusee. Cut his throat if wait, but no wait. Can't help."

Breakfast despatched, Baptiste expressed himself ready to proceed; and after paying another visit to, and taking a long farewell gaze at, the glorious Shawinnegamme, I stepped once more into the canoe, and the great cataract's thunders grew each moment fainter and fainter upon my ear. Every stroke of the paddle, however, brought some new beauty to view, the contemplation of which assisted in dispelling the regret I could not help feeling upon leaving a locality so truly sublime.

Another day rolled over us, evening again drew nigh, and no new adventure presented itself. Baptiste and Jacques had then resort to their pipes—and perhaps I shall be pardoned if I resort for a few moments to mine:—

TO MY MOTHER.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE BLACK RIVER.

Yes, oft, when on the sleeping main
  The moon has shone serenely bright,
And the pure stars, like silver rain,
  Have strewn it o'er with liquid light—
In the lone mid-watch of the night,
  When slumber had no charms for me,
My thoughts would fondly wing their flight
  To home and thee—sweet home and thee!

And when, through billows white with wrath,
Where myriads have met their doom,
Our ship has plough'd a foaming path,
And every billow seem'd her tomb,
And fitful lightnings lit the gloom,
Where would my heart—my fancy flee?
Where *could* they wander, and to whom,
But home and thee—sweet home and thee?

Now, too, as down this peaceful stream
I urge my light canoe along,
Past forests bathed in sunset's beam,
And golden isles all bloom and song:
Though not a wild flower blossoms nigh
But has some gentle charm for me—
Still, still I think, and thinking sigh
Of home and thee—sweet home and thee!

I said that no new adventure had presented itself; but we were not long in meeting with one, which deranged our plans very materially. In shooting a rapid, the canoe came into such violent contact with the sharp ledge of a concealed rock, that we were compelled to abandon it, together with our tent, both kettles, and that indispensable implement the axe, the loss of which rendered us perfectly helpless. Crawling disconsolately from the scene of the disaster to the river's bank, the two moose-hunters and I sat down and gazed upon each other ruefully. I did not attempt to conceal my chagrin, nor did Jacques, who, rubbing his chest pensively, remarked that he was nearly famished before, and there was a prospect of his being quite so now, if things didn't mend. Baptiste was more of a philosopher. Holding up one of his mocassins to drain, and squeezing the water from his grizzly hair, he said we might thank the saints matters were no worse, and must make ourselves as comfortable as we could. Leaving the two hunters to compare notes at their leisure, I climbed the steep bank, and, casting my eye carelessly over the forest, detected a thin, spiral column of blue smoke stealing up among the green foliage. I suppressed an exclamation of joyful surprise, and acquainted Baptiste with my discovery. Baptiste, springing nimbly to his legs, pushed his head through the intervening brushwood (just as a terrier dog would thrust his visage

into a rat-hole), and took a long survey of the cheering scene; giving Jacques, at the same time, with his unshodden foot, another of those comical prods which had so often excited my risibility. Jacques, being hungry and peevish, was about to make an angry retort, when Baptiste, who happened to have the dripping mocassin still in his hand, clapped it expeditiously over the young hunter's mouth, and whispered him not to be a fool, for the Indians were encamped, and cooking their venison within a tomahawk's fling of us. Jacques was all animation at once. Baptiste said that their canoe was somewhere at hand, and he would have it. I told him that I would take no part in any such knavish transaction.

"Why not, monsieur?" urged the moose-hunter; "it is but fair play. Did they not attempt a similar piece of rascality on us up at Shawinnegamme?"

"Ah, true, very true, Baptiste; but that is past, and we will look over it."

"Then what would monsieur have me do? We are far from Trois Rivieres, and there is not so much as a hut or shanty within half-a-dozen leagues of us.

"True again; yes, that is excessively awkward."

"We have no axe to fell a tree."

"No, that is bad too, very bad."

"No knife to scoop it out."

"That is still worse."

"And then, we have no provisions." (A heavy groan from Jacques).

"Ah, that is an important consideration indeed. Well?"

"We must have the canoe, monsieur."

"Humph; I think we must."

"C'est vrai; and we shall only be playing them the return match after all. Did monsieur thoroughly comprehend the dainty joke they cracked yesterday, when we asked for some of their corn and maple sugar?"

"No, what was it, Baptiste?" The latter whispered a few words. "The impudent vagabonds!" cried I. "Do whatever you please, moose-hunter—Jacques and I are your men."

"Baptiste, who was an accomplished general, proposed the following measures for adoption:—He would steal away first, and try to discover the spot where the red men's canoe was secreted. If he was unsuccessful, he would return to us; if the contrary, he would imitate the three taps of a woodpecker, on which signal we were instantly to join him, taking great care, however, to keep in cover of the brushwood, and to avoid making the least noise, which would be fatal to our purpose. These propositions having been seconded and unanimously carried, Baptiste fell flat upon his chest, and writhed himself away with the stealthiness of a boa-constrictor or cobra-di-capello.

Three minutes, which seemed an age, elapsed, and the expected signal was heard, proceeding apparently from the other side of the small projecting neck of land upon our right. As the St Maurice flowed closely up to, and under this little promontory, our only means of passing it was by lowering ourselves to the ears in the water, which we did, and then crawled under shelter of the trees to Baptiste, who, having no knife, was perseveringly endeavouring to unfasten with his teeth the knot that secured the canoe to the shore. Jacques caught up a sharp stone, and tried to saw it, but the thong, which was formed out of the tough bark of the moose-tree, would not yield; nor dared we attempt to break it, as the slighest vibration communicated to the foliage of the young pine would have led to suspicion on the part of the Indians. Jacques, nevertheless, with a muttered oath, gave the thong a smart tug, and snapped it, but, in effecting this, he was so imprudent as to release his hold of the stone, which rolled down the bank, and plunged into the river.

"To cover!" cried Baptiste, as the tramp of a heavy foot fell upon our ears. Three startled rabbits never darted into their burrow with half the agility that the two hunters and I now displayed in springing to the hollow of those overhanging rocks. The ugliest of the Indians, attracted by the plunge of the pebble into the water, had walked hastily down, and was bending curiously over the very spot where we lay concealed.

Had he been one of those noble, stealthy-stepping, hawk-eyed braves, of whom so much has been said and written, we should not have escaped detection; but as he was, on the contrary, one of a drunken, thievish, and degenerate race, and, moreover, in a great hurry to get back to his venison—of which he had his mouth rather inconveniently full—he came to the conclusion that the sound must have been produced by either the jumping of a fish after a fly, or the fall of a fragment of dead timber from a tree-top, and returned to finish his meal. Baptiste put up his head, gave a quaint nod at the Indian's retreating figure, and cried, "Allons!" In a moment we all three jumped into the canoe, and urged it into the current. Jacques, rising to his full height, flourished his paddle and uttered a shrill whoop; two dusky figures were seen bounding through the forest in the distance; an island blotted them from our sight—and we were gone!

A few hours afterwards we reached Trois Rivieres; and feeling anxious to make the Indians some reparation for the inconvenience we had occasioned them, I extorted a promise from Baptiste that he would paddle up the river before daylight the next morning, and moor the stolen canoe to a little island which the red men would have to pass on their way down to the settlements. Having eased my conscience in this particular, I gladly availed myself of the moose-hunter's pressing invitation to go and see his wife and child, and take supper with them. Julié was a handsome woman, just in her bloom; and Victoire one of the prettiest little girls I have ever seen. Her eyes were of the softest, sweetest blue; her waving hair of the glossiest auburn; and she looked as though, like one of Byron's early inspirations, she had been made out of a sunbeam, or a rainbow.

I had intended to proceed to Montreal the same evening, but the steamer by which I should have taken my passage left the wharf as I arrived upon it. "N'importe, monsieur," said Baptiste; "you must go back and make love again to Victoire. There will be another boat to-morrow, and everything happens for the best." The words were yet upon his lips, when a sud-

den gleam of sickly yellow light threw a momentary glare over the broad St Lawrence; there was a loud explosion; and five-and-thirty human beings were hurried into eternity. The boiler of the vessel had burst, and she lay a mere wreck upon the waters.

HEAP THE TWENTIETH.

Before I continue my story, let me hold a moment's parley with the indulgent reader. It is extremely probable that in accompanying me through the WHITTLINGS, he may meet with a great deal of which he strongly disapproves. I would, therefore, remind him, that, in writing a purely fictitious work, an author is enabled to pitch the tone of it as high as he pleases, and to select such characters and scenery as are likely to give general satisfaction; but in rendering an account of his peregrinations, a traveller cannot enjoy these privileges. He must either describe the things and the people he has actually seen and met with, or he must forbear to describe at all. I am placed in the latter position. Let the reader, then, be so generous as to suppose, that all such passages in the present work as elicit his approbation, have my own countenance and approval also; and that, on the other hand, all such as are productive of a contrary result, are the very passages I would fain have omitted, and feel anxious to wash my hands of at once.

To resume. The village, or settlement, or town of Three Rivers, did not boast any very novel or extraordinary attractions. The principal street was about two feet thick in mud; and, from the engaging appearance of it in the dry season, I could readily conceive what a delicate promenade it would offer to a person provided with thin shoes in a wet one. The wooden houses looked old and dirty, and those who inhabited them dirtier still. I walked into two or three stores, and out again, finding nothing in any of them to awaken either curiosity or interest, except, perhaps, the fine, dignified coun-

tenance of an Indian chief, whose wife was aiding him in the selection of a pair of smallclothes, and who, with the view of thoroughly testing their suitableness, had put them on with their less picturesque feature in front—a slight mistake, which the storekeeper was so obliging as to rectify. From the town I then wandered down to the banks of the St Maurice, and from the banks of the St Maurice back to the hotel, about the door of which a large crowd had collected.

Elbowing my way through the rabble, I inquired of a pale, interesting-looking young man, what had occurred to bring so many people together. He pointed to a deal box at his feet, sighed, shed tears, and turned away. My curiosity was stirred, and I repeated the query to a cobbler, who had a pipe in his mouth, and a last under his arm.

"Some months since, sir," said the cobbler, "that young gentleman's father disappeared in a rather mysterious manner, and as he was known to travel with a good deal of money about him, it was thought he had been murdered. Nothing was ever heard of him till the other day, when, as some Indians were picking their way through a lonely bit of forest, a few miles from here, they came upon a heap of bones, which the son of the missing gentleman afterwards recognised as those of his father; so he put them into yonder box, and is now going to take them up with him to Montreal, where the matter will be looked into by the authorities."

"Has there been foul play, think you?" asked I.

The cobbler, who had just had his toe trodden upon, drew the last suddenly from under his arm, gave a small pert boy a smart rap upon the head with it, and replied—"No; I rather suspect, as his money and watch were found on him, that he was eaten by the wolves."

At midnight, the Montreal boat arrived, and, accompanied by the young man with the deal box, I stepped on board her. The late explosion had made me rather shy of steamboat boilers, and I gave our present ones as wide a berth as possible. I went below, and was just in time to witness a rather novel piece of buffoonery, on the part of a well-made handsome young

man of colour, who had a pair of the largest whiskers I have ever seen—if I except those belonging to a Saracen's head, that I once beheld swinging over an inn door. The sides of the elegant saloon were fitted up with double rows of sleeping places, and each of these sleeping places was furnished with a pair of damask curtains, which could be pulled forward, or pushed back, just as people chose to have them. Most of these, however, were closed, and the coloured gentleman was amusing himself by visiting each of the sleepers in turn, dashing back the rich folds that concealed his recumbent person, and administering him a smart punch in the chest, observing, at the same time, with an irresistible swagger, and outward thrusting of his extended palms—"Do what you please, sir; I am a white man—do whatever you please." The passengers were, one and all, of course, very much incensed at this impertinence; brows were knit, teeth were ground, fists were clenched, and the captain was sent for; but that functionary, who was evidently much frightened, declined interfering, and returned hastily to the deck. What of that? there was a half-pay officer on board, a fierce, fire-eating sort of personage, who would stand no nonsense. He had received his punch, and was just looking from between the curtains to inquire what it meant; which he had no sooner learned, than he jumped out of his berth, and, quite resolved to redress the general grievance or die, loudly demanded where the villain was, let him get a glimpse of him, that was all. And that was indeed all, for the coloured gentleman was no sooner seen approaching, snapping his fingers, and requesting him to do what he pleased, for he had a white man to deal with, than the half-pay officer jumped into his berth again, and drew the curtains together, with a despatch that set everybody laughing, the coloured man included, who, having visited all the passengers upon the starboard side of the vessel, was now coming deliberately up upon the larboard, punching as he came, and inviting them to do whatever they pleased, for he was a white man—a white man—a white man.

Day at length broke, and, at the imminent risk of being scalded, I went on deck; for the cabin was so unpleasantly

close, and the—not fleas—nor mosquitoes—were so numerous and exacting, that I was compelled, in my own defence, to resort to the open air. The morning was fine, and the river had not a ripple. A raft, of about a quarter of a mile in length, was upon our one quarter, and a sooty steamboat, with eight or ten unfortunate merchant vessels in tow, upon our other. It was an amusing thing for any but the owners and navigators of these vessels, to witness the confusion that prevailed among them. The bellowing of the captains, the blustering of the mates, and the shouts and blasphemies of the respective crews, formed a Babel not easy of conception by those who have never heard an uproar of the kind. Each vessel, as it was pulled along, got "athwart the others' hawse." No. 1 shoved her bowsprit through No. 2's cabin window; and while they were angrily commenting upon the probable consequences of this disaster, No. 2, with her spanker-boom, scraped off all the gold and gingerbread from the figurehead of No. 3. No. 3 immediately swung round, and brought her bow into sharp collision with No. 4. No. 4 gave a lurch, and fell foul of No. 5, with a shock that threw a man from her maintop upon his waistcoat over a taut rope, where he dangled about for a few seconds, like something hung to dry. No. 6 then grew a little restive, and poked her foreyard arm through the mainsail of No 7; on which the skipper of No. 7, rushing upon deck, with his red throat bare, and a great knife in his hand, threatened the skipper of No. 6 with instant slaughter, if he didn't haul his lubberly craft out of that. The skipper of No. 6, however, merely mimicked him in return, and went through two or three steps of a popular hornpipe on the afterdeck hatch—and while affairs were in this encouraging state, the tug-boat ahead clapped on a little more steam, and all her charge, at once influenced by it, jerked, and crashed together again distractedly; when the shouting and confusion attained such an alarming pitch, that I was glad to escape from it, and hurry below to breakfast.

The scenery of the St Lawrence, above Quebec, will not bear a comparison with that below it. The higher we pro-

ceeded, the lower and more insignificant its banks became, and the less interesting the general aspect of things. The Canadian farmers appeared to have bound themselves in a solemn league to rid the country of its chief ornament, the timber; and, in place of the beautiful green quickset hedge, that forms one of the prettiest features in an English farm and landscape, I here saw nothing but that odd ungainly contrivance commonly known as a snake-fence, stretching away over hill and dale, and tiring the eye with its dull monotony. I was glad to have my attention called from these things, to the contemplation of a gigantic hay-stack, which was coming down the river under a heavy press of sail, at the rate of about six knots an hour.

Among the many picturesque villages, strewing either shore of the St Lawrence, and commanding my continual admiration, was Sorel, a very pretty place, with a still prettier church, into which (though it was not Sunday), numbers of gaily dressed peasantry were crowding eagerly. As the steamer had put in, and there stood a gentleman on the wharf to whom I happened to have a letter of introduction, I ran into the cabin for it, and returning, presented the document on the end of a boat-hook. He read it hastily, smiled, and attempted to leap on board, but failed, for at that identical moment the fastenings were let go, the vessel made off, and my new acquaintance slipped into the water. A canoe, however, darted out to his rescue, and he waved his hand cheerfully, as he observed me rushing to the hurricane deck to ascertain his fate.

HEAP THE TWENTY-FIRST.

I had made inquiries when I was leaving Quebec, about the different hotels and boarding houses in Montreal, and people said, "If you want to see something of French Canadian life and manners, by all means go to the Hotel du C——, in the Rue St G——; and to the Hotel du C——, in the Rue St

G——, accordingly I went. It was a large grey building, with a great many windows, and a corresponding number of bright-green shutters; and Madame S——, the landlady, happened to be taking her morning air upon the steps. She was a pretty, plump, roguish-looking, little woman, and on learning my business, led me to a big book, in which I subscribed my name. Having complied with this piece of formality, I inquired of a pale-faced, frog-featured gentleman, who was lounging against the doorway, and smoking a short black pipe with considerable gusto, about what hour the boarders usually breakfasted. He "guessed" that the bell would ring presently, and strongly advised me not to venture away to any distance. He, moreover, said—"You are from the old country."

I replied in the affirmative.

"Long out?"

"A few months."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"Do you like Canada?"

"Very much; do you?"

"O, some. What do you think of her?" drawing a little closer, and pointing with the pipe stem to madame; "she's a grass widow."

"A what? I beg your pardon."

"A grass widow; which means, that she and her husband have quarrelled, fought, and separated. She's a nice little woman, but ——"

"Ha!"

"She's a terrible termagant; she would whip her weight in wild cats. Don't rouse her—there's the bell—look out?"

With the delivery of this friendly warning, my new acquaintance thrust the unquenched pipe hastily into his waistcoat pocket, and ran away. Fifty other boarders poured down the staircase in a body; a dozen more hurried in from an adjoining reading-room; half a score from the bar; and the rest in at the street door—all in a breathless state of excitement—and darting into the breakfast-room, flung themselves upon chairs,

and began to eat and drink savagely. Nature's first law was evidently the ruling passion, as well as the order of the day: here one boarder seized the dish he liked best, and carried it with him to his seat; a second dropped down at once in front of his favourite joint, and before anybody had time to interfere, had stripped it of all the titbits; a third stuck his fork into a fowl or chop, and clawed up a couple of the finest eggs, *en passant;* a fourth made a successful pounce upon a plate of radishes, and bore it triumphantly away with him, watering the curls and coat collars of the company copiously with the superabundant liquid as he went; while a fifth took a pigeon pie upon his knees, wrenched off the crust, ransacked it of all the daintiest morsels, and disposed of them afterwards with the eagerness of a famished wolf that had fallen upon the carcass of a deer, and was afraid of the main body of the pack coming up to claim a share of the spoil. And all these polite and disinterested little proceedings were the work of such a few moments, that, before I had well recovered from the surprise, which a scene so novel and extraordinary had occasioned me, the edibles were consumed, the coffee had disappeared, and I was left presiding over nothing but empty platters, a stained table-cloth, and three or four gaping waiters. During the meal, I chanced to ask a thin spectral-looking French Canadian, with black hair, if he would be so obliging as to pass the salt, but as he was picking a lengthy marrow bone at the moment—engaged in which operation, he strongly resembled a person performing upon an ivory flageolet—instead of complying with the request, he only opened his great eyes the wider, and shook his head hurriedly, by way of intimating that he was busy, and time was valuable; so I did not venture to interrupt him again.

As I was about to leave the table, three rakish-looking young gentlemen, who had overslept themselves, entered the room and called for coffee. They appeared to be somewhat sharp set, and, withal, rather jocularly disposed.

"They tell me that No. 27 is going fast," said the first, "and can't live another hour."

"Very good," replied the second, chopping off the top of an egg with his knife; "I can't help that, can I?" Here there was a laugh.

"No; but you can at all events defray a part of his funeral expenses, added the third; and as you have not scrupled to borrow his cash occasionally, perhaps a friendly service of the kind would make your conscience sit all the easier."

"By the by, have you heard the news?" inquired the other, who wished to change the subject.

"News? no; what news?"

"The Quebec theatre has been burned, and sixty or seventy people with it. Haven't you friends there? you had better look over the list of killed and wounded."

The gentleman to whom these words were addressed, turned deadly pale, smote himself upon the forehead with his clenched fist, and rushed from the table. A few minutes afterwards he lay upon the floor in a fit. He had lost a brother and two sisters in the terrible conflagration. The Canadian who had spoken of the fire, inquired what was the matter, and on learning, went to finish his breakfast. As I ascended the staircase, I passed a crowd upon the landing, and saw several of the boarders endeavouring to force their way in at a door. They were repulsed, however, by somebody inside, and a few violent blows were exchanged. As I returned to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, I felt my sleeve pulled, and on looking round, was beckoned by a gentleman, who had sat opposite me at the breakfast table. It was he who had beaten back the others. "You may come in, if you like," he said; and without knowing why, I followed him, and the door closed.

A dying youth, whose features even yet retained the traces of much manly beauty, was lying upon a bed, moaning at intervals, and breathing heavily. He turned his eyes slowly upon me, and then closed them again, wearily.

"I do not wish anything of the kind," he feebly said, in reply to some observation on the part of the other. "You are the only friend that I possess, and from you alone will I receive it. I am ready; do not lose time." Upon this the first

speaker came forward, and placed a morsel of bread to the lips of the dying youth, who ate it eagerly. A cup containing some wine was next presented to him, and he drank a little of it; then muttered what seemed to be a prayer, and bade me turn the pillow, that the cool side of it might touch his fevered cheek.

"I feel better now," he said, "and am willing to die as soon as it shall please God to release me. You know all. I have nothing to add. Let me be buried, if possible, where things are quiet, and the turf is green." In a few minutes the struggle for breath and utterance ceased; he pressed both our hands; there was a momentary frown upon his brow; it was succeeded by a smile, and his spirit had passed away.

* * * * * * *

I was so fortunate as to meet with an old acquaintance in Montreal, and together we sallied out to view the city, which he told me was one of the handsomest in Canada. The houses, constructed of a bluish-grey stone, presented a clean and elegant appearance, and the spacious shops, or stores, in point of neatness and respectability, would bear comparison with those of any of our finest provincial towns at home. We stopped to gaze at the celebrated French Cathedral. It is an imposing pile, certainly; but the two lofty towers seemed to me to have outgrown their strength, and had a painful hobbledehoy look, that by no means accorded with my architectural taste. I am not, however, much of a connoisseur in such matters, and may very probably only be exposing my ignorance in saying thus much. My Quebec friend here gave my arm a pull, and whispered, that he would introduce me to a Yankee gentleman of some repute down south.

"Make you acquainted with Major Tommycod, sir—Major Tommycod, my friend Mr Log—hem!"

"Glad to know you, sir," said the major, pressing his chin on his chest for a second or two, lowering his eyes, and putting out a large moist hand; "hope you are well, sir." The major was a short, thin, shrewd-featured man, with long straight black hair, no whiskers, a goatee, and so large a

development of white turn-over collar, that I could not help thinking he had performed his toilet somewhat hastily, and got his shirt the wrong way upwards by mistake.

"And you air from the Old Country, sir."

"Yes, major."

"In what part of it were you raised, sir?" People never inquire where you were born; *raised* is the more appropriate word—as though you were a head of brocoli, or a cucumber, or a pumpkin.

"And how long do you intend toe remain in Canada, sir?"

"Twelve months, perhaps."

"Yes, sir?"

"Yes, and a few in the States."

"I shall be glad to see you in Boston, sir; I am from that city, sir. You have heard of the 'Boston Gallinipper,' I presume, sir. I am the editor of that paper, sir."

"Ah, indeed, I am delighted to meet you, major, and hope to have that pleasure again, by and by. Thank you, I seldom chew." Major Tommycod produced his tobacco-box, and after offering it me, screwed off a handful of the weed, deposited it in his cheek, waved his stick in the air, wished us good morning, and walked away.

The thermometer stood at 95° in the shade. The blazing beams of the fierce mid-day sun poured down upon the glittering roofs of the tin-topped houses, and, finding no footing there, slipped off in a burning shower upon the throbbing temples and aching heads of weary pedestrians below. The new white and green paint upon the spruce doors and smart window-blinds, bubbled and swelled up into unsightly blisters; and the heat from the smooth flagstones struck through to one's feet as though the pavement were an oven bottom, and people walked on it to be baked. Ladies listlessly lowering their pink parasols, and gazing languidly around them, sauntered into cool confectioners' shops for ice-creams; and gentlemen, loosening their limp cravats, and throwing open their capacious waistcoats, talked of the luxury of cold plunges, and called loudly for sherry-cobblers and mint-julep. A mad dog,

followed by a crowd of men with bludgeons, dashed suddenly round a sharp corner, and up the street, merely pausing a moment in his flight to test the flavour of a fat Jesuit's leg; and a man carrying a heavy load hard by fell flat upon his face, sun-struck and senseless.

Very proper and refreshing. It happened to be the review-day of the Montreal Fire Brigade. This select body, which has its counterpart in every Canadian town and city, is composed entirely of gentlemen, and the service is considered both distinguished and respectable. They take a pride in the thing too; and, with their brazen helmets, scarlet uniforms, and gleaming axes, exhibit a very formidable front, while their well-finished and highly-polished engines glitter like the works of a watch. There were two companies present (rivals, of course), and which, for the sake of distinction, we will term the Fizzers and the Spulgers. The body of Christchurch was chosen as the scene of action, and against this the pipes of the respective engines were directed. The Fizzers threw their water to a height of thirty feet. The Spulgers threw it forty. The Fizzers threw it fifty. The Spulgers threw it sixty. The Fizzers threw it seventy. The Spulgers made a prodigious effort, and splashed the clock; upon which the gentleman who had charge of that piece of machinery put his head over the balcony, and expostulated, but having his person suddenly deluged with the reviving fluid, retired precipitately. On this the Fizzers, not to be outdone, sprinkled the lower portion of the spire, when an angry altercation ensued between the rival corps, and the hose of the Spulgers (probably by accident) was pointed at the face of the officer commanding the opposition brigade, and some confusion was the result. It was altogether a very lively and cheering sight—the more so as the day was warm—and the "institution" is one which cannot be too highly applauded, or extensively patronised.

As I returned to my room in the hotel, one of the boarders, with whom I had contracted an intimacy (the same who had administered the bread and wine to the dying youth), accosted me and said, "You will most probably have to undergo the

ceremony of initiation to-night; do not lock your room door—as locks and bolts are of little avail here—and be prepared to witness some odd things." I thanked my well-meaning friend for the timely hint, and promised to turn it to account. He smiled, nodded, offered me a cigar, took one himself, lighted it, and went away.

At midnight, I heard the sounds of smothered laughter, and the tread of many feet in the gallery that led past my room; and anon there came a stealthy tap at the door. I did not respond, but closed my eyes, and feigned sleep. A moment afterwards, a yell as of a large war-party of savages rang in my ears, and the chamber was filled with armed men, some in masks, and others almost naked, with their faces and bodies smutted, chalked, ochred, or rouged, as the case might be. The leader of the band, a gentleman with a neat pair of horns, and a select tail, which stuck out at a right angle from his person, held a drawn sword in his hand, and, advancing, stood over me with its point placed to my throat. A second yell then rent the air, and a sprightly cabalistic dance was indulged in by the whole of the company, during which tomahawks, war-clubs, broomsticks, and bowie-knives, were flourished in my face; pistols and blunderbusses were snapped at my head; and my scalp (figuratively speaking) was wrenched reeking from my skull. My inauguration was now considered complete, and a shriller whoop than any I had yet heard closed the ceremony. My hand having been shaken by each of the grim fraternity, they all then sat down, three or four upon the wash-hand stand, five or six upon a shelf, a few upon my bed, and the remainder on the floor, to rest themselves after their exertions.

"You appear to be somewhat fatigued and flushed, sir," said the gentleman with the horns, as he arose and snuffed the solitary candle with one grand sweep of his heavy sabre; "you must take some refreshment. What may I have the pleasure of ordering for you? This establishment is justly celebrated for its sherry-cobblers, gin-sling, mint-julep, cock-tail, and timber-doodle; which of these delicacies would you prefer?"

"The last-named liqueur must be a very inviting one," I said; "but I am afraid the lateness of the hour will perhaps ——"

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you; your call will meet with the promptest attention. Have I your permission to ring the bell?"

I bowed assent, and a waiter presently appeared. "A score of timber-doodles, if you please," said I.

"Pardon me for offering an interruption at so auspicious a moment, sir," cried the gentleman with the horns and tail; "but take my advice—try the sherry-cobblers, and should they not give satisfaction, we can afterwards enjoy the distinction of pledging you in timber-doodle."

The timber-doodles having been introduced, masks were speedily removed, war-clubs, tomahawks, bowie-knives, and bludgeons were thrown aside, glasses were circulated, and eyes began to twinkle with rapture. At this interesting stage of the entertainment, the shelf that had supported the six boarders fell with a crash, but the accident did not appear to have been attended with any serious consequences, as the six boarders neither cried out for assistance, nor received it, but remained very contentedly in the various attitudes the accident happened to have placed them. For my especial benefit, too, the company now all joined in that species of vocal extravaganza commonly known as a Dutch medley, but which, lest you should have never been present at a musical entertainment of this nature, it will perhaps be well for me to describe. Nothing could have been more simple. Each boarder in turn sang a verse of some song that was familiar to him, and that done, the whole party roared the same over again in chorus—a performance which, as every singer kept to his own words and air, and made as much noise as he possibly could, did not fail, be sure, of producing a very fine and harmonious effect.

My health having subsequently been drunk with three times three, I was called upon to respond, but would fain have excused myself. My friend with the horns and tail, however, whispered me that I had better comply, as a refusal would

throw a great gloom over the party, and occasion general disappointment.

"Why, what would you have me say?" asked I.

"O, we are not very nice about the sentiment; just say that you are quite unaccustomed to that sort of thing (to public speaking, I mean), and feel sorry that you cannot do justice to your feelings. You can just add, too, that this is the proudest moment of your existence, that you are delighted to see us, and hope to have that pleasure again shortly—shall we say to-morrow night, or the one after?—with, in fact, any other complimentary remarks you like to thrown in. Silence there—si-lence!"

Just at this moment we were interrupted (happily for myself) by a loud authoritative rapping upon the wall, and the voice of Madame S—— was heard, requesting that every boarder who deemed himself a gentleman would immediately repair to his own room, and forbear further riot. After lingering a few seconds, therefore, to drain their glasses, and indulge in a prolonged parting whoop, my select party of visiters one by one got upon their legs, and stealthily evacuated the premises. Shortly afterwards, my door was re-opened, and a good-looking young fellow, in nothing but a pair of limp small-clothes and pumps, entered, and presented me with a card.

"What is this?" I asked.

"I am deputed to inform Monsieur Log that there will be a bull-dance below-stairs to-morrow evening, precisely at the hour of eight, and the favour of his company is confidently anticipated. This ticket will admit you. Good night!"

"A bull-dance!" said I, when I was once more alone; "I wonder what they mean by a bull-dance;" and, closing my eyes, I was permitted to pass the remainder of the night in quiet.

HEAP THE TWENTY-SECOND.

It was Sunday morning; I had put on my hat and gloves, and was going to church. As I left the room, and walked along

the gallery to the staircase, the door of No. 27 opened, and Mr Date, the humane gentleman of whom I have more than once spoken, issued from it. He told me, with much honest anger and indignation, that the two quarter-dollar pieces he had placed the day before on the eyes of his dead friend were gone. They had been stolen by some of the boarders!

I was about to descend the stairs, when another door opened (No. 25), and Mr Benjamin Chaffers peeped from it. He had divested himself of his horns and tail, and looked rather wo-begone. He asked me to go and sit a few minutes with him. I pleaded an engagement, but he would take no refusal, and led me along by the button."

"Mr Jackow, a distant relation of mine," he said, waving his hand in the direction of a sleek elderly gentleman, who occupied the lid of a box in a corner. "Mr Jackow, this is Mr Log."

"Indeed!" said the elderly gentleman; "another of your dissolute companions, I suppose. It is like your impudence, sir, to be introducing me to everybody."

"I fear I am intruding," said I, about to withdraw.

"I fear you are, sir," replied Mr Jackow, eyeing me with much disfavour.

"Hush—no; sit down," said Ben, pushing me back into a chair. "I have no secrets. You must know, sir, that my father is a man of considerable property, and Mr Jackow is his intimate friend and adviser, who, being a worthy disinterested creature, and having no eye to a little legacy which ——"

"Upon my word, I ——," commenced Mr Jackow, half rising from the box.

"Don't let us quarrel about a word, sir. The fact is, Mr Log, I have been rather wild. My mother—who was it said we could never have but one mother?—died when I was a mere boy; and my father, having subsequently married a young lady, juvenile enough to be his granddaughter, turned me loose upon the world, and bade me shift for myself. I have shifted for myself, but why did he forbid me his house?—why ——"

"Your disgraceful conduct, sir, left him no alternative," ob-

served Mr Jackow; "your last piece of folly would have roused a saint."

"Relate it, will you, for my memory is none of the best. Do you allude to the affair at the horse-guards?"

"No, sir, I do not: I allude to your impious behaviour with reference to a public place of worship; I allude to your having driven four donkeys from a common into a Roman Catholic chapel during the performance of high mass."

I coughed.

"You say nothing of the white horse and the pig," remarked Mr Benjamin Chaffers.

"I perceive that you have no shame, sir," said Mr Jackow, virtuously; "and though I shall not cease to offer up my prayers in your behalf, I do not deem it my duty to risk the further contamination of your society. I have made inquiries respecting your conduct since you left England, and shall not fail to render a faithful statement of particulars to your friends. I have discharged myself of a heavy responsibility, and now wash my hands of you altogether. Here are a few tracts, which, if carefully read and digested, may perhaps be instrumental in awakening you to a sense of your wickedness."

"Give them to me! There, sir!" cried the enraged Benjamin, seizing the papers, tearing them to tatters, and stamping upon the fragments. "My father is an old man, and I will utter no reproaches. Perhaps I have made myself what I am, but at all events a kind word from him would not have been lost upon me. Let that be; and as for you, who have wormed yourself into his confidence, accommodated yourself to his whims, and fattened upon his mutton—leave the room, or I will pour a jug of water over you."

* * * * * * *

Among my few letters of introduction, was one addressed to a literary gentleman of some eminence in Montreal. I had enclosed it with my card to this distinguished personage, and had, in return, received an invitation to dine with him upon the present Sunday. He sent word that I was to expect no formality, and a plain dinner, &c. &c. I was glad of that (as I am

not much of an epicure), and did not fail to wait upon Mr Barclay (as I will call him) at the appointed hour. The day was a hot one; the windows and doors were open, and so were the collar and wristbands of Mr Barclay's shirt; he, moreover, had his slippers on, and his coat and cravat off, and he looked like a man who had resolved to be cool and comfortable. He was reclining in a rocking-chair when I entered. He partly rose, however, extended his hand, remarked that the weather was warm, and invited me to divest myself of as much of my clothing as I pleased. I expressed my thanks; and, throwing himself back again in his chair, and closing his eyes, he called out at the very top of his voice. I thought he was taken ill, but that was a mistake; he was merely shouting for "Peg," his waiting-maid—a scraggy old lady in a chintz dress, which did not more than cover the decayed tops of her black stockings.

"Bring the broth, Peg," cried Mr Barclay; and the broth was brought.

We sipped in silence.

"Take away the broth, Peg;" and away went the tureen. "Have you anything else?" shrieked Mr Barclay, fanning himself with his handkerchief, and nursing one of his legs.

"Yes," roared Peg in his ear.

"What is it?—pork?"

"No," was the rejoinder.

"Ham?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Chops," yelled Peg, resting one hand on her master's shoulder, and dabbing a dish upon the table.

The chops—there were two, of a very attenuated and consumptive appearance, something like a pair of dried kid gloves, with gravy—speedily disappeared.

"Have you anything more?"

Peg shook her head, and began to clear away the platters.

"No pastry, eh?"

Peg gave her head another jerk, rattled the knives and forks

together, tucked the tablecloth under her arm, and marched away with the stride of a captain of dragoons.

"You smoke, I suppose," said Mr Barclay, producing a cigar-case full of choice Havannahs.

Peg then put a couple of tall bottles and some glasses upon the table, and in a few minutes the literary gentleman was fast asleep, but smoking placidly still, and now and then undoing a button of his waistcoat, and sighing deeply. Shortly afterwards he awoke, bade me not spare the wine, removed the ash from his cigar, arose, yawned, and went up-stairs. I heard him fling his weight upon a bed; I heard that piece of furniture creak at intervals; and I heard the literary gentleman snore. I put the corks in the bottles, sprang to my feet, stared at the pictures, turned over some books, opened a little work entitled "Etiquette for Gentlemen," and left it open. I next looked from the window into the little garden. Beautiful flowers! A humming-bird had paused upon his flight, and hidden himself in one of the blossoms; and two exquisitely tinted butterflies were reposing, with wings languidly outspread, upon the pleasant grass beneath. Just then I heard the bed above-stairs creak frightfully. The literary gentleman was coming down. No, he was turning himself. Peg re-appeared. I inquired how long her master's after-dinner naps usually lasted. Peg thought I alluded to the heat of the weather, and made a ludicrous gesture, expressive of extreme exhaustion. I presented her with a trifle for the purchase of a new pair of black silk stockings, took up my hat and gloves, and left the house.

As I returned to my room, after half an hour's saunter in the neighbourhood of the beautiful Mount Royal, I passed the chamber in which the dead man lay. The door was not locked, and I had the curiosity to enter. I raised the sheet that concealed the features of the corpse, and looked upon what had yesterday been a living creature like myself. How strange, how sad, how solemn, the spectacle that now met my gaze! The spirit flown, the house empty, the fire quenched, and the embers alone remaining—nothing but the cold glassy glare of death, and its accompanying horrors. Who was this youth?

Whence came he? Was he a stranger in the land? Perhaps he had wandered from some distant shore, only to die here, far from kindred, and friends, and home. Perchance he was a father's pride, a mother's hope, a sister's consolation, and their prayers were at this moment being offered up for his safe return. And he lying there! One thing was certain—his mortal career was closed, and his doom irrevocably fixed. What was that doom? God knew. He had been his own biographer, and the history of his life stood recorded upon the everlasting tablets.

HEAP THE TWENTY-THIRD.

"Good morning, Mr Log," said a tall spare insinuating-looking gentleman, putting his head into my room, and nodding in a friendly way; "I hope you are quite well to-day, sir?" This was Mr Alfred Hump, of No. 28.

"Quite well, I thank you," was my answer. Mr Hump smiled, closed the door, and took a seat.

"They have put off the bull-dance for a night or two," said he.

"Ah, indeed!"

"Poor Ben Chaffers is labouring under a violent fit of the blues; and, as he generally officiates as master of the ceremonies on such occasions, we have been compelled to postpone the affair."

Mr Hump here walked to the wash-hand stand, and refreshed himself at the water-jug. Having quenched his thirst, he drew on a dilapidated glove, shook my hand, and wished me good-day. The next moment he turned back and said, "By the by, can you oblige me with the loan of a five-dollar note, for a day or two?"

I was in the act of producing my purse, when a dry comical twinkle, emanating from the corner of Mr Hump's eye, caused me to forbear, and reply that I unfortunately could not.

"Never mind, my dear fellow—never mind," said Mr Hump; "perhaps you have some loose silver about you." (No, I had

not.) "Ha, ha! it was of no consequence, none whatever;" and the tall boarder, drawing on his other glove, disappeared. I went for a walk.

Notre Dame Street was full of people. There was a great deal of talking, and shouting, and laughter, and peeping round corners; and some of the store-keepers were putting up their shutters. What could be the matter? I went into a shop and inquired.

"O, sir," was the reply, "one of the drollest scenes you ever witnessed. There are some drunken sailors in a coach, and they have been driving through the streets at full gallop, with colours flying, hats waving, and horses panting and smoking in such a way as was never seen the like of in this city before. They have knocked down two or three lamp-posts, and smashed hald a dozen windows; but they—hark! they are coming back —up the Rue St Joseph, I expect."

I ran to the door, and looked in the direction of the street named. There were two coaches in the distance; swaying fearfully from side to side, and the horses were approaching at a canter. The thought occurred to me, that perhaps these jovial tars were a portion of the old Golightly's crew, for that famous craft lay in the river with her anchor apeak, and I had heard that she was to sail on the morrow. A moment afterwards, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and, facing about, saw my friend Mr O'Toole. We had scarcely greeted each other, ere the brace of coaches bore down upon us, scattering the mob, bumping against house-corners, unshipping awning-poles, and frightening some of the more nervous of the foot-passengers out of their very wits. I was right. Mr Slops the cook was mounted on the forecastle of the foremost coach, and the handsome sailor who had spun the yarn about the sea monster brought up the rear. I hailed the former, and caught the eye of the young tar with the ringlets, who was officiating as a look-out in the foretop.

"Sail ho, on the larboard beam!" sang he; "back your maintopsail, Bill—here's Mr Log. What cheer, sir, what cheer?"

"What is all this, my lads?" said I; "I fear you will be getting into mischief."

"Love your heart, no, sir," responded Mr Slops, pulling up with frightful suddenness (he had one rein in either fist); "we are only just enjoying ourselves a bit, your honour."

"Ay, but you should keep the middle of the road; you have no right upon the pavements."

"It's all along of Harry Sullivan, sir," returned Mr Slops, touching his forelock, and dropping his whip in the process. "Let's have a fresh hand at the wheel there."

"Avast a bit, shipmate," retorted the indignant Harry Sullivan. "How's a fellow to steer a craft that won't answer her helm? She yaws about like a bull in a fair."

"Who have you got inside here?" said I, looking in at the coach window.

The conveyance was crammed to suffocation; its interior was one mass of human heads and faces, a few of which I recognised. I heard somebody pronounce my name.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Me, sir,"

"Who's me?"

"Mr Chin, sir," replied the same voice.

I sought for the steward's sable physiognomy, but in vain. I suppose he was the first article that had been shipped, and had consequently been stowed away in the remotest depths of the hold.

"Now, pray be careful, my good fellows," was my parting admonition to the jolly crew of the Golightly, as the cook issued the orders to make sail.

"Ay, ay, sir, careful it is," responded Mr Slops, giving one of the horses a desperate slash over the posteriors, and coiling the slack of the reins hastily around his wrist; whereupon the two coaches instantly got under way again, tacked once or twice with much abruptness, capsized a man with an armful of Dutch clocks, overturned an orange stall, and finally disappeared round a corner—the horses prancing, the tars cheering, the mob shouting, and half the population of the city waving

handkerchiefs from the windows, and purpling their faces with laughter, as the fleet bore out of sight.

* * * * * * *

The good people of Montreal (and, indeed, those of most Canadian towns) have a manifest predilection for poplar-trees. There are poplars round the Champ de Mars, and very blooming and agreeable they are to the eye; there are poplars round the Government house; there are poplars round the Government garden; there are poplars round the Jesuit College; and there are poplars around almost every other public building and promenade in the city. But the most captivating of all the sweet spots in which Hochelaga abounds, is the neighbourhood of Mount Royal, which is luxuriantly wooded, and presents a succession of the loveliest rural pictures imaginable. The beauty of the charming villas, too, that peep up here and there among the foliage in this locality, can (as Mr G. P. R. James would say) "better be conceived than described." To see the fatherly gentlemen, in their straw sombreros and nankeen indescribables, sitting beneath the honeysuckle and jasmine-wreathed porticoes; to watch the languid ladies with their books, or their netting, or their needlework, reclining in the grateful shelter of the cool overhanging boughs; to note the healthy, laughing, rosy-lipped, auburn-curled, dapple-legged little children, disporting themselves upon the inviting grass-plots;—to contemplate the various attractions of so moving and joyous a picture, I say, is quite enough to effect the temporary ruin of any lonely friendless gentleman wandering near, and cause him to linger lovingly about, applying his eye to chinks in gateways, and kindly knots in wooden palisadings, until he presently becomes notorious, and is eventually obliged to decamp.

Such was precisely the state of my own feelings, and such had been my propensities, when, one summer evening a little after sunset, I found myself stationary at the picturesque gate of a tastefully-arranged garden, listening intently to the touching tones of a very fine pianoforte, as they stole through the scented foliage, and were borne gently by upon the twilight

air. It was the first music I had heard since I had left Quebec, and I could not help pausing for awhile to regale my ears with the melody. What was my astonishment and confusion, as I did so, to see the garden-gate fly open, and an unexpected apparition, in the shape of a corpulent gentleman, with a face the colour of a peony, dash suddenly out, and attempt to seize me by the collar. The act was so hasty and unanticipated, and the expression of the gentleman's features so truly fierce and ludicrous, that I could scarcely repress my mirth; more particularly when he observed, in a tone of the most cutting severity, and with several flowers of oratory it will be well to omit —"You were eavesdropping, sir; you know it. I am Colonel Banjo."

Whether Colonel Banjo expected the latter important announcement to fell me to the earth or not, I do not know; but, as it was incumbent on me to do or say something, I at once acknowledged the justice of the imputation.

"And perhaps you will permit me to inquire what brings you here, sir?" said the colonel, shaking a lump of soil from the prongs of the small garden-fork he held; "I should not be at all surprised if you came after my daughter."

There was something so droll and barefaced in the supposition, that I was compelled to laugh, and replied, "It is extremely probable, really, seeing that I have just arrived from England; have scarcely been in Montreal a day; and was not even aware that there was such an individual as Colonel Banjo in existence—much less that he was blessed with a family. Good evening to you."

"Stay, sir," peremptorily shouted the colonel; "what *was* your object then? Come."

"I stopped to listen to the music, but, as that unfortunately happens to be of a strictly private nature, allow me once more to apologise for the liberty I have taken, and wish you good-night."

"Stay, sir! Do you hear me? Come in."

"Nay, you must excuse me; I can't."

"You had better say you won't, sir."

"Well, it would have saved me some trouble, certainly."

"I am sorry for it;—here's my card;—what's your address? —I was hasty;—you shall hear from me;"—and at this juncture I walked away, and the colonel in at his garden-gate, where he was immediately taken seriously to task, and severely remonstrated with, by an invisible third party, who had evidently been an eye—as well as an ear—witness to the whole transaction.

The adventure did not terminate here, but I think it better to relate the sequel by and by, and, in the interim, attempt to lessen the tedium of narrative by animadverting slightly upon the subject of Canadian customs and peculiarities, some of which are both novel and amusing.

There is a point and patness pervading the greater portion of the Canadian phraseology, which I could not help admiring. Many of their expressions strike oddly upon a stranger's ear at first, but it soon becomes familiarised to their quaintness, and after a time he finds himself unconsciously adopting them. For instance, a person meeting another in the street, seldom says "How do you do?" but "*How do you git along?*" which is decidedly the more sensible question of the two. Secondly, they will not talk of a house, or a bank, or a church, or other edifice being built, or in course of erection; they ask if you see that fine building *going up?* a query which causes a newly-imported Englishman to stare at once into the sky, in the expectation of witnessing some strange phenomenon in that quarter. Thirdly, if you observe an acquaintance to look pale, and clasp his skull convulsively, and you ask if his head aches, he will not say, "Yes," or "Slightly," or "A little," but probably "Some," or "A few." And fourthly, I was much amused with the novel application of the word "Sir." In England we use it as a mark of respect; in America you do so to denote your own sharpness. For example, you walk into a store, and, picking up some article, inquire the price of it. The shopman, or *clerk* (we beg the gentleman's pardon) says, "Five dollars." You ask if that is not rather dear. "No, sir," responds the clerk, indifferently. You say, "I will give

you three for it." He smartly replies, "No, *sir*" (which implies that he is not to be bit), and throws the article aside. And again, when extreme emphasis is required, the word may be still differently rendered, and then carries everything before it; as in the following instance:—A genteel and amiable backwood couple, who have gone through the usual routine of courtship—which, by the by, is termed "sparking"—stalk to the altar to be "fixed," *i. e.*, married; the bride arriving there a few moments in advance, and her intended partner sauntering leisurely up afterwards, with the air of a man who thinks the ceremony a somewhat dispensable one, and can afford to wait. Preliminaries arranged, the clerical gentleman officiating asks, "Wilt thou have this woman to," &c. The bridegroom, whittling coolly at his walking-stick, or perhaps the chancel-rails, replies, "Wal, I guess I ain't agoin' to do nothink alse." The clergyman then turns to the lady, and demands whether she will have that man to be her wedded husband? to which the lady, in a loud clear voice, and with a startling energy, cries, "Yes, sir-*ree!*"

Again, and lastly, there is extant in Canada a description of pleasantry, which, trifle though it may seem, since I have never witnessed anything similar elsewhere, I am not inclined to pass over without comment. It is scarcely to be designated as a game, nor can it legitimately be styled an amusement—at least so I have been told by several parties in whose judgment I am disposed to place great confidence. It is a species of by-play, capable of adaptation to a company consisting of any number of persons, and mostly in vogue at the dinner-table, after the cloth has been drawn, and the dessert introduced. There is no name for it, but the sport is conducted something in this way:—A lady, on the discovery of a double kernel among the almonds upon her plate, presents half of it to the nearest gentleman, or any gentleman, indeed, whom she chooses to honour with her attention. Now, the conditions upon which this portion of the nut is bestowed are these. A day must first be suffered to elapse, and then, if the lady can contrive to drop unexpectedly upon the gentleman, and cry (before he

himself can get the word out, or the penalty would be reversed), "Philippine!" or "Philippino!"—I do not recollect which—he becomes her debtor forthwith for either a bracelet, or a watch, or a chain, or a pencil-case, or a dress, or some other trinket or article of apparel. And it singularly enough happens that the lady is always the successful party on these occasions. No matter how sharp and ingenious the gentleman may be, he is sure to get outwitted. He may, if open to discovery in a public thoroughfare, rush into a shop if he pleases; but he will not escape so; the lady has a purchase to make, and, ere his lips can frame a syllable of the magic word, "Philippino" is her cry. He may, if in danger of detection while sitting quietly in a room among his friends, secret himself behind the door, if he feel so inclined; but that is the most likely place of all others for two cheerfully-disposed young people to meet, and the precaution avails him nothing. He may, under similar circumstances, dive under a table, or plunge into a cupboard, if one be at hand, and he approve of the measure; but there is sure to be some blue-eyed, tight-boddiced, laughing cousin, or other acquaintance, among the company, who delights in betraying him; and, in fact, do what he will, and get where he will, it is his fit and proper destiny to be caught, and caught he is; and should he chance to have two or three responsibilities of a like agreeable nature falling due on the same evening, he naturally grows a little excited with the recreation, and need have a tolerably well-stored purse, too, to keep pace with it.

HEAP THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

In one of the preceding paragraphs, I have given the reader to understand that I had not been in the way of hearing much music since my departure from the Lower Province. In making such a statement I deviated in some measure from the truth. Nearly all the gentlemen in the Hotel du C——

were musically disposed; and, as I had the fortune to be located in that wing of the building which contained the largest body of the boarders, I enjoyed the full benefit of their performances. No. 15 played a fiddle; No. 16 a flute; 17 an accordian; 18 a violoncello; 19 a guitar; 20 a cornopean; 21 a barrel-organ; 22 a tambarine; 23 a drum; 24 a hautboy; 25 a Jew's-harp; 26 whistled; 28 sang; and 29 was an actor, who occupied a room just over my head, and was continually practising falls upon the floor, and ventriloquial soliloquies *a là* Messrs Kean and Macready. And, as all these gentlemen usually contrived to be taken with the fit at the same moment, and the melodies they respectively produced blended into one grand and general diapason, the effect, upon the whole, was of course sublime, and a listener became proportionately enchanted with it. I was sitting one day with a book in my hand, undergoing a melodious infliction of the nature hinted, when my door opened, and No. 21 put in his head. It was Mr Dudge.

"There has somebody been looking for you," said he. "I told them you would be in shortly. Have you got the note?"

"Note? No, I have seen no note."

"Ah! then he has carried it away with him," replied Mr Dudge. "I told the lad that I was a particular friend of yours, and would take charge of it."

"A lad, did you say? How was he dressed?"

"In a sky-blue livery, with round silver buttons; he looked like a gentleman's tiger, and had got the impudence of Beelzebub himself."

"I am much obliged to you for your politeness," said I, endeavouring, though in vain, to recollect where I had seen a youth answering to the description drawn by Mr Dudge.

"Oh, say nothing about that," said he; "if there is anything I can ever do to serve you, don't fail to make use of me."

"By the by, are not you the proprietor of that dismal barrel-organ which I hear occasionally?"

"Yes; a charming instrument, isn't it?"

"Why, tastes are apt to differ, you know; I wish you wouldn't play it quite so often."

"Ah, you would prohibit me that melancholy gratification, sir, would you? No; that instrument was presented to me by a very dear and departed friend, who, dying, requested me to grind it often, and think of him. Good-day!"

The door closed, and No. 21 began to grind away at the barrel-organ again with greater vigour than ever; the fiddle caught the infection; the gentleman with the red eyes followed suit upon the flageolet; No. 18 struck in with the violoncello; and the flute, accordian, guitar, hautboy, Jew's-harp, and tambarine, becoming similarly inoculated, dashed off instantly to join them—with a hum, and a buzz, and a roar, and a screech, that set my teeth horribly on edge, and worked me up into a state of frenzy bordering closely upon madness.

I was contemplating the propriety of exchanging my apartments in the Hotel du C——, for others in some quiet boarding-house in the neighbourhood of the mountain, when my meditations were broken in upon by the brisk application of a set of knuckles to the door. The tiger with the sky-blue livery and the round silver buttons presented himself, and handed me a note. It was a pleasantly-couched invitation to dine with Colonel Banjo next day.

"How did your master become acquainted with my address?" I inquired of the boy in blue, whose name I subsequently discovered to be Luke Squiff.

"He set me to follow you home the other night, and promised me a dollar if I got to know your name, and where you was staying. Please to come to dinner, or I shan't get my dollar."

I penned a hasty reply to Colonel Banjo's polite communication, and committed it to Colonel Banjo's confidential tiger, who deposited it in a side pocket, and said, "Please to let me take a pull at the water-jug, for the weather's so hot, and I'm so thirsty, and these clothes are so tight, and this frill pricks my ears so dreadfully."

I gave the required permission, and Luke, having performed

his errand, unscrewed the latch of the door to depart, but turned, and said, "He's such a wicked old gentleman."

"Who, sir?" I sharply asked—"who?"

"The governor—the cunnel," replied Luke, glancing back to see that nobody was behind him, and allowing his voice to sink almost into a whisper; "of all the swearing ——"

"Go along, sir. How dare you speak of your master thus? Go away;" and Luke Squiff was gone.

I was not sorry to make Colonel Banjo's acquaintance, for I felt satisfied that he was something of a character; I had a presentiment that his wife was a lady; I knew that his garden and grounds were a little paradise, and (as the truth must be told) I entertained a strong curiosity to see something of the daughter who occupied so conspicuous a share of her father's jealous regard, and played upon the pianoforte so touchingly. On the morrow, therefore, at the appointed hour, I wended my way to the neighbourhood of the mountain, and was most hospitably received by the gallant colonel, at the gate of his pretty villa.

Colonel Banjo was a choleric but well-meaning elderly gentleman of what is termed the "Old School," and, it appeared, had, at the instigation of Mrs and Miss Banjo, who were duly shocked at him, entered into an engagement not to swear for at least twelve months—the colonel would not bargain for longer—under pain of a heavy penalty; but he had contrived to hit upon so many other odd and ingenious modes of letting off his superfluous steam, that I feared the colonel to be quite irreclaimable; and so did all the ladies, who affected to think him, publicly, a very violent and impudent man, but were all the time so privately delighted and charmed with him, that they would no more have dreamed of forfeiting Colonel Banjo's approving nod and leer, or of sallying out upon an evening stroll, or pic-nic into the woods, without Colonel Banjo's select society, than the caterer and steward of that pic-nic would have dreamed of starting without the hamper laden with the champagne, or the basket containing the pumpkin pies and beef sandwiches.

Colonel Banjo figured in the battle of Waterloo, and had two horses shot under him, as well as a blunt bayonet poked against his stalwart chest by a corporal of the old guard, who, however, after two or three unsuccessful prods, found he could make nothing of him, and went away disgusted. There was a lively tradition, too, current, of the colonel having, once on a time, during a brief sojourn in the far west, been chased for a distance of three miles over the level prairie by a wounded buffalo; on which occasion, also, he out-manœuvred his formidable antagonist, and had the subsequent pleasure and satisfaction of dining off his hump. The latter interesting story, indeed, Colonel Banjo himself related to me with considerable humour, and had another, and still more exciting one, in store; but, owing to his being called upon at the moment—in the absence of swearing—to thump the diminutive Luke Squiff upon the head with a decanter, and take a turn or two into his back with a cork-screw (in consideration of the young gentleman's having mistaken a bin of Madeira for that of port), the colonel was compelled to postpone the narration of it for the present, and promised to give it me shortly.

And here, by way of episode, I shall, with the reader's permission, relate an agreeable adventure that befell me at the house of Colonel Banjo; not that there was anything unusual or by any means remarkable in the affair, but because it will serve as an illustration of the curious description of game, or amusement, entitled "Philippino," of which I have already treated. There was, among the many charming people I had the pleasure of meeting at Banjo Villa, one extremely diminutive lady, of apparently about three or four-and-thirty years of age, of whom—though I had perhaps no just grounds for so doing—I entertained a most decided horror. Miss Julia Trinket was so diminutive, that, as she sat at the dinner-table (with her feet some three-quarters of a yard from the floor), her head was the only part of her person that was visible; and she reminded me forcibly of the unpleasant little female who is always found, enclosed in a square box, upon the platform of the principal show at a country wake or fair; and who, at

the word of command, puts out a poor withered arm, for the inspection of wondering bumpkins. And then Miss Julia Trinket's little, black, restless, twinkling eyes!—they were everywhere, searching about, prying here, peeping there, and slipping all over you, and appearing to know so much, and keep it so cleverly! There never were such glistening little eyes, nor such a leering little nose, nor such a sharp complacent little chin, nor such a demure expression of countenance, nor such wafers of ears, nor such a perkish-looking little clump of black shining hair. But to return. The cloth had been drawn; the wine was being pushed about; and the company were merry. Suddenly I caught the glance of Miss Julia Trinket. I had endeavoured not to do so, but it was my fate, and I felt like a bird when it encounters the gaze of the basilisk. In another moment Luke Squiff touched my elbow, and, upon my turning round, handed a plate to me. It had the two half kernels of a double almond upon it.

"What are these?" I asked.

"Miss Julia Trinket, sir, begs your acceptance of one of them."

I concealed my chagrin, took the almond, and bowed to the lady, to betoken my acceptation of the challenge. There was an instant silence, which was broken by Colonel Banjo.

"I will bet any gentleman a dozen of wine," cried he, laughing, "that Julia wins her Philippino."

"Taken," replied a handsome old half-pay officer, who sat to my left hand; and thereupon that corpulent veteran, whose name was Major Bilberry, drew out a red memorandum-book, and made an entry of the transaction. There was a murmur of applause; Miss Julia Trinket's eye emitted another unctuous twinkle; and, figuratively speaking, she was now upon my trail. But I had resolved that Major Bilberry should win the dozen of wine; and whether the major did, or did not, will be seen hereafter.

In the cool of the day, at the suggestion of Colonel Banjo, we all sallied out, and made the ascent of Mount Royal. Imagination still pictures to my view the sublime scene

visible from the brow of this romantic height. The sun was setting over the distant Belleisle,* and the gigantic tin crucifix upon his summit, flashing back the long rays of yellow light, appeared to be a jewel glittering upon the bosom of the far blue heaven; in the valley at our feet rolled the majestic St Lawrence, azure and gold; hard by, diffusing fragrance over the peaceful waters, bloomed the lovely island of St Helen's; and immediately beneath us, sitting at the stately river's brink, gleamed the beautiful Hochelaga—the fairy city, the Queen of the Canadas; every metallic roof and spire reflecting the evening beams, and sending up such a blaze of crimson glory, that it seemed as though the jealous earth, seeking to rival the western skies in splendour, had suddenly opened, and all the long-hidden riches of her treasure caves and cells lay there exposed in one vast lustrous heap!

As I was leaving Banjo Villa, Luke Squiff, who had assisted me to my coat, put on a dolorous expression of countenance, and said, in a subdued tone, "Isn't he a shocking example, sir, for a young lad of my years? But he was quite mild to-night; he always is, before company. You should see him when there is nobody here;" and Luke raised his hands and eyes.

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked. "If you allude to your master, I consider him a very worthy gentleman, and advise you to treat him with proper respect."

Luke pocketed the tendered quarter-dollar with a business-like air, and, sighing, observed, "I wouldn't care if I was older; but, you see, just when one's tastes are forming, and one's habits are ——"

"Eh? what sir?" said I, turning hastily round, and regarding Mr Squiff with much curiosity; "pray, how old are you?"

"I don't know," was the rejoinder; "I may be fourteen, and it's just as likely that I am fifty. I never had a father,

* Belleisle is the loftiest mountain in Canada, and has upon its topmost peak a tin cross, upwards of eighty feet in height.

nor a mother; but I wish to do what's right, and am very much afraid I shall go wrong."

What a droll boy!

"If you are going into the backwoods, I wish you would take me with you," whimpered Luke, brushing a tear away with his sleeve. "I could turn my hand to anything, and am by no means particular about diet—I believe I could almost graze."

I shook my head, and walked away, thinkingly. I pondered awhile upon the dubious prospects and singular precocities of Luke Squiff; and then upon the charms of Miss Julia Trinket; as well as upon the probability of her winning the Philippino, to the unspeakable mortification of myself, and the extreme discomfiture of the stout Major Bilberry.

Shakspere has told us, that he was never merry when he heard sweet music. If *sweet* music, then, had this depressing influence upon his spirits, what would have been the state of his feelings, could he have listened for one second to the ghastly concord of strange sounds that smote my ear, as I returned late on this eventful night to my apartments in the Hotel du C——? The boarders had got up the long-promised bull-dance at last, and upwards of seventy gentlemen were taxing their locomotive powers upon the occasion; each of them, by way of running accompaniment, playing his own favourite instrument as he danced; and the melodious Mr Dudge, with the barrel-organ suspended by a strong cord from his shoulders, moving gracefully about with the rest, but pausing occasionally to ease his weary back, or arrange the stops for a fresh tune.

The laughter was at its loudest, the festivities were at their most exciting pitch, when one of the stewards of the dance (the gentleman who played the tambarine) intimated, through an enormous ship's trumpet, that there was a suspicious sail in the offing; and the next moment in rushed the lady of the establishment, Madame S——, white with rage. A deafening salute from the whole body of musical instruments greeted her entry: the cymbals clashed; the organ

groaned; the French horn bellowed its basest; and the spectral-looking young Canadian who presided at the big drum in the corner, seized his sticks suddenly, and rolled Napoleon's favourite "pas de charge," with a vehemence that almost shattered the windows. And now, too, had arrived the proper crisis for the development of Mr Ben Chaffers' supernatural tact and abilities. Madame, in a perfect paroxysm of passion, was standing in the middle of the room, with one arm extended (like Cromwell in the act of dissolving the Long Parliament), about to issue an order for the instant evacuation of the premises, when the irresistible Ben skipped buoyantly towards her, clasped the little outstretched hand, kissed it rapturously, and, catching the helpless lady round the waist, whisked her five times round the apartment, to the intense gratification of the whole company, who, to testify their delight and approbation, struck up a tune ten degrees louder and more deplorable than anything they had yet perpetrated. Whether madame was soothed by the music, or whether her better feelings had been worked upon by the gallantry of the master of the ceremonies, has not transpired; but the good lady's frown presently gave place to a gracious smile, the ominous pallor resolved itself into a charming flush, and when the breathless Mr Ben Chaffers eventually deposited his pretty partner at the door, instead of assailing him with a storm of her bitterest invective, madame merely boxed his ears, called him an impudent dog, and said she had a very great mind to expel him the house. There never was so seasonable an interposition; there never was so triumphant a victory.

As I was retiring somewhat wearily to my chamber, I happened to pass the theatrical gentleman upon the staircase; but his features had undergone so strange a metamorphosis, that I had much difficulty in recognising them. The poor man, it appeared, had been practising his falls to such effect during my absence, that he had found himself reduced to the necessity of placarding his contused cranium in several places with huge patches of diachylon plaster; under which treatment it strongly

resembled the gable-end of some ill-thatched tenement that had been rather extensively patronised by the bill-stickers.

'HEAP THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

I was at length so fortunate as to secure comfortable lodgings in the neighbourhood of my favourite mountain, and thenceforward always looked upon these as my head-quarters. Here I met with new scenes and new acquaintances; but, as they were such as one might meet with every day, in every place, I have little to say respecting them, except that they proved as quiet and agreeable as the others had proved noisy and irksome. I could now, moreover, enjoy perfect privacy, if I wished it.

In this boarding-house I made the acquaintance of one Mr Carrol, who inquired whether I had as yet paid a visit to the Belleisle Mountain, which, he assured me, was considered the elder and chief of the family of Canadian Lions. I replied that I had not. Neither had he; so we agreed to perform the journey together, and a certain Mr Meadows, who turned out to be a very capital travelling companion—though he had little eye for the picturesque—offered to accompany us.

I was called up betimes the next morning by Mr Carrol and his friend Mr Meadows, who had procured a calash, and provided the other requisites for a day's jaunt into the country. The vehicle was not intended to accommodate three persons, but, as Mr Meadows was a small man (though an important one withal), we contrived to put him between us, and then drove straight down to the river, and into a ferry-boat, which bore us to a place termed "Longeuil." From Longeuil we proceeded along a fine, smooth, famous *plank-road* to Chambly, a distance of twelve or thirteen miles, and here it became necessary for us to procure a fresh horse, as our present one had been in the invariable habit of stopping at this settlement, and nothing would induce him to proceed a step farther. A second animal was therefore (the other having refreshed himself at the trough,

and walked into the stable of his own accord) brought from a neighbouring pasture, and while he was being "fixed," I took a stroll into the *sanctum* of an apothecary hard by. The shop, or surgery, contained a variety of dark mysterious-looking bottles, some drawers, a score or two of gallipots, two or three tall wide-mouthed glass jars (in one of which, suspended by the neck, hung a small pickled cat, with his tongue out, as though in derision of his fate), and the usual "beggarly account of empty boxes;" while over the chimney-piece, and around the walls of the apartment, flared a number of coarse caricatures, of people with their mouths wide open, undergoing tooth-extraction, and of several others having a leg a-piece sawn off at the hip. As I was turning from them with disgust, the doctor himself appeared. He was a short unwholesome-looking man, with a dirty greasy-collared drab coat, an old napless white hat, a clay pipe, and an air and demeanour answering something to that of a retired pork-butcher, or hot-pieman. He ran in for his lancet-case; nodded to me; paused a moment on the door-step, to gasp convulsively at his nearly extinguished pipe; jumped into his cart; seized the reins; whipped a vagabond pig, that was attacking the hair on his horse's fetlocks; and then darted away at a gallop, to inoculate an infant, and phlebotomise the grandmother.

Nothing, trifle though it be, that possesses a claim to quaintness and originality, should escape a traveller's observation, or be denied a corner in his memorandum-book. Connected with a portion of the outer wall of almost every farm-house we had yet passed, was an affair exactly like a huge four-posted, white-quilted feather-bed, without curtains; which at once suggested the idea that the conjugal sky in this quarter of the globe had its occasional fits of squall, and that one of the members of each family preferred spending the nights in the open air. But, upon inquiry, I discovered that I had put a construction upon these strange appendages widely differing from the one they were intended to bear, for they were, in fact, nothing more nor less than *ovens*, though I am satisfied that few persons of ordinary sagacity could, by any process of

their reasoning powers, have arrived at so very unexpected a conclusion.

Another hour's drive along a dusty road brought us to the foot of the mountain, where we alighted, and, resigning the calash to a dumb man who offered to take charge of it, inquired of a genteel young lady, standing in a perfect state of nudity at a cottage-door, by which path we were to proceed. She kindly took a few steps to point out the line of march it would be proper for us to pursue, and we at once directed our energies to the ascent.

Passing six or seven tall crucifixes, around each of which a pious party of kneeling devotees were crossing themselves, and telling their beads, we soon gained Belleisle's summit; but there was something so extraordinary, and unearthly, and inexplicable, in the scene that it opened to the eye, that I shall not attempt to describe either that, or the impression it made upon me, or the ideas a contemplation of it suggested. Suffice it if I say, then, that, as I gazed from the green brow of this commanding eminence, Lake Champlain, the Lake of the Two Mountains, the blue St Lawrence, the rapid Richelieu, the far-stretching Ottawa, and the dimly developed outline of the distant Kaatskill, were all visible from it, together with some thousands of miles of a rich and undulating country, whose beauty language must vainly endeavour to portray.

By no means the least charming feature of this majestic mountain is its lovely lake, which is so sweetly embosomed and hemmed in by the green forest, that, without due care, one is rather apt to overlook it. To appreciate its beauty the better, in the absence of a canoe, we constructed a rude raft, and paddled out towards the opposite bank; but, as our hastily-formed batteau manifested a strong inclination to explore the profundity of the dark and stilly depths beneath us, and as the youngest gentleman of our party, Mr Meadows (notwithstanding the consolation that a trite and popular adage might have afforded him), insisted upon harbouring a presentiment that he was about to share a fate similar to that usually awaiting a thriving family of tender-aged kittens, we were induced to

splash our way back to the shore, and, after descending the steep, to remount the calash, and turn our faces towards home; diverging a little from the main road, however, at the particular request of the gentleman just alluded to (who was a worthy, excellent soul), in order that we might repass the cottage where the picturesque young lady stood, and have the opportunity of thanking her once more for the kindness she showed us in pointing out the path by which the ascent of Belleisle was to be effected.

On drawing up at Chambly, to recover our own horse, that business-like animal—who, having finished his corn, was standing with his head thrust from the stable-door, anxiously looking for our return—walked in a most composed manner across the yard to us, and backed himself scientifically into his proper position between the shafts of the vehicle. I had never before witnessed such a droll and systematic proceeding on the part of a quadruped, and did not fail to tender my due appreciation of his eccentricities.

HEAP THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

I was anxious to see a nunnery, and applied for admission to the one they term "The Grey;" but, as no gentlemen (saving those ghostly fathers the priests) are admitted into the private apartments of the sisters, I am not able to say what the grey nuns are like, for I would not be so uncharitable as to suppose for an instant that the lady who peeped through the grate at me, and wielded the keys, was to be considered a proper specimen. A visiter is permitted, however, to walk over the hospital, and into the nursery, and of that permission I availed myself, though there was scarcely anything in either to afford pleasure or awaken interest, and certainly nothing to inspire a stranger with the slightest wish to pay them a second visit.

The Fete Dieu. Having been told that this splendid and

rather expensive spectacle was a very grave and imposing one, I was quite prepared to be duly overcome by it, but found some portions of the performance so irresistibly ludicrous, that, as I had not made a vow to the contrary, I could not help laughing at them. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, who was the temporary representative of his Holiness the Pope, headed the procession, and had to walk under a gorgeous canopy, topped with a golden crucifix, with one eye applied to a cavity in a piece of tinsel, supposed to be emblematic of the glance of Deity; and when I saw him staring with all his might through this at the hind-quarters of an unwieldy horse that had blocked up the way, how was it possible for me to maintain my gravity! But the ceremony of scattering the flowers, performed by the graceful and elegantly attired children, struck me as being remarkably pretty, and about the most gratifying thing of the whole show. As for the four or five hundred Jesuit priests who followed, I tried very hard to discover one open, honest, manly countenance among the whole assembly, and failed most signally. They were, without exception, the ugliest, the most crafty, the most sensual, the most beetle-browed and diabolical-looking set of fellows I ever beheld, and appeared all at a first glance (from the fact of each having a small bald place on his crown) to have been labouring under a recent attack of ringworm; but these unsightly marks, I was told, were merely the insignia of their order, and the result of an application of a little soft soap and a razor. About the poor nuns, and charitable sisters, who brought up the rear (each holding a tallow candle of at least a yard in length), little need be said, but much felt. They think they are performing a religious duty; they confidently believe they are acting rightly and consistently in excluding themselves from the sinful world and its no less sinful pleasures; and, as sad, conscientious, suffering creatures, deserve our esteem, and the kindliest sympathies of which our natures are capable. They do a vast deal of good among the poor, in their gentle, quiet way, and the majority of them would tell you, with a suppressed sigh, that they are happy, though their pale and pensive features, and heaving hearts, would give

those words the lie. A blessing upon the pallid uncomplaining nuns, who have affections and passions like ourselves; and confusion to yon scowling, black-stoled, stealthy gang of moral moles, who, with looks austere, to bespeak a sanctity they do not know, and heads bent down, to hide the evil thoughts they harbour, profess to be finger-posts to a sacred heaven that owns them not, and the servants of an incensed God their lying lips blaspheme.

As I was leisurely wending my way homeward along Notre Dame Street, on the very morning of my visit to the Grey Nunnery, I felt somebody grasp my arm, and, turning round, saw Major Bilberry. He was purple with emotion. "Away!" gasped he; "you have not a moment to lose." He stammered something further, but I did not catch its import. I heard the magic words, "Julia Trinket," however, and those were sufficient to acquaint me with the peril of my situation. Within twenty yards of me, chatting to an acquaintance, came tripping the diminutive lady with the twinkling eyes and complacent chin. A moment's delay would have proved fatal. By diligently declining all invitations to parties at which there was a probability of her being present, I had contrived to evade Miss Julia Trinket and her Philippino hitherto, and I was determined to evade her now. A close carriage stood near. It belonged (I afterwards learned) to a physician, who was visiting a patient. I sprang into it, closed the door, and the driver, thinking that his master had performed his call and got in again, drove briskly away. In the space of five minutes the coach stopped, the servant jumped down and opened the carriage door, and I, to his utter astonishment, emerged from the vehicle. A few words, and a half-dollar piece, soon explained matters, and the physician (who arrived shortly after), accepting my apology, and laughing in a very gracious and gentlemanly manner, proceeded on his rounds.

The next day, I observed a large crowd moving in the direction of the "House." Parliament was about to be prorogued; and, having nothing better to do, I went to witness the ceremony. The last time I had happened to drop in, a slight alter-

cation had taken place between two of the members, which threatened serious results. One member called his brother a fool—a dash of politeness which induced the brother member to smile scornfully, and think his honourable friend an ass; who, in *his* turn, requested permission of the Speaker to walk over and pull the honourable gentleman's nose; upon which the Speaker remarked, that, if a proceeding of the kind was absolutely essential to his comfort and peace, he (the member) was to set about it forthwith, as he (the Speaker) was getting hungry, and wanted his dinner. There is a gentleman, too (a member of this same Legislative Assembly), whose name chances to be French for a pig, and who, whenever he rises, is received with such a storm of grunts—varying in tone and power from the suppressed squeak of a young and tender porker, to the more sonorous and decided snort of an elderly sow—that, as he is quite unable to make himself heard, he generally resumes his seat until these cheering tokens of the esteem and good-will of his audience have subsided.

The Governor-General (whose name figures in Peninsular history) was a fine silvery-haired old man; a little infirm, perhaps, and with a stoop, but he was still the soldier, and had that easy, unembarrassed air and deportment which are ever the leading characteristics of true nobility. But he was evidently getting rather weary of the ceremony of prorogation; and no wonder; for every time the individual in the black gown handed him one of the seventy rolls of parchment that lay upon the table before him, and made a low bow with it, the earl had to make a low bow too, in return, and I fancy was much rejoiced when the business was over.

But the prodigious presence of mind, the perfect self-possession of the Governor-General, charmed me beyond measure. It was his duty on this occasion to read a speech, expressive of his gratitude to the Legislative Assembly for their able and admirable conduct during the past session; and, as he was somewhat shortsighted, in turning over the leaves, he skipped from page four to ten, and continued to read quickly on for several minutes, without appearing to be at all struck with the

incongruous nature of the compliments he was scattering around him. The fact, however, seemed to occur to him at length, for he paused doubtfully for a second or two, turned back to the very first page, fixed his glass more firmly in his eye, and began to read the speech all over again.

HEAP THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

The term of my intended sojourn in Lower Canada having expired, I began to think of starting for the "bush." I had several interesting localities in the neighbourhood yet to visit, but I could see these by and by, for I purposed returning to Montreal in February or March, and waiting the opening of the navigation. My arrangements were soon made; my portmanteau (I had but one) packed; my rifle cleaned, and got ready for service; the necessary ammunition for a three or four months' cruise in the backwoods procured; a few beads and trinkets for distribution among the Indians purchased; and I had only to bid my friends farewell.

The greater portion of this grave piece of business was speedily despatched, but I had Colonel Banjo yet to shake hands with, and to that sturdy old veteran's villa I at once repaired. Contrary to Luke Squiff's custom, instead of throwing open the door of the spacious drawing-room, he ushered me into the colonel's study. It was a large apartment, and rather eccentrically furnished. There were books; there were statues; there were pictures; there were busts; there were deer's heads, and antlers; there were fragments of rocks, and fossils; there were anatomical plates and preparations; there was a part of a mummy that had been taken from a necropolis at Thebes; there were some stuffed fish; there were sabres, and pistols, and fowling-pieces; there was an old hunting-coat, very much soiled about the tails; there were spurs, and whips, and bows, and spears, and fishing-tackle; and, among the rest, there was a grotesque old clock, which kept up a dismal ticking in a

corner, and was suggestive of the deepest melancholy. I had never beheld so queer an old clock, and, walking wonderingly up to it, regarded the face and framework attentively. I next drew out my watch, and compared the respective times. As I did this, my gaze slipped from the dial of the machine down to its corpulent body, and there, through a little piece of coloured glass in the centre of it, I distinctly saw a human eye, twinking villanously, and watching my every movement. My first act was to recoil a step; my second, to turn the key of the clock-door, and put it (the key—not the clock) into my pocket; and my third, to congratulate myself on my escape. The truth instantly flashed upon me. The diminutive Julia Trinket was concealed in the body of the piece of furniture I had been surveying, and she was only waiting the fit moment to emerge and win her Philippino.

But the door of her hiding-place (like the lid of the old oak chest that contained the blooming bride, in the tale) was locked upon her, and I had nothing to dread; so, without allowing my satisfaction to betray itself in my countenance, I sat down near the table, and turned over the leaves of a book. It was Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Shortly afterwards, Colonel Banjo, and his wife, and daughter, and a lady friend or two, entered the room. I saw the eye of the waggish colonel rove twice or thrice to the spot of the intended ambuscade, but I did not seem to observe it. The next minute the wicked old gentleman coughed, as though to intimate that now was the time or never; but still Julia Trinket did not appear. Colonel Banjo coughed again, and I rose to take my leave. Colonel Banjo pressed my hand, and would have detained me, but time was valuable, and I had a presentiment that the little lady would be suffocated. I cut short the leave-taking, therefore, and took my departure; but paused at the gate of Banjo Villa, to put the key of the scoundrel clock into the hand of Luke Squiff, and desire him to present it, with my most respectful compliments, to his master.

The next morning I proceeded by calash to Lachine, and thence by steam-boat up the river St Lawrence to the famous

Lake of the Thousand Isles, where I met with a little adventure that must not be overlooked.

HEAP THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Who has not heard of the Lake of—not Cashmere—but the Thousand Isles? The Thousand Isles, we say, though there are in reality upwards of eighteen hundred of them, rich in bloom and beauty, and forming a succession of the loveliest wild pictures imaginable. Among the number, there is one which (from its odd triangular shape, I suppose) has received the appellation of FIDDLER'S ELBOW. The steamer that plies between Lachine and Kingston frequently touches at this island, and lands her passengers, who, should the day be fine, amuse themselves by sauntering about till the bell rings, when they hurry breathlessly on board, the plank is withdrawn, the paddles resume their labours, and the vessel scours rapidly away again, like some monstrous animal that has drunk at a fountain and feels refreshed.

I was among the party who landed at Fiddler's Elbow on the occasion of the present trip, but, unfortunately for my prospects, I did not happen to be among those who had the address to scramble back to the vessel's deck; and accordingly I was left behind. I felt much as Alexander Selkirk must have done, when he gazed around the lonely Juan Fernandez, and found himself "monarch of all he surveyed." I shouted at the top of my voice to the crew of the fast-retreating packet, but the roar of the noisy paddles drowned my cries; and my only alternative was to wait the arrival of the morrow's boat.

"Is she gone?" gasped the pleasant voice of some person who was evidently labouring under violent mental agitation. I turned, and beheld a tall lady in a blue veil; and, shortly after, we were joined by a deliberate-looking young man, in a sort of undress military cap and surtout. The lady and he were in a similar predicament with myself. They had been

wandering about Fiddler's Elbow, and the warning tones of the steamer's bell had not reached their ears—or, at all events, their ears had not profited by them. "Is she gone?" exclaimed the tall lady, clasping her hands, and looking mournfully into the distance.

"She is indeed, madam," said I.

The blue veil hid the features of the lady, but I knew that she was weeping. It was an awkward thing for a young and timid female to be left on a desert island with two strange gentlemen. We assured her, however, that we would render her situation as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and, after a decent interval spent in lamentation, our fair friend was prevailed upon to seat herself on a little knoll of grass, while the deliberate-looking young man and I went to gather sticks for a fire.

As I stooped to pick up a few dry twigs, I chanced to glance toward the opposite shore of the St Lawrence.

"Ah! I see what you are thinking of," cried St Clair—for that proved to be the name of the gentleman; "it would be a bold swim; still I fancy we might manage it."

"But the lady?"

"True, we must not desert her. Poor thing! she is wringing her hands yet. I wish she would remove that veil."

"We must build her a bower," said I, "as soon as we have got these sticks to burn. Have you a knife? Good; now let us look for a flint."

There was no flint to be found; there were stones in abundance, but they would not yield sparks. What was to be done? The air was growing chill; night would soon set in, and the lady with the blue veil would catch cold. I had heard that two pieces of dry wood, rubbed together, would eventually ignite, and now resolved to make the experiment. I did, but to no purpose, and began to weary of the operation. At length the sticks turned brown, then black, then they grew hot; St Clair got a piece of touchwood out of a rotten tree, and in a few minutes we had a grand blaze. This task accomplished, we threw up a rude breastwork of turf and brambles, covered it

with green boughs, and begged the lady with the blue veil to accept it as her temporary abode.

We were two hours or more in effecting these arrangements, and then St Clair, fanning himself with his cap, said, "It is not complete, we want bedclothes." I luckily had a light spare overcoat, and so had he. We divested ourselves of these, and converted them into blanket and sheets; then threw a heap of fresh sticks on the fire, and escorted our guest to her chamber. She had not once lifted the blue veil, but her voice informed us that she was young, and interesting, and pretty; and, when she bade us good night, there was so much sweetness in the tone of the salutation, and so deep a gratitude in the mode of its expression, that St Clair and myself grew quite enamoured of the lady, and felt that the slight service we had rendered her was already sufficiently acknowledged.

St Clair and I threw ourselves upon the turf, and fell each into a long train of reflection. There was a something in my companion's voice and appearance that inspired me with a wish to learn the particulars of his history. He had a small silver-topped walking cane in his hand, and, as he reclined, he stirred up the embers of the fire with its point, after the manner of a man who was raking among old recollections. Presently he gave the ashes an impatient push with his stick, as though he had quite done with them, and, changing his position, "Come," said he, "let us talk; how otherwise shall we contrive to pass this dismal night?"

"Agreed," was my response; "if your thoughts, a minute since, were such as you can communicate, let me know them."

"In part, willingly. I have this day completed my thirtieth year, and was thinking that I should always henceforth regard myself as an elderly man. It is a serious business, and awakens serious reflections. How our feelings, and our aspirations, and our pursuits change! What a fool does the stripling of sixteen appear to the lad of two-and twenty; and how much more an idiot the lad of two-and-twenty to the sober reasoner of thirty-five! What a history is the life of every individual—the follies indulged in, and the things endured! And how stupid,

the conceits we hold at certain stages of our career. I used to mutter to myself, when I gazed upon a man of forty, 'What have you got to live for?—why don't you die?' I now discover that there is a possibility of existence being really quite tolerable at forty—ay, and at fifty; and that (though the thing is ludicrous) even an old fellow, with the snows of eighty winters upon his head, may also have a few private reasons for bearing with his infirmities a year or two longer."

St Clair interested me, and I begged him to proceed. I arose to fling a fresh heap of brushwood on the fire, and hoped to find him thaw.

"I have seldom seen a darker night," said I, resuming my position on the ground; "there is not a star visible."

"And how still," returned St Clair. "I wonder whether our fair friend is asleep. Hark! yes: poor girl! By the by, she is tolerably well armed; there is a brace of pistols in one of my coat-pockets, and a flask of choice liqueur in the other. The latter would be useful to us—I wonder whether I could manage to abstract it, without causing her alarm."

"I fear not," said I; "you will get yourself shot."

"What, again!" cried St Clair, with a queer look. "Well, you are right; we will not interrupt her slumbers, and the cordial may prove valuable to-morrow. Come, I see you are growing inquisitive; I can tell you a story; will you hear it?"

"Gladly."

"I am seldom communicatively disposed, but I feel particularly so to-night. The world is divided into two sorts of people. The one set I like, and the other I hate;—these I can be frank with, and those I would keep eternally at a distance. To the former I can open the door of my heart; and against the latter I always shut, bar, and double bolt it. I will treat you as though you were an acquaintance of twenty years' standing. But, before I begin, let us wriggle down yonder old stump of tree, and trim up the fire again. So—that will do."

"My name, I have told you, is St Clair. I am an American, as you have already discovered. I was born in Philadelphia. My parents both died when I was a mere child, and

left me to the care of an uncle, who was a barrister of some distinction. His father was a friend of Franklin's, and assisted that eminent statesman and philosopher in drawing up the celebrated Declaration of Independence. My uncle wished me to be bred to the bar, but I had a preference for the army, As he, however, had always shown me the greatest indulgence, I did not wish to thwart his plans. In the course of time, therefore, I left school, went to college, completed my studies, and got honourably through all my examinations; but to this day I have never practised, for, as I had inherited a sufficient fortune to render me independent, there was no necessity for my struggling to obtain a livelihood. A few years after I had attained my majority, my uncle died, and as he had ever loved me as fondly as though I had been his own son, he left me all his property and estates, which were considerable. I was now a rich man, and thought (as soon as I could find a wife to my taste) of marrying, and settling down, and applying my wealth to some useful purpose—such as the diffusion of knowledge, or the institution of schools, or the erection of an hospital, or, in fact, anything that would prove of service to my fellow-creatures, and enable me to feel that I had not lived a useless life, nor squandered away what I had no right altogether to call my own. But, before I finally settled down (as it is termed), I determined to travel for a year or two; to visit, among other places, that wonderful country of which I had heard and read ever since I was a child, and for whose great men I had always entertained so profound a veneration;—to ramble among scenes that had been consecrated by departed genius; to view the tombs of warriors and statesmen; to saunter among the ruins of ancient monasteries, castles, and abbeys, greyed by time; to tread the battle-fields of past centuries; to look upon crowned heads, and satisfy myself whether they were made up of flesh and blood like my own; to catch the honeyed eloquence that fell from the lips of orators, and breathe the same air with men who fixed the fate of empires. In short, I would make a pilgrimage over England, and Scotland, and France, and Spain, and Italy. I would visit Greece, and Palestine, and perad-

venture Egypt; and there was a possibility of my even penetrating as far as the East Indies; and, indeed, there was no telling whether I might not eventually reach China, and take a quiet cup of tea with the emperor. Thus young men allow their fancies to fool them, and thus did mine carry me away for the few weeks that preceded my embarkation for your noble country.

"At length I bade my friends adieu, and the ship set sail. We had some pleasant people on board; the Atlantic was less boisterous than usual; the wind proved fair; and, after a cruise of about twenty days, we awoke one sunny morning, and discovered that we had pushed up the Mersey during the night, and were lying within rifle shot of Liverpool. I felt as one in a dream. I didn't believe it. Was I really in England, and should I shortly tread the shores of my fatherland? Yes, all was true and tangible, for, in staggering up the steps of the stately pier, I had the misfortune to jostle the captain of a troop of horse, which were being slung on board one of the government steamers. I apologised for my awkwardness, but he twirled his moustache, and stabbed me with his eye. As I was not in a quarrelsome mood, I pocketed the affront, and ordered my servant, Peter Bosch, to see to my luggage, while I was whisked away to an hotel—the Adelphi, I think, they called it; a fine building, something larger and more commodious than one of our Hudson river boats, and with as many waiters as would have formed a tolerable army in the event of any sudden surprise at the hands of your lively neighbours the French. I passed an agreeable week in Liverpool, and then, having seen its docks and warehouses, and walked about its Exchange, and chatted with some of those merchants who have the reputation of being princes, I left the place, and proceeded direct to London. I wish I could describe to you some of my ideas and impressions, but that is impossible now, as they would form a history in themselves. Stay, let us have a fresh log on the fire, my legs are getting cold.

"If I am unable to describe to you the ideas and feelings that the contemplation of one of your seaport towns awakened, how

shall I paint my emotions upon entering the city of London? You must fancy them, and I will spare you the infliction of much, to which I could, after all, afford but a poor expression. Suffice it when I tell you, that I saw St Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament, and the Tower (your chief lion), and Guildhall, and Somerset House, and the Coliseum, and your palaces, and your parks, as well as a thousand other places and things which I have not time to enumerate; and one evening (to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous) went to a certain notorious Madame Tussaud's, where the wax figures and the living people so closely resembled each other, that I mistook a sleek elderly gentleman for a statue, and, in the enthusiasm of my simplicity, pinched his huge double chin, which put the poor man in such a rage, that, as I hate a riot and a mob, I thought it better to get out of the place at once, and never entered it afterwards.

"I had sojourned a month in London. I had seen the greater part of its sights—at any rate, most of those that were worth seeing—had been in both *Houses*, and listened to the great speakers; had made many little excursions into the surrounding country; had reconnoitred your brave old iron Duke as he stood one day near Apsley House, consulting his watch; and my curiosity being now partially allayed, I grew dull, as people will occasionally do, and wanted something to rouse me. I had seen a little of London life, and, as for parties, and balls, and such like amiable dissipations, they were not calculated to relieve a fit of this kind. How should I kill my ennui? Casting my eye carelessly over the columns of the 'Times'—that stupendous lever which moves the moral world—my eye dwelt upon the magic name of Kean. He was to play 'Hamlet' that night. I liked a tragedy, it always did me good; I sent Peter Bosch for a cab, and drove away to Covent Garden—or Drury Lane was it?—I am sure I forget which. The house was full to suffocation, but I feed the box-keeper handsomely, and elbowed my way to the front row. I did not like that much; I preferred the pit, and in getting out again gave sufficient offence to lay the foundation of twenty

duels, had I felt belligerently inclined. I had got *out* of the *boxes*, but how was I to get *into* the *pit?* Fortune favoured me; a fat lady fainted, and had to be carried out. I seized the right moment, and made good a passage. I have been thus minute in describing matters, because the adventures of this evening form the turning-point of my career. Kean shone like a true star; he was great, and I was proportionately charmed with him. Some exquisite music, too, between the acts, played the deuce with me. I turned again, and surveyed the long semicircle of bright eyes and pretty faces. I looked toward the royal box. The queen and prince were there; and, near them, dukes, and duchesses, and marquises, and earls, and lords, out of number. I cared little for these, or their ladies; my gaze fixed itself upon a beautiful pale girl, with dark hair, adorned by one simple small wreath of pearls. What a contrast to the blaze of jewels in which every other would-be beauty sat enveloped! Who was she? An elderly man, of a military aspect, stood next her. He was evidently her father; his hair was almost white, and, like his daughter, he was eminently handsome. I gazed upon the pair until I feared that I became rude; then I attempted to look elsewhere, but could not. You must not think me a fool—an amorous blockhead—a sentimental dandy; I had always laughed at the insipidity of a love affair, but now saw that it was merely because I had not figured as the hero of it. I was in love—but, understand me, not as your boys of fifteen love; I cherished the same respectful description of feeling for this lady that Dante did for his Beatrice; Leander for his Hero; Petrarch for his Laura; or, to bring it nearer to our own times, Byron for Mary Chaworth. There was not a particle of sensuality in this attachment. It was purely an affair of soul—I wish you quite to comprehend this; in fact ——"

"In fact, you wished to be the lady's brother," said I.

"Ye—yes," replied St Clair, rather slowly.

"I comprehend perfectly."

St Clair proceeded:—"A passion of this nature is the finest thing that can befall a young man. He becomes dissipation-

proof. He passes through the glow of his prime, as Shadrach and his brothers did through the fiery ordeal of old. He goes unscathed through trials under which others would sink. He—— but to the lady. I forgot Kean; I let him kill Polonius; I let them drown Ophelia; what was all this to me? Those dark, eloquent eyes, that pale, pensive face, that braided hair and simple wreath of pearls, had all my thoughts and sympathies. I was deeply, devotedly in love; and, as a proof that it was no transient whim, I tell you that I am in love still. But the play was drawing to a close. The *elite* of an audience seldom stay to see the whole thing out, and my pale beauty was withdrawing too, and leaning upon the arm of the military-looking gentleman with the white hair. I overturned three people in my efforts to get out of the house; they thought me mad, but I was merely endeavouring to reach the box-door. Presently the pair appeared; the officer threw a shawl round the lady; a carriage-door was opened; they entered; a footman put up the steps; the driver whipped his horses; and the vehicle rattled away. I was about to spring into a coach, but the man told me it was engaged. I replied that I must have it, and thrust a guinea into his hand. He shook his head. I told him I would double it. He hesitated; I jumped in; desired him not to lose sight of the footman with the pink calves before us: and off we went in close pursuit. The coachman was a shrewd fellow; he understood me; and for three quarters of an hour or more he followed the footman with the pink stockings; turning as he turned; stopping as he stopped; and at length drawing up in a remote square, somewhere at the west end of the city. The door was then opened, and I got out. Bah! there were more footmen than one in pink stockings, and I was baffled. I had been tracking to their homes two stout dowagers, for whom I didn't care a dump. I could have assaulted the cabman, and committed some respectful violence upon the ladies, but forbore; and springing into the vehicle again, ordered the driver to convey me to my hotel.

"I was completely crestfallen. It would have been some consolation for me to know where my beauty lived, and be

able to walk past the house once every evening. But that consolation was denied me. Her charms had taken possession of me, and I could think of nothing else.

"I desponded for a week, and then (why did not the thing occur to me before?) went to the box-keeper at the theatre, to inquire if he knew who the lady and gentleman were. Not he; he had not even seen them; how could he distinguish such an ordinary pair among so many people? The bear! I had distinguished nothing else! I waited another week. Kean was to play Richard. I went, but no plain wreath of pearls adorned the boxes that night. Of course not; I saw the improbability of my ever meeting the white-haired officer and dark-eyed lady again, and a fortnight elapsed.

There was to be a grand fete at Vauxhall. I wished to see a little of everything, and resolved to saunter over the gardens. I was endeavouring to forget my adventure at the theatre. I had promenaded three of the broad illuminated walks, and was pausing to survey a grotto. The band were playing Moore's 'Last Rose of Summer.' I had often heard this sweet air in New York and Boston; and, for the moment, it carried me back to the scenes of home. The music ceased, and I resumed my walk. The next minute I was met face to face (the chances were a million to one against it) by the officer and lady of the front boxes of Covent Garden Theatre. You can conceive my joy. I was about to give public expression to it, but checked myself in time, and, be sure, did not lose sight of the pair once during the evening. I contrived, however, to keep unseen, and longed for the fireworks to commence, that I might get near the lady, and him whom I believed to be her father. I wished to catch her name; to learn their residence; to know their ultimate destination; for I began to fancy that they, like myself, were strangers in England, and merely going the round of its gaieties. At length the crowd got in motion, and I moved with it. I saw a man push rudely against the lady, and I saw the officer, in return, lift his cane and give the offender a blow that made him stagger. Presently we arrived at a sort of staircase, and had no sooner ascended it, than there

were two or three deafening reports, a shower of rockets, and the exhibition commenced. Nothing could be better; my military friend placed himself close by my side. I took care to avert my face—for I had a deep game to play, and a slight imprudence might have caused all my plans to miscarry. Soon afterwards, I heard the gentleman with the white hair address the lady by the name of 'Ruth.' Ruth—what a beautiful word! and then I heard Ruth address the gentleman as 'Papa.' What music there was in the tones of that voice! Then I overheard her address him as 'Major.' I expected this; there is no mistaking a man who has smelt powder, and seen the bristling of bayonets. But let me shorten a rather long story. Before I parted with Ruth and the major that evening, I discovered their next destination to be the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. I learned that they were about to proceed, almost immediately, to a place called Ulverston. The discovery gratified me beyond measure, as I had a wish to view this interesting locality, and was prepared to start for it at any moment. You are aware how a six months' sojourn in the backwoods fits a man for these sudden shifts and surprises. Once certain, therefore, that there was a possibility of my meeting Ruth again in another part of the country, I turned contentedly away—fearing that, if I remained longer in her presence, my features might attract her observation—and quitted the gardens. I slept and dreamed delightfully that night; but I will not relate the burden of those dreams, as I read something comical in your eye, and can't bear to be laughed at.

"The next day I went to a wig-maker. He measured my head with much gravity, and told me that his wigs were very capital ones. 'Give me half a dozen of them,' said I. The man stared. I produced my address, paid the money, saw the parcel despatched to my lodgings, and the same hour bade adieu to the metropolis. Who that possessed an eye for the beautiful and picturesque, could endure the roar and rattle of a great city like London?—I would go to the Lakes.

"Ulverston is an ordinary place. I chose one of the quietest

hotels, and half fancied it would prove the choice of the major and his daughter also. It did. I was standing at the window admiring the sunset, when a travelling carriage rattled up to the door, and the pair alighted. They occupied a room above my head. I heard the martial tramp of the major's heavy boot, and now and then caught the tones of his deep rich voice. They walked out in the twilight, and, as they returned, I heard the major say—for the window was open—'We will go and view the ruins of the abbey to-morrow.' The abbey—what abbey? I inquired of the waiter. Furness Abbey, distant about seven miles. The waiter, who was a loquacious fellow, told me that there was a gentleman above-stairs who had ordered a post chaise for nine o'clock in the morning, and there was no doubt, as he was going to inspect the ruins, that my company would prove very acceptable to him. I rebuked the man for his stupidity, and told him to send me the postilion whose services would be required on the occasion. He came. I thrust a piece of gold into his hand, and promised to double it, if he obeyed my instructions. The man was wax, and I moulded him to my wishes. Money is the moving power.

"At the appointed moment the following day, I stood at the inn-door, ready breeched, capped, booted, and spurred, for a journey. Ruth and her father got into the carriage; a waiter shut it up; I sprang to the back of one of the horses; and away we went. It was a mad freak, but the pleasure of being near Ruth, and perhaps exchanging a word with her, reconciled me to it. We soon reached the abbey. I offered my arm as Miss Leyden (for that was her name) alighted, and she leaned upon it, and thanked me. I had a black wig on, and, as the major walked away in the direction of the ruins, I heard him say, 'A dashing postilion that, upon my word—too tall, though, by at least a head.' Ruth made some reply, but it was couched in too low a tone for me to catch the import of it.

"Have you seen the ruins of Furness Abbey? They are very beautiful—the most beautiful, perhaps, in England; and I thought their charms enhanced by those of the lovely girl who now rambled among them. She had untied her bonnet-

strings, and allowed her dark glossy hair to wave at will about her neck and shoulders. Her sweet, expressive face, rosed with exercise and the summer gale, would have formed a fine study for a Raphael or a Correggio. The memory of those moments haunts me yet, wherever I go. By and by, she lightly sprang upon the projecting angle of a broken column, with the hope of obtaining a better view of one of the splendid windows; and, in descending, would have fallen, had I not anticipated the disaster, and caught her in my arms. She laughed at the accident, but the major viewed the thing seriously, and, thrusting his hand into his pocket, endeavoured to force money upon me. I, however, forgetful of everything but my offended dignity, bent upon him such a look of scorn, that he recoiled a step, and then expressed his obligations in a different manner. Shortly afterwards, a party of three or four prattling ladies, and a daintily dressed gentleman or two, arrived to inspect the abbey, and we left them in sole possession of the spot. Ruth leaned again upon my arm as she entered the carriage, and said, in my hearing, that, saving for the prompt assistance I had rendered, she must have met with a severe fall. The major echoed the words; and I was much amused, when we alighted at Ulverston, to observe him weighing the propriety of presenting me with a trifle for the services I had shown them in my capacity of postilion. My scornful look, when he had before offered me money, seemed to be lurking in his recollection. I relieved him from his embarrassment by dashing briskly away, and resigning the chaise to the real postilion in the inn-yard. I was satisfied with the day's adventure, and began to plan another."

Here St Clair paused, for he had talked himself nearly hoarse, and it became incumbent on us to refresh ourselves with an hour's sleep.

HEAP THE TWENTY-NINTH.

I was the first to awake, and replenish the fire. St Clair was roused by the crackling of the logs, and arose also. I re-

quested him to proceed with his narrative, which he did in these words:—

"The major and his daughter did not make any long stay in the insipid, flaring town of Ulverston. With the exception of Furness Abbey, and a certain priory, the neighbourhood has no attractions worth mentioning, and Ruth and her father soon abandoned it for the more interesting localities of Coniston and Windermere. To the former I did not follow them. It was enough that we should meet at Ambleside, but every minute seemed a month to me until that desirable event came about; and when it at length took place, there came with it a little adventure which both saddened and pleased me. Major Leyden and Ruth wandered out one evening to view a pretty fall of water (Stock-Gill Force, I think they call it), situate close to the hotel in which we had fixed our residence, and his foot having slipped, he had got very wet and bruised, and was eventually obliged to confine himself to his room. I had the whole affair from the waiter, who was on the eve of fetching a doctor. He was in a hurry, but I clapped a crown-piece into his hand, and bade him say that a physician would be in attendance upon the sick gentleman immediately. I accordingly donned a grey wig and whiskers; a broad-brimmed hat, and sober-looking coat; a white cravat, painfully stiff with starch; called up my most solemn expression of countenance, and entered the major's chamber.

"Ruth was sitting by her father's bedside. She was in tears, but he was laughing. He told her that he had merely caught a slight cold, and would be well again to-morrow. I looked grave, and bade the patient put out his tongue. I then felt his pulse, and scanned my gold watch with a sidelong glance that must have had a capital effect.

"'Pray is there any danger, sir?' asked Ruth.

"'Not the least, madam,' was my reply; 'none whatever.'

"'Were there symptoms of fever?'

"The major laughed again. 'My dear Ruth,' cried he, 'you will positively *make* me ill, if you talk in this way. I assure you that I scarcely feel anything the matter.'

"And the fact was, he *had* nothing the matter, but I intended to keep him in bed, because it would give me an opportunity of talking again with Ruth.

"'I shall get up,' said Major Leyden.

"'No, no,' said I, 'you must remain where you are; I will order an embrocation for your back, and send something that will procure you a comfortable night's rest. Pray do not think of rising.'

"'I hope you will come again,' said Ruth.

"'I will certainly do so,' replied I, coughing in a professional manner, and making my exit. The waiter had been looking through the key-hole.

"On the occasion of my next visit to the major, I found him calmer, and better in every respect. I smiled, to imply that I had expected as much. 'Have the goodness to feel my daughter's pulse, sir,' said the grey old veteran; 'she has fidgetted herself a good deal on my account, and looks poorly.' It was Ruth's turn to laugh now, but her excellent papa, assuming an imperative air, said, 'It is my wish,' and she instantly held out her beautiful white hand. I produced my watch again, and was some time in pronouncing an opinion; but it proved to be a favourable one, and I intimated that I should have no occasion to repeat my call. The major strove to force a five-pound note upon me. I told him that one guinea was my usual fee. 'Do you value my life at a guinea, sir?' asked Major Leyden. 'And do you value it at five?' retorted I. He was mute. I broke the silence by observing, that I had already realised a fortune, and practised merely for my pleasure and the sake of doing good. I then bowed, and left the room; but regretted afterwards that I had not made my patient keep his bed a day or two longer.

"From Ambleside, after visiting Rydal, and Grasmere, and Esthwaite, and other adjacent lakes, Major Leyden posted to Keswick, which was the scene of my next adventure. You will perhaps wonder why, instead of following Ruth about from place to place, I had not sufficient courage to procure a regular introduction, and go through the usual tame formalities of a

courtship; but you will wonder less, if you reflect that I was an utter stranger in England, without a friend in the whole country; and, had I been so precipitate as to express my regard for the lady, the probability is, she would have deemed me a mere adventurer, and politely declined the distinction of my acquaintance. No, no; an intimacy that is to terminate in an attachment should always be the result of accident—not of premeditation. In the one case, it has an air of business and formality which is quite provoking, and enthusiastic natures cannot brook; in the other case, it wears a dash of romance, which, with sensitive and amorously-disposed people, is particularly attractive and taking. You understand me, I trust?

"You have heard of Keswick, and its charming lake Derwentwater. You have seen them, eh?—very good. I chose the quietest hotel, as usual; the major did the same; and once more Ruth and I were separated by a mere strip of lath and plaster. I frequently caught the tones of her rich voice, and heard the measured tramp of the major along the spacious room; for he had a habit of walking about with his hands behind him, *a la* Napoleon Bonaparte.

"It was evening; one of those rich, still, mellow summer evenings which soothe and purify the heart—such as Adam must have passed with his Eve, ere sin entered the world, and human nature fell. The window was open, and I heard the major, as he stood at the casement of the room above, propose an hour's cruise on the lake. Ruth evidently was charmed with the thought. The bell rang, and the waiter was closeted with them for some minutes. I waylaid him as he returned, tossed some silver into his napkin, and bade him bring me the key of the boat that belonged to the inn. He obeyed. I had provided myself with a neat straw hat, and light aquatic trousers, such as the lake boatmen wear, and, hastily putting them on—together with a flaxen wig—I hurried at once down to the shore of Derwentwater, seized my sculls (for there was not a breath of air to countenance a sail), and paddled about until the arrival of Ruth Leyden and her father. They did not keep me long waiting, and, having once embarked, I pulled

steadily away in the direction of Lowdore. I had heard of Lowdore, and expected to see a fine cataract. I think all the water that trickled over the rock that evening would scarcely have filled my hat. But the scenery was superb; rather like that of the St Lawrence between Green Island and Quebec, though, of course, on a much smaller scale. The sun had just set; the sky was crimson, blue, and gold; and every time we looked up it had undergone some change, which rendered the prospect ten times more beautiful. The major was enchanted. Ruth sat silently gazing upon the bold outline of mountains around us, and ever and anon heaving a sigh, as though her heart overflowed with pleasure, and she were thinking what a paradise earth would have been, had its first children retained their primeval innocence.

"'Pray what is the name of that mountain yonder?' inquired the major, suddenly. I was looking pensively at Ruth, and the question caused me considerable embarrassment. Major Leyden repeated it. I was quite at fault for the requisite information, but I had heard of Skiddaw, and thought he would suit my purpose; so I said that it was Skiddaw, and the one behind, Saddleback.

"'And that?' asked the major, pointing to another.

"'Helvellyn.'

"'Aha, that is Helvellyn. We must climb it to-morrow, Ruth, if the morning should prove favourable.'

"I asked whether they would not require a guide. The major replied, 'Yes, probably;' and inquired whether I could recommend him one. I offered my services, and they were accepted. Major Leyden scrutinised my features, and remarked, in an under-tone to Ruth, 'How much our friend here resembles the young man who drove us to Furness Abbey!' Then, leaning towards me, he added, 'Have you a brother in the neighbourhood of the Lakes?'

"'No.'

"'Ah! do you ever serve in the capacity of postilion?'

"I felt the warm blood rush to my face. 'Occasionally,' replied I.

"'Did you ever see us before?' was the next query.

"I could not utter a falsehood, and answered that I had.

"'Then it *was* you that went with us to the abbey?'

"'Yes.'

"'I thought so,' said the major, 'and yet your hair ——'

"I made a great splash with one of the oars, and, in my confusion, ran the boat upon the little island of St Helen's. Ruth seemed alarmed, but her father assured her there was no danger; and the evening beginning to draw in, he told me to make for shore. I saw nothing more of father or daughter that day.

"After breakfast the next morning, I began to prepare for the journey to Helvellyn. The waiter was in my pay, and gave me the necessary instructions for my procedure. Presently, however, he ran into my room, and, with a pale face, informed me that Major Leyden and his daughter were gone.

"'Gone!' echoed I; 'where?'

"He knew not, and I was frantic.

"'They received a letter this morning,' said the waiter, 'which appeared to give them some trouble, for Major Leyden packed his portmanteau, paid his bill, ordered a post-chaise, and went away almost at a gallop.'

"'Did he say whether he would return?'

"'No.'

"'Did he leave his address?'

"'No.'

"'Send the landlord here.'

"The landlord knew nothing of Major Leyden; he had never seen the gentleman before; and the name was not at all familiar to him. He paid his way handsomely, that was all the landlord knew; and the young lady had been very kind to several poor people in the neighbourhood. The driver of the carriage in which the pair had flitted would probably be able to furnish me with some information respecting their movements.

"Towards evening the postilion returned, and I cross-examined him closely on the subject of the major's destination. The man shook his head. He had gleaned nothing that was of

service to me. He had left the major at Ambleside. It was *my* turn to pack up my portmanteau now, and I did so with much expedition. I reached Ambleside the same night.

"I ran to the quiet hotel in the neighbourhood of the waterfall. The major had left it an hour or two previously. I posted on to Milthorpe (I think that was the name of the place). They had quitted Milthorpe for Liverpool. I went poste-haste to Liverpool, and inquired for my friends at the Adelphi. They had not been heard of in that quarter. I was nearly mad. It was in vain that I despatched Peter Bosch to every hotel in the town; he returned to me with a blank face. I sent him to all the coach-offices, with the same success. I shut myself up in a retired room, and walked up and down it for a whole day. Ruth was lost to me. Could I have learned the major's address, I might perhaps, through my numerous letters, have procured an introduction to him, and in the course of time won his daughter in your true and legitimate way. I had but one alternative. I must spell over the directories of every town in the kingdom;—but suppose Major Leyden lived in the country! Why not put an advertisement in the 'Times' newspaper? The idea pleased me, and I grew calm.

"The inquiry met with an immediate reply. Major Leyden resided in Leamington, and would be happy to communicate with the advertiser. I now began to cool down, and wonder at my impudence. What was Major Leyden to me? or, rather, what was I to Major Leyden? What grounds had I for thrusting my acquaintance upon him? If I told the story of my strange passion for his daughter, would he not regard me with a suspicious eye; or, more, think me some strolling stage-struck vagabond, or a lunatic escaped from his keepers? And yet, what was to be done? It was too late to withdraw. The major had appointed a place of meeting in town, whither he was about to repair. The interview was to take place at a retired coffee-room, within a few minutes' walk of Trafalgar Square. I screwed my courage to the sticking-point, and was true to the engagement.

"Bah! there were more Major Leydens than one: for the

man who came forward and announced himself as the individual answering to that name, had a rotund purple face, a perfectly bald head, a twinkling eye, and a pair of cheeks like the two halves of a pumpkin. I drew back with dismay, and flung myself disappointedly upon a chair.

"'I fear there is some mistake,' said the fat gentleman.

"'There is, indeed,' said I. 'You are not the person I expected to see.'

"'But that's no reason why we should not have a bottle of wine together, I suppose, is it?' returned he of the bald head and purple face. 'I thought your advertisement a rather curious one, and was at a loss to conceive how my address could prove beneficial to anybody. I reflected, however, that perhaps one of my rich old comrades was about to die, and contemplated leaving me a legacy; so I deemed it advisable at all events to respond to your communication. Come, never mind, you appear a pleasant fellow, and I am not sorry to make your acquaintance. There's my card; I *was* major, but they have latterly made me a colonel.'

"Colonel Leyden and I passed an agreeable afternoon. He related some amusing stories of his old campaigns on the Continent, and as much as acknowledged that he had been a very sad dog in his early days, and played the deuce among the women; and I gave him, in return, a sketch of my adventures since I had left America. He listened attentively, and asked why I did not apply to the war-office for the address of Ruth's father? The thing had never occurred to me. The colonel offered to procure the requisite information; and in a day or two he actually got it. I could not be sufficiently thankful to him. He pressed my hand kindly, wished me success, invited me to go and stay a week with him in Leamington; and so we parted.

HEAP THE THIRTIETH.

"I was now," continued St Clair, "in possession of Major Leyden's address, and resolved at once to avail myself of so valuable a piece of information. He had a seat in the country; in one of the most delightful parts of Worcestershire. He was a man of large property; had a noble mansion and estate; and kept his pack of hounds, in the brave old English style. Having gleaned these particulars respecting him, I repaired to a sequestered village in the neighbourhood of his residence. To my extreme chagrin, however, I learned that the major and his daughter were in France, and not expected to return until late in September, or perhaps the middle of October. Here was a disappointment; but I bore it like a philosopher, and rummaged over my letters of introduction, of which, I am ashamed to say, I had as yet scarcely delivered one. I looked in vain for any that might be addressed to people in Worcestershire, or the counties adjoining; and then wrote off to several of my friends in America, hoping that some of them might have acquaintance in this part of the Old Country, through whom I could procure a passport to the intimacy of the major. This scheme also failed me, and I saw that my own ingenuity must provide the coveted introduction. In the meantime, as I was in no mood (do not think me a misanthrope) to cultivate the acquaintance of strangers, and squander my time away in the exchange of senseless visits and cold politenesses with people who could care nothing for me, and for whom I could care as little in return; and, as I had furthermore a turn for reading, I supplied myself with a few books, and took up my quarters in a picturesque farm-house, within an hour's ride of the Malvern Hills, and contiguous to the estate of the veteran major.

"My host was a burly farmer, with an honest bluff face, which, like its prototype the sun, rose at four every morning, and set about eight every night. His name was Moth—Aaron Moth—and he was a serjeant in the yeomanry. Witness the

heavy sabre that continually winked at you from the wall, and the scarlet-faced uniform coat (with the painfully small development of tail) hanging from a peg in an inner room. My hostess was a talkative old lady, who had the private history of every family in the county at her finger-ends. I found her admirably adapted to my purposes. I was not long in learning from her every circumstance relative to the major's career and prospects, as well as those of his beautiful daughter Ruth, upon whose charms and amiability Mrs Moth was never tired of descanting. But there was one subject on which I dreaded to touch. It was a delicate matter, was it not? By and by the thing dropped out. Among Ruth's numerous suitors, was a neighbouring squire (a great fox-hunter), who visited the Hall regularly; and old Hannah half hinted that this dashing gentleman was rendering himself particularly polite and agreeable to Miss Leyden. A fine stately fellow he was, too, according to Mrs Moth's description; six feet and an inch without his boots, and the best and boldest rider in the country. He was also a captain in the aforesaid cavalry, and wore a fierce moustache five inches long. I was anxious to see the man, and soon had my curiosity gratified.

"I was walking down a cool lane toward the hour of sunset, one calm evening. I had a book in my hand. A moustached gentleman, admirably mounted, turned the corner, and advanced at a trot. I gave him the road. He pointed to a gate, with his whip. 'Now, Sawney, open me that gate,' was his salutation. The book was not a heavy one, or I should have launched it at him. I resumed the perusal of it. 'Do you hear?' cried he. I did, but read on. He cleared the lash of his whip, and raised his arm. I picked up a pebble, the size of his head, and gave him a look. He understood it, and the arm dropped again to his side.

"'Who are you?' asked he.

"'An American,' was my reply; 'who are you?' He did not respond, but stared intensely at me. I knew what his private sentiments were. He had always supposed Americans to be black; so do a great many of your countrymen. Squire

Haughton (that was his name) attempted to open the gate himself, but failing, cleared it at a bound, and rode on. I saw, by his shadow, that he had turned in his saddle, and was surveying me, but I appeared not to observe it, and resumed the perusal of my book.

"September had rolled away; October came. The major and Ruth returned from France. I was determined to make their acquaintance, and believed that some lucky accident would yet throw them in my way. The hunting season was at hand, and a grand meet of sporting gentlemen was to take place in the meadow that fronted the Hall. Major Leyden and Ruth (I had encountered them once or twice in my rambles, as well as at church) were to grace the affair with their presence. But I had no horse. I started instantly for London, and went to a celebrated stable in Islington. Several powerful hunters were exhibited to me, though, on putting their mettle to the proof, I did not find them all I wished. The proprietor of the establishment told me he had a black blood horse, which nobody save himself dare back, but he would not sell him, nor would he let him out for the season. I asked if no money would tempt him. He said a deposit of a hundred guineas might. I at once drew him out a cheque, on a well-known house in town, for the amount; and, after satisfying himself that I was no black-leg, he resigned the animal to my care. I have hunted on the prairies, and knew perfectly well how to tame a refractory horse. I soon conquered the spirit of the present one, and made him follow me like a dog. I tried him at a six-barred gate, and he took it without any apparent effort. I put him to his speed—he had wings.

"The morning appointed for the grand hunt arrived. There was a large field of gentlemen, and Ruth, beautifully mounted, curvetted about the lawn. The squire was at her side. Major Leyden had donned his scarlet cutaway, and looked as though he were eagerly anticipating the sport. I cantered into the group. I had dispensed with my wigs, for there was no longer need of disguise, and I had now to come out in my true character. Both myself and my horse were the subject of much

criticism; the major saw that I was a stranger, and, with a politeness peculiar to military men, bowed pleasantly as I passed him. Directly afterwards, I saw him speak with the squire, who bent an embarrassed glance on me, and made some remark that I could not overhear. My horse was evidently attracting much notice. He stood with his black neck arched, like a Turk's bow, and pawed the ground with impatience to be away.

"I, who have hunted bears and buffaloes, scouted the idea of chasing a sneaking scoundrel fox; but I had an object in view—an end to gain—and set it steadily before me. I had already attracted the notice of the major; I had now to provoke his curiosity, and excite his admiration. I had proved the powers of my horse, and it remained for me to exhibit them.

"The squire rode by the side of Ruth; the major mingled with the gentlemen. I could not avoid overhearing a conversation which took place between him and one of the latter.

"'Who is he?' asked an elderly man.

"'An American, Haughton tells me,' replied Major Leyden; 'a perfect stranger they say, and yet I seem to know his face.'

"'An American, eh?' added the other, turning rather rudely round, and eyeing me closely. 'Why, Leyden, he is a white man.'

"'And why not?' was the major's laughing response. 'His horse, however, is black enough; pure negro, I warrant;' and the facetious veteran took a ditch and double rail in gallant style. His friend refused them; and there was a long kicking-match between himself and steed.

"In a few minutes, renard was scented, the hounds gave tongue, the fox broke cover, and away we went, full cry. Ruth, having accompanied us thus far, drew rein on a knoll of turf, and followed us with her eye. The squire rode second; I passed him easily, and looked back upon him with a smile of ineffable contempt. The major was first; I bounded to his side, and neck and neck together we led the chase. I could have outstripped the veteran in a moment, but I was content to di-

vide the honours with him. He cast a sidelong glance upon me, topped a stiff fence in a clever manner, and pushed his hunter to greater speed. It was of no use; I headed him, and he good-humouredly cried, 'Well done, sir; well done; if I were not too old to learn, I should inquire where you took your first lesson in horsemanship.'

"'On the prairies of the west,' said I, with a smile.

"'I thought as much. You will dine with us at the Hall this evening. Nay, no denial; I wish to know you.'

"The conversation was here interrupted; the major had slackened his pace. There was an awkward gate in front of us, and, as we had no inclination to risk our necks unnecessarily, we paused, while one of the whippers-in tried to open it. Haughton, the squire, rode up at the same instant, and called out to me to clear the way. I laughed, for I knew there was not a hunter in the field (unless it was my own) that would face such a frightful leap. I turned aside, however, and Haughton's steed rose at it, but hung by the fore-legs. I gave my own black barb the rein, and cleared gate, horse, and rider, at a bound; the off-hind heel of the noble animal I bestrode brushing the squire's head as I flew over him, and carrying away his purple hunting-cap, There was a simultaneous burst of admiration from the gentlemen, and of rage from Haughton, who, after a violent and protracted struggle, at length succeeded in scaling the barrier. Soon afterwards the fox was killed; and, as I was the first to leap to earth and lash the hounds from their prey, Major Leyden ordered the huntsmen to present me with the brush, which I tucked deliberately under my arm, and then remounted. The squire witnessed the transaction. He was looking oaths.—Had we not better heave a fresh tree on the fire? I am cold.

HEAP THE THIRTY-FIRST.

"You will tire of my story, and I will shorten it as much as I can. I dined at the Hall, be sure, and was introduced to

Ruth. I sat next to her, and precisely opposite the squire, who let slip no opportunity of insulting me. In conversation, like too many of your country squires, he was a mere boor; he could talk of nothing but his horses, and his dogs, and his crops. Upon any other subject than these, he was a profound ignoramus; and as the discourse, unfortunately for him, did not happen, during Miss Leyden's presence, to touch upon these interesting topics, he sat almost mute, while Ruth and I talked about the scenery of America—its prairies, rivers, forests, and cataracts. The major, too, who was a man of taste, put many queries to me touching Niagara, and the lakes, and the wild tribes inhabiting the interior of the country. Subsequently, he took a review of the day's hunt; and the disaster that the squire had met with having been pretty openly canvassed, a hearty laugh was raised at his expense, and in this Major Leyden himself joined. The misfortune that had befallen him in the field, together with the attention I had been paying to Ruth, had sufficiently stirred Haughton's bile; and the ridicule which was now, harmlessly enough, showered upon him, put a finishing stroke to his rage. But his sufferings were not over. The elderly gentleman, who had criticised my equestrian skill in the morning, proposed my health, and it was drunk with due honours. The squire alone sat motionless, with his glass unreplenished upon the board.

"'What is this?' cried Major Leyden. 'Haughton, remember that this is an insult no less to me than to my guest. Either fill, or leave my table.'

"Haughton rose accordingly, and strode heavily from the room. He fixed a glance upon me as he retired. I could not misunderstand its meaning, and we met that night.

"We met by moonlight, on the lawn fronting the major's mansion. I am no duellist, and had nothing to avenge. It appeared, however, that Haughton was, and had. He was possessed of brute courage, and did not scruple to expose his own life in exchange for the satisfaction of taking mine. As I had scarcely an acquaintance in England (except, perhaps, my man Peter Bosch), the major insisted on acting as my

second. He was loath to involve himself in an affair of the kind; but he had a high sense of honour, and I was his guest. What could he do?

"Haughton and I took our ground, and received each his weapon. He was to fire first, and did so. It was now my turn; but, before I discharged my pistol, I inquired whether it was my opponent's intention to demand another shot. He replied in the affirmative. I bade him then prepare for death, as, having perilled my life once, it was my duty not to risk it again. He signalled for a moment's parley with his second, and expressed himself satisfied. So was I; and, in place of driving the bullet through his head, I put it through his hat. The next moment I fainted, and was carried into the house. I had received a flesh-wound in my right side, and was unable to conceal it longer.

"I can see that you are growing weary of my tale, and will draw it to a close as quickly as possible. My wound, which was by no means a dangerous one, having been dressed, Major Leyden insisted on my making his house my residence for the term of my stay in Worcestershire. In return, I thought it would be better to unburden my bosom to him at once, and obtain his permission to pay my addresses to Ruth. He shook his head gravely; his countenance assumed a severe expression; and he said, *that*, indeed, was another matter altogether, though he declared I had acted in a very open, honourable manner, and he liked me all the better for it. He said that nine young men out of ten would have first endeavoured to possess themselves of the affections of the daughter, and then made the confession of the thing to the father a mere secondary consideration. 'But,' said he, 'I have no faith in this love at first sight. I was several years in building up an attachment to my wife. You have scarcely known Ruth a week, and ——'

"'Pardon me,' interposed I; 'I have known her and you more than six months.'

"The major opened his eyes.

"'Six months,' reiterated I. 'Have you no recollection of going to see Kean play 'Hamlet,' at Drury Lane Theatre?'

"'To be sure I have.'

"'Very good; I was there.'

"'Oh!'

"'And have you, moreover, lost sight of the visit you paid, in company with your daughter, to Vauxhall Gardens?'

"'Upon my word, no; I remember it perfectly, and flattered myself that nobody knew us.'

"'Nor did anybody, but I wished to do so, and learn your address. You afterwards visited Ulverston, and Furness Abbey.'

"'Yes, yes; I believe we did.'

"'Oh, I am *sure* you did, as I took you there myself.'

"'You?'

"'I; do you forget the postilion who refused to receive a remuneration?'

"'Ay, and saved the life of Ruth, too.'

"'Well; and perhaps you still bear the beauties of Derwentwater in mind, and your cruise along its shores?'

"'You surprise me, and evidently mean to imply that you officiated as voyageur.'

"'Precisely; and as doctor also, the next day, when you were taken poorly, and, in addition to my care of yourself, wished me to prescribe for your daughter.'

"'Come this way,' cried the major, seizing my hand; 'I can't understand all this at once; Ruth must hear it.'

"'I had rather wait awhile,' said I.

"'Well, then, you must tell your own story, that is all,' said Major Leyden, shrugging his shoulders. 'I have a great mind to make known the whole affair to my friend, G. P. R. James, who would spin three volumes out of it. There; don't tell me any more to-day; I have to transact business with my steward.'

"And I fancy the tale had better close here," said St Clair. stirring the embers of the fire with the toe of his boot.

"No; I am anxious to learn the sequel," I replied; "and whether, in due course of time, you married Ruth, became the father of a large and thriving family, and lived to a comfortable old age."

"What, would you have me describe all the particulars of my courtship? how I rode out daily on horseback with Ruth; by what delicate little attentions I strove to win her love; what romantic rambles we took about the charming shrubberies and park; what poets we quoted; how often we gazed upon the moon and stars, and roved by the banks of the sleeping lake—ah, treacherous lake!—what scenery we admired, and what cottages we sought shelter in, when storms overtook us; and how the major declared he could never consent to part with Ruth; and how averse he was to the idea of her going abroad—little dreaming of the fate that awaited her at home? Alas, alas! would you hear the melancholy sequel to the story, and learn all my madness and misery? Would you hear it, I say?"

The tone in which these last words were uttered, and the look of anguish that stole over the features of St Clair, together with the sudden and unexpected turn his narrative had taken, gave me a great shock, and I could do nothing but gaze on him in silence. He had thrown himself upon his face, and his frame shook like that of a man in his last agony. Presently he made a tremendous effort, and grew calm. "You shall hear the sequel," he said, abruptly, "but you will wish that I had kept it from you."

"Months rolled away. I had returned to Philadelphia, and made a second voyage to England. I was to marry Ruth. The squire had apologised to the major and myself, and we were all on friendly terms. My wedding-day drew near. The major was absent; he had business in London, and was to be back on the morrow. There were visiters at the Hall, and one of the party suggested that we should spend the evening on the lake. I objected, but my objections were overruled. I had a sort of presentiment that something frightful was to happen, and could not muster my usual flow of spirits. I proposed that we should make for shore, and got much rallied for my cowardice. I had no apprehensions on the score of my own safety; I thought of others. Haughton would have the sail hoisted; he boasted of his nautical skill,

and insisted upon making an exhibition of it. You can guess the result of such rashness. He was a mere novice in matters of this nature. A sudden puff of wind capsized the boat, and we were all precipitated into the water. I was the only one who could swim, and rose immediately. I sought for Ruth—in vain. I dived wildly into the very depths of the lake, and then, darting back to the surface, saw a hand stretched above it. A white robe next caught my eye, and, seizing the inanimate figure in my arms, I ploughed with it to land. It was not Ruth. The servants in the Hall, alarmed by my cries, had rushed down to the water's edge. Another boat was quickly launched, and two more ladies were rescued, but no Ruth. I plunged a third and a fourth time into the fatal lake, and, in turning myself, got entangled among the weeds, but broke them in the struggle, and was grappled by Haughton—Haughton, the cause of all my misery. With a powerful effort I cast him off, but could not see a fellow-creature drown. I grasped his hair, and dragged him to the bank.

"Need I relate the rest. Two hours afterwards, the lifeless body of Ruth was taken from its watery grave. Her dress had been caught by the projecting branch of a hidden tree, and all was over—all was over. It was in vain that they strove to tear me from her side. I was little better than a maniac. But the most dreadful scene was yet to come. We had despatched grooms to meet the major, and acquaint him with the black intelligence. He reached home by a different route from the one expected, leaped joyously from his horse, and came singing into the house. I encountered him as he strode along the hall. My looks told the tale. A deathly dew broke out upon his forehead. He rushed to the room in which the corpse of his child lay, and fell like a dead man upon the floor.

"I am now a wanderer. The world has few attractions for me; all my better feelings and hopes are in the cold grave with Ruth. But I wish to learn resignation, and there are times when I fancy that I have learned it; though the gloom of my bereavement will again spread its shadows over my soul, and bow me to the dust. Still, I have my moments of happi-

ness; there are breaks of blue in the clouds that have gathered over me. How pure and how beautiful is the memory of an early affection! and how much more pure and holy, when she who awakened it is with us on earth no more! As we struggle sadly onward over the desert of existence, and ever and anon stay to look pensively back upon such scenes of our past love, it is as though we paused to drink at some sunny fountain that had often refreshed us in our youth, and been rendered sacred to our hearts by every gentle and pleasant association."

HEAP THE THIRTY-SECOND.

St Clair's narrative occupied the greater portion of the night. Morning having at length broken, we rekindled the fire, and went to pay our respects to the lady with the blue veil. She declared that she had enjoyed an excellent night's repose, though there was a something in her appearance, and in the glance she bestowed upon St Clair, which convinced me that she had in reality slept very little, and was in full possession of every particular of his history.

"At what hour may we expect the boat to pass?" asked I, looking at my watch.

"If it passes at all," returned St Clair, "it will be towards noon."

He had recovered his cheerfulness, and indeed appeared to be enjoying even higher spirits than usual.

"*If!*" echoed the lady with the blue veil. "Is there any prospect of—do you mean that we may have to remain on this island another night?"

"There certainly will be a boat to-day," said I, "and she will most probably touch here."

The lady recovered her calmness, and St Clair proposed that we should walk over the island, and see whether it harboured any living animal; for the pangs of hunger that we were experiencing began to be almost unendurable.

"A rat would be better than nothing," said he, taking a long stick, and thrusting it up a hole that ran under the bank. At the same instant one of the respectable class of vermin named bounded from it, and leaped into the water.

"There are rabbits," cried I, pointing to a burrow, and other indubitable symptoms of their proximity.

"Very good," replied St Clair; "have the goodness to take a stout club, and guard that hole, while I probe the premises with this stick."

I acted upon his suggestion, and we speedily bagged a small grey rabbit; but it was evident that our success was the result more of accident than of ingenuity, for a second and third sally of the kind were productive of very different fortune. So we returned with the dead rabbit to our fire, and cooked the dainty morsel with much expedition. The lady with the blue veil, however, was prodigiously disgusted with the whole proceeding, and appeared to be labouring under a presentiment that we were bent upon palming some obscene animal upon her. It was in vain that we exhibited the rabbit's skin and tail; she remained unconvinced, and St Clair and I were compelled to withdraw and discuss our repast in private.

The Montreal boat eventually arrived; and great was the astonishment of her captain and passengers, when they had received us on board, and heard our tale. Face after face was thrust down the cabin staircase; and an elderly lady with feathers, three bilious-looking middle-aged gentlemen, and an itinerant American clock-vender, were so smitten with admiration of our adventure, that they sat themselves down precisely opposite us, and continued to stare at the lady with the blue veil, St Clair, and myself, until we landed at Kingston.

The city of Kingston, viewed from the lake, has a very striking appearance; but, when you have once entered it, all that interest ends. St Clair and I, having surveyed the lions, repaired to an hotel, and agreed to pass the evening together. But what was our consternation upon discovering that we had been robbed of our purses, and were comparative paupers!

"Zounds!" cried St Clair, "I have a large sum of money in that purse. Come, let us hold a council of war. The passengers by this vessel may have been *all* thieves, for aught I know; but let us bethink us whether there was among them any individual in particular on whom our suspicions should fall."

"I have it," said I; "the man with the clocks was present when we paid our fare, and afterwards jostled us many times. He sat between you and myself, too, at the tea-table. We must track him. He landed with us, and lurks, most probably, in one of the inferior hotels in the neighbourhood. Shall we separate, or hunt in couple? Perhaps it will be well if we keep together."

"Take a pistol, then," said St Clair; "it is not loaded, but the mere presentation of it, with the click of the lock, would cause some men to quake."

For a long time our search was unsuccessful. At length, on entering a low, disreputable-looking tavern, we found the clock-maker sitting alone in a small room, and absolutely wetting his fingers and counting over a roll of five-dollar notes, which he had abstracted from one of the purses. He turned pale, thrust the money into his bosom, and was on the eve of shouting for assistance.

"Silence!" cried St Clair, cocking his pistol, and putting it almost into the clockmaker's mouth; "one syllable, and you are a dead man. We wish no disturbance; come, deliver up."

It was to no purpose that the clockmaker protested his perfect innocence; I put my hand into his breast, and drew out the missing property. Upon examination, it proved to be correct, and St Clair and I returned merrily to our quarters. We passed the night and a portion of the next day together, and then, shaking hands, parted with mutual professions of sincere regret and eternal friendship.

HEAP THE THIRTY-THIRD.

My readers (if I have any) will perhaps remember that I had an engagement to spend a portion of the winter with a young backwoodsman, named Twobears Ramsay, who had pitched his wigwam in the wildernesses bordering upon the banks of the river Madwaska. I knew nothing of the river Madwaska—except that it emptied itself into the Ottawa—and was compelled to apply for the necessary information respecting my line of march to the landlord of the small hotel at which I was staying. He was a respectably-dressed man, with a grave, thinking countenance, and appeared to be in the habit of weighing a matter well before he pronounced an opinion on it. He was silent for some minutes, and then said, "You are altogether wrong; you have no business here; you should have gone up the Ottawa."

"But I was directed to proceed to Kingston, and on through the bush."

"Yes?"

"Yes; can I not reach the Madwaska by this route?"

"Perhaps you may, if time is of no value."

"I have ten days to perform the journey in; can it be done?"

"With my assistance, yes. Listen. I have business in a small settlement a few miles from Perth, and intended to wait till the snow set in; but it matters little, I will go now, and drive you in my waggon. Can you keep a secret?"

"I will not betray one, at all events."

"But I must have your word of honour."

"Very well; I give it."

"I can trust you; come with me."

He took me to a sort of barn, or coach-house, in his yard, unlocked a pair of folding-doors, and pointed to a heap of goods.

"I have to convey these to a place called Smith's Falls," said Mr Knagg; "but there are lions in the way."

"Your wares are valuable, perhaps."

"Tea and dried apples."

"Do you fear thieves?"

"Yes; in the shape of excisemen."

"Oh! a smuggler, eh?"

"Hush!"

Mr Knagg gave a queer little laugh, almost as dry as his apples; locked the folding-doors; and marched back with me to the house.

"I shall be ready by the day after to-morrow," said he; "will you?"

"Yes; I am ready at any moment."

"Remember, there is risk to be run."

"I go with you."

Early on the appointed morning, Mr Knagg and I mounted the waggon, and took our departure. It was so dark that we could scarcely see the horses before us, but the smuggler was an excellent whip, and knew the road well. When I speak of a road, I mean a corduroy road; a sort of narrow lane, full of ruts and holes, and flanked with interminable forest. Our average rate of procedure was about five miles an hour, inclusive of occasional calls at taverns, and stoppages in settlements in which Mr Knagg had business to transact. It was not his intention to go by the direct route to Smith's Falls, for there were certain localities which he was anxious to avoid; our real progress for the first two days, therefore, was by no means considerable; but on the third evening of our journey Mr Knagg's spirits rose, and we drew up at a dilapidated inn on the borders of an extensive cedar-swamp. The host of this inn appeared to be an old friend of the smuggler's, and the latter invited him to take supper with us. The supper consisted of bacon, poached eggs, buck-wheat cakes, savoury preserves, and delicious honey. The landlord's wife waited on us, and several pretty curly-headed children gambolled about the room. I took one of them upon my knee, and soon ingratiated myself with her by means of a slice of buck-wheat cake, spread with honey. The father seemed to appreciate the attention, but I could not win a smile from him. There was evidently a something weighing upon his mind.

"Come, neighbour, cheer up," said Mr Knagg; "things will mend shortly, please God."

"Never with me," replied the dismal man, shaking his head. "I shall not look up again in this world."

"May I inquire the nature of your complaint?" said I, supposing that the innkeeper laboured under some grievous bodily infirmity.

"A lawyer, sir!" was the concise reply.

I begged an explanation, and the man told me the following story:—

"It is only lately that I have turned emigrant, and settled in this quarter. In fact, I have not finally settled *here;* for the cedar-swamp is a bad neighbour, and injures the healths of my wife and children. I am an Englishman. My father was a respectable farmer, and lived at a little village in Yorkshire. He had a small estate, which at his death came to me. It was a pretty place, and I was proud of it. The property was quite unencumbered, and the title-deeds and papers belonging to it were all in my own possession. But among my acquaintance in the neighbourhood there was an attorney, who (I afterwards discovered) got a livelihood by setting the villagers together by the ears, and then undertaking the redress of their mutual grievances. He had always been on friendly terms with myself, and I suspected no treachery. He was my wife's brother.

"One day he called on me, and asked if I would be so obliging as to let him look at the papers belonging to the estate, for the commissioners of the roads (he said) were appropriating to themselves some waste land, to which he thought I might lay claim. I put the required documents into his hand, and he told me in a pleasant way, that he would take them home with him. He did so, and kept them a month. I then called for them, but he was out. I called again, and saw him. I asked for the deeds. He replied that he had scarcely completed the perusal of them, and requested me to wait a week. I told him I cared very little about the encroachments he had spoken of, and would let matters remain as they were. Mr Dunmaney, however, said, 'No, no; he would see me righted;' and, one

of his clients happening to come in at the moment, I was obliged to leave the office. Another month elapsed. He had commenced an action against the commissioners of the roads. My hair actually stood on end. I had never empowered him to do anything of the kind. 'Pooh pooh, my good fellow,' said he, 'we shall get a verdict in our favour, and make them pay heavy damages.' Another month rolled away. He came to me for money to carry on the action. I refused. He persisted. I told him he had acted without my authority. High words ensued, and I bade him quit my house. He quitted it, and I went to his office the next day for my missing papers. Mr Dunmaney said many things to irritate me, but I kept my temper, as his clerk, Mr Pickings, was present, and I feared lest any observations I might feel disposed to indulge in should form the groundwork of a new action for defamation of character. 'Give me my deeds,' cried I, 'and let me go.'—'You wish me to forbear all further proceedings on your behalf—do you?' asked the lawyer, taking a pinch of snuff, and offering the box to Mr Pickings.—'Of course I do,' was my answer; 'and you know it.'—'Very good,' returned Dunmaney; 'but you must be aware that the expenses already are considerable. I will make out your bill, and ——'—'Bill!' cried I; 'what bill?'—'Oh! he asks what bill!' echoed Mr Dunmaney holding up his hands, and turning to his clerk; 'he positively—but this is a client's gratitude.' Then, frowning and jerking himself back with his face to me, he said, loudly, and with the air of a man who had been much injured, 'You shall hear from me shortly, sir, and, as I have a character and credit to maintain, I would much rather that you put your affairs into the hands of somebody else.' I was in a great rage, but held my tongue, and left the office. I heard Mr Dunmaney and his clerk, Mr Pickings, laugh loudly as I closed the outer door. The dreadful bill came in. I have it now—a hundred and thirty and odd pounds, with an application for immediate payment. I took it to the rector of the parish, who promised to see Dunmaney and expostulate with him. Dunmaney heard all he had got to say, and charged the good man thirteen

shillings and fourpence for the consultation; which the latter refused to pay. Dunmaney wrote to him respecting it, and charged an additional five shillings for the letter. That did not mend matters, and a second and a third letter were written, and charged, till at length the expenses had amounted to two guineas. The lawyer now served the poor parson with a copy of a writ, and next with a notice of declaration, and finally with an execution on his property. The afflicted rector then paid something like fifteen or twenty guineas, to enjoy his peace of mind again, and there his remonstrances ended. I did not get off so easily. I owed a heavier sum than I was able to pay. I had been rather unfortunate, too, that year with my crops, and could not raise money upon them; my only alternative, therefore, was to consent to a mortgage on my property. Dunmaney had the deeds, and he must of course draw out the parchments; while a friend of his—a Mr Dunmore—agreed to advance the cash. Lawyer and mortgagee pulled together; the expenses were increased tenfold; my farm was encumbered beyond redemption; my embarrassments were greater than I could ever acquit myself of; by and by there was a foreclosure of mortgage; and I was a ruined man. I sold off the few articles of furniture and farm-stock that yet remained to me, accepted some offers that were held out by government, sought a refuge in the wilderness—and here I am!"

The innkeeper having concluded his story, he and Mr Knagg fell into conversation, and I amused myself by examining the pictures that decorated the walls. From my proximity to the speakers, I could not help overhearing fragments of their discourse, which had reference to a place called Burritt's Hollow. This Burritt's Hollow appeared to be a rather dangerous locality, of which Mr Knagg and his team would have to run the gauntlet. There was also repeated allusion made to two men, yclept Buff and Adair, but what part they were to play in the adventure, of course remained a mystery to me. For the better guidance of the smuggler, the innkeeper then drew out, with the point of the snuffers, upon the deal table, a sketch of the proper line of march, and the two friends consulted it with

as much gravity as a general would his plan of operations on the eve of some mighty battle. At length the conference came to a close, and we all retired for the night—Mr Knagg to a sort of loft, in the upper regions of the hut, and my host, hostess, their children, and myself, to the only dormitory the house afforded, where grey-headed rats held noisy revel, and a myriad of shrill-voiced crickets piped their nocturnal song.

HEAP THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

Mr Knagg roused me from my slumbers long ere daylight had broken, and the team being got ready, we partook of a hasty breakfast, and proceeded on our journey. We had not progressed more than a mile, when one of the horses (our leader) began to kick and plunge in so furious a manner, that the waggon was nearly upset, and its contents thrown out into the forest at our side. It was to no purpose that I alighted and strove to pacify the enraged animal; the more I tried to soothe him, the more refractory he became. At length the smuggler himself leaped angrily down, and, taking the horse by the bridle, shook him violently. The experiment did not improve matters. Mr Knagg, then, as a last resource, caught the vicious brute by the throat—much as Samson must have seized the lion—and reduced him to the verge of suffocation. This summary treatment cowed the spirit of the poor beast in a moment; he became calm, and trotted quietly on as before; whereupon the smuggler resumed his seat upon the waggon, and recovered his good-humour, which had been much ruffled by the adventure.

At mid-day we paused for refreshment at an inn by the road-side; but Mr Knagg had no sooner dismounted and entered the hut, than he reappeared, skipped lightly to his perch, seized the reins, and drove away again at a canter. I asked no questions, and he made no remark; but I suspected that he had met with an unwelcome face among the company at the inn, and considered it prudent to push onward to his destination. About

"sundown" we stopped once more at a lonely little log-house, and here the smuggler said he would pass the night. The occupants of the hut were in great trouble. The boss (as the master is always termed) had caught a violent cold, and was lying stretched out upon the floor. His respiration was thick; he had violent pains all over his body, and was dying rapidly. I asked his wife whether she had applied for medical assistance. She shook her head, and replied that no such thing was to be procured. She wrung her hands wildly, and rocked her body mournfully to and fro as she spoke. I put my hand into my pocket, and drew out my penknife. The smuggler noticed the movement, read my intention, stripped up the settler's sleeve, and got the man into a sitting posture. I had no great skill in leech-craft, but I saw that unless the patient was bled at once, he could not live till morning. I took hold of the bared arm therefore, bade Mr Knagg tie it above the elbow, caused the vein to develop itself, and made a bold puncture. The black blood leaped out upon us, and in ten minutes the settler was able to draw a long breath. He begged for something to drink. I ordered his wife to make him a basin of tea. She had no tea. I looked at Mr Knagg. It was the "cool o' the day" in his heart, and the good Samaritan happened to be walking there. The smuggler arose, and strode from the room. There were sounds as of a hammer and chisel at work, and presently Mr Knagg, re-appearing, filled the apron of the settler's wife with tea, and hung three or four goodly strings of dried apples playfully around her neck. There was sunshine in the emigrant's cottage that evening; and on the morrow, as I mounted the waggon, I had the satisfaction of knowing that my patient was in a fair way of recovery.

We had now crossed the townships of Loughborough and Bedford, and were upon the banks of the river Rideau—a stream about twice the width of our Severn, at its broadest part. The same night we arrived in the neighbourhood of the dangerous Burritt's Hollow, and Mr Knagg's anxiety increased. He found himself compelled to bait his horses at a moment when prudence would have urged him onward and the delay bade fair to mar

his plans, which had been laid with much skill and foresight. Burritt's Hollow was the post of one of the excise-officers, who had the reputation of being an exceedingly shrewd fellow, and the terror of every smuggler that infested the bush. Mr Knagg would have avoided so notorious a locality, but, as there was only one available line of road through the district, he had to sacrifice scruple to necessity.

We were approaching Burritt's Hollow. The grey light of morning was just breaking upon the landscape. Mr Knagg proceeded at a slow pace, "for," said he, "we may presently have occasion to put our horses to their mettle, and must husband their powers for the grand push." He had endeavoured so to arrange matters that his team would pass the Hollow in the dead of night, but the many detentions we had met with had deranged his plans, and rendered the danger of detection most imminent. When we had arrived within about two hundred yards of the exciseman's hut, therefore, Mr Knagg requested me to go forward and reconnoitre. The result was favourable to the enterprise. The smuggler told me to mount the waggon, and take the reins, while he walked by the side of the team.

"The roads are soft," whispered he, "and the horses' hoofs will make no noise; nor will the wheels, if all goes well. Should the colonel hear us, however, and I give the alarm, put the brutes to their speed; never mind me—I will follow." As he ceased speaking, I heard a door slam, and a dog bark. I checked the horses at once, and suffered a few minutes to elapse. Mr Knagg then gave me the signal to proceed, and we silently accomplished the dangerous pass. The road ran almost close past the hut, but we kept in the shadow of the tall pine-trees, and the recent rains had rendered the ground too moist to admit of its yielding the slightest sound as the waggon went over it. Had a wheel creaked, had a twig snapped, had one of the horses sneezed, detection would have been inevitable, and the load of tea and dried apples, as well as the vehicle and team, would all have been confiscated. Fortunately for Mr Knagg, no such disaster occurred, and, leaping to my side with

a chuckle, he returned a seven-barrelled revolving pistol into his capacious pocket.

We reached Smith's Falls soon afterwards, and the tea and dried apples found a safe asylum. The consignee (one of the principal storekeepers in the settlement) was a dapper, flaxen-haired, good-humoured little man, and insisted on my taking breakfast, and spending the day with him. Nor would his friend Mr Knagg accept of any compensation for the service he had rendered me. He shook my hand heartily when we parted; gave one of his little dry withered laughs, and asked me to favour him with a call, should I return to Montreal by way of Kingston and Lake Ontario.

HEAP THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

It is not my intention to give a minute account of my journey through the wilds of Upper Canada. I shall present the reader with a few pictures of bush-life on my return, and must beg him to hurry on with me now into the backwoods, where, he will perhaps remember, I had an appointment to meet my semi-civilised friend, Twobears Ramsay, on the first evening of the month of October. I had four days yet before me, but there was a long tract of country lying between myself and the spot of rendezvous. I was the whole of one of these days, and a portion of the next night, in crossing the township of Drummond; another day in crossing Lanark; and a third in riding over Darling, and reaching the village of Tompkinsville, where, as I was in a state of extreme fatigue and exhaustion, I resolved to spend the night.

The greater portion of the village of Tompkinsville had been burned down the night before I entered it; and with it, they told me, most of the finest public buildings and handsomest private edifices. I shall not have occasion, therefore, to descant at any length upon the architectural beauties of this retired settlement; if, however, the houses that had been con-

sumed corresponded in any way with those few melancholy habitations the flames had good-naturedly left standing, they must have been piles of extraordinary magnificence and sublimity!

The hotel (for such I suppose I must term it) at which, acting upon a suggestion of my friend Twobears, I sought accommodation, was called "The Forty Thieves;" but whether out of compliment to the select society of worthies that frequented it, I cannot say. The building was constructed of logs; and, depending from a rude post in front of it, there swung, at a considerable elevation, a gigantic deal-board, upon which some native limner, of a high walk in his profession, had depicted thirty-eight yellow jars, into each of whose capacious mouths a dark lady, in tall pattens, and armed with a blue watering-pot, was industriously engaged in pouring a liberal supply of boiling oil, for the refreshment of the thirty-eight amiably disposed brigands supposed to be ensconced within. That every other arrangement, too, might be in strict keeping with the title that distinguished this house of entertainment for man and beast, the landlord of it (who was a fat, grey-haired, jovial-faced, good-tempered old countryman) had, by the choice spirits of the settlement, been nicknamed "Ali Baba;" while upon his mother, a venerable lady of about ninety years of age and upwards, they had conferred the no less romantic sobriquet of "Morgiana"—as she generally officiated in the capacity of slave and barmaid. For Ali Baba I conceived an instant regard, but for Morgiana I did not, as she was ever to be observed scrambling up the halfpence that poured in with a degree of gusto that was somewhat sickening, and dwelling mournfully upon the demerits of her delinquent offspring Ali, whom she perpetually denounced as "A bad son, a wicked son; a bad, wicked son," and so forth; each of which little soliloquial indulgences she invariably wound up by locking the cash-drawer cautiously, and depositing the key of it in a mysterious pocket approachable solely by means to which her own shrivelled fingers alone possessed the clue.

An Englishman upon his travels through the bush must not

exhibit the same amount of sensitiveness and love of privacy that would characterise his conduct at home. He must not demand a private room in every hotel he stops at, and shut himself up in it haughtily; for, should he display his importance in this manner, there would accrue not only a strong probability of his being overlooked at meal times, but also of his becoming a rather unpopular character among the company into which he cannot avoid being occasionally thrown. He must lay aside his consequence for the nonce, and not feel insulted should he be called upon to shake hands with a blunt honest farmer, and now and then even take his tea and toast at the same table with a tailor, or a barber, or a shoemaker; resting satisfied that there will always be something in the conversation and character of such temporary associates that will contribute to his amusement, and atone for the condescension of which he has been so gracefully guilty. With these views, then, I did not feel at all offended to hear the worthy host of the Forty Thieves address me familiarly as "Boss" (a title usualy conferred on a stranger till such time as his real name drops out), nor to find myself partaking of a savoury venison steak with a colossal blacksmith, attired in a leathern apron; a burly butcher, who had lost his wife in the conflagration of the previous night—which calamity, I suppose, accounted for his pausing at intervals to polish a prominent feature with the tablecloth; and the settlement surgeon, who did not patronise a fork, nor, apparently, either a hair or a nail-brush, but who *did* patronise the venison liberally, though he was so candid as to admit, in reply to an inquiry from Ali Baba touching the merits of the dish, "that it would go much better with jally fixing."

Ali Baba figured no less conspicuously as a scholar, than his politeness and urbanity destined him to shine as a host. After having elicited my opinion relative to the amount of talent exhibited in the delineation of the thirty-eight jars upon the signboard, and the expressive countenance of the lady who was administering the oil, he launched into a learned dissertation on the fine arts generally, and inquired what I

thought of history viewed in the abstract. The question rather embarrassed me, but I replied, that I considered it a very delightful study, and did not envy the man whose tastes would prohibit his indulgence in a similar sentiment; whereupon Ali Baba, with a flourish of his pipe, observed, "Nor do I envy that man, sir. Would I wally his opinion? No. Would I cultivate his acquaintance? I guess not. Look at Robinson Crusoe—there's a picter of private life."

"Ah, to be sure," said I, somewhat taken aback; "very true."

"And Cleopatter; have *we* a Cleopatter? find me a Cleopatter, will you."

I was about to repeat my former asseveration, but Ali Baba, holding up his hand to entreat my forbearance for a moment, continued—"Or a Sinbad the sailor; or a Crumwell; or a Billy Pitt; or a one-eyed Calender. But," cried the landlord, tapping my knee with the pipe-stem, and speaking slowly and emphatically, "give *me* Alexander!" With the delivery of this predilection for the illustrious hero in question, Ali Baba threw himself back in his chair, and relapsed into one of his habitual chuckling fits, which was of a sufficient violence and volume to rouse the slumbering Morgiana, who muttered, "'A bad son, a wicked son; a bad, wicked son;" and fell to counting over the money in the till afresh.

The landlord of the Forty Thieves proved to be a friend of Captain Ramsay's, and, it appeared, had pledged himself to the son of that gentleman (when the young hunter was passing through the settlement on his journey homeward) to furnish me with the necessary instructions for the accomplishment of the solitary enterprise I had in view. Ali Baba discharged himself honourably of this engagement; nor did his kindness end here; he lent me his own choice steed for the expedition, and offered to go some part of the distance with me. I felt, however, that his good-nature had already been sufficiently taxed, and assured him that the sketch of country he had drawn for my guidance, was so explicit as to render it impossible for me to miss my way. And I determined to commence the strange pilgrimage early on the following morning.

HEAP THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

The hour appointed for my departure from the village of Tompkinsville having arrived, I would fain have acquitted myself of any little pecuniary responsibilities I might have incurred during the period of my sojourn at the Forty Thieves; but Ali Baba stoutly protested against receiving one cent of compensation from a friend of Captain Ramsay, and I was compelled to return my purse into my pocket. During the landlord's absence, however (for he had gone to saddle the horse for me), his mother Morgiana hobbled up, with straining eyeballs and palpitating heart, and, clutching my arm nervously, implored me, by all that I held dear, not to mind what her wicked son said, and to give her money—to give her money; so I put into her hand the sum I deemed an adequate return for her hospitality, and she locked it up hastily in the drawer, muttering, "A bad son, a wicked son—a bad, wicked son;" at the same time thrusting the key of her treasure-coffer into the remote and unaccountable pocket of which mention has been already made.

The Caliph (for such was the name of the landlord's horse) was a tall jet-black animal, with a rat-tail, and the most vicious cast of countenance that can possibly be conceived. In reply to my query whether he could go, Ali Baba, who was buckling my knapsack to the front of the saddle, observed, that so far from the Caliph manifesting any reluctance in that respect, the only difficulty was in ever getting him to stop. My next query was whether the brute had any particular vice worth mentioning—an inquiry which raised a general laugh, for a great many obliging people had congregated to see me off, and many others, equally patronising, and actuated by a similar curiosity, were looking on from windows. With some apprehensions for the result of the measure, therefore, I slung my rifle hastily over my shoulder, and sprang to the Caliph's back. He plunged furiously, and, kicking a tall settler in the ribs, nearly killed him on the spot. With this specimen of his graceful pleasantry

of disposition, and light and easy play of limb, the Caliph gnashed his teeth, rolled his eyes hideously, shook his head, made a bite at the company generally, and bounded through the settlement, and away into the distant forest depths, with the velocity of a thunderbolt.

The Caliph was by no means an agreeable beast to bestride. The first mile or two of the journey he performed quite to my satisfaction, but the next he transacted solely upon his hind-legs; then he made a sudden halt, and attempted to poise himself upon his two fore ones—a proceeding which embarrassed me very much. Nor were even these the most unprepossessing of his peculiarities; for, after every such eccentric achievement in which it was his humour to indulge, he invariably turned his head, and stared me full in the face, as though to inquire what I thought of it, and note the effect it had upon me. Finding, however, that I still maintained my seat, he shook himself, and, running sideways against a tree, crushed my leg painfully. I was now thoroughly roused, and, unslinging my rifle quickly, brought the stock of it upon the Caliph's skull with such smartness and effect, that we both came down and rolled upon the turf together.

Having reduced Ali Baba's notorious steed to a state of comparative subordination, I was able now to cast an occasional glance over the face of the country. The district through which I had to pass was one dense mass of forest, with here and there a few hundred acres of clearing, and an attempt at a settlement, consisting of some sixty to eighty log habitations, a church, and a species of blockhouse, which in almost every instance I found had been converted into a granary, or something of a nature equally serviceable and pacific. Each of such settlements derived its appellation from the surname of its founder, but a "ville" was attached, to render the word more sightly and melodious. I paused at the chief inn of one of these unpretending little villages, and, the landlord having come out to offer me any civility it was in his power to render, inquired the place's name.

"Jacksonville," returned the proprietor of the inn, walking

leisurely up to the Caliph, and attempting to pat his neck; a piece of familiarity of which the animal did not seem at all to approve; his eye flashed like a flint, and his ears fell perfectly flat upon his head.

"Jacksonville; and you are Mr Jackson, I presume?"

"Yes, siree."

"Have you been long resident here?"

"Twelve years and over."

"And how do you like bush-life?"

"Oh, well enough; I'm used to it. I was sorter lonely once when I cleared my first bit of land, but there's plenty of company now. I am satisfied."

"And would not return to the old country, if you had a free passage offered you, and an independence to look forward to when you got there—is it so, Mr Jackson?"

"Wal, yes; not out of any disrespect to the old country, God bless it, but I have got through my hard work, and shall never come to want. I mean to die here."

"I am sorry to perceive that you have lost a leg; an accident, I presume?"

"Wal, yes," replied Mr Jackson, regarding his timber toe with much complacency; "I chopped it off the first day I squatted here; but I've got along very well without it, and what a man can do without, he can afford to part with, I take it."

"An excellent maxim, doubtless; but I am afraid you appear inclined to carry it to greater lengths than I should be disposed to follow you to. You have had a misfortune, too, I perceive, with one of your eyes."

"Wal, yes; I was blasting a pine stump a year or two back, and a splinter took it away—what then? I can see, can't I?"

This proposition being so unanswerable a one, I remained silent, but continued to regard Mr Jackson with increasing attention and interest.

"See here," cried the same gentleman, holding out his left arm in a disparaging sort of manner, "what's the use of this 'ere limb to me? I have got another, haven't I? If it was to go, I shouldn't grieve for it."

At this juncture, my new acquaintance raised his hand to his head, and commenced handling it in so peculiar a way, that, fearful lest he should be about to inform me that he could manage to dispense with that portion of his anatomy also, I, as a pretext for changing the subject, asked him what the distance was to Jenkinsville, the next settlement. He replied, "Twelve miles; follow the concession line of road, and you'll be right for it; but it's now sundown, and you must ride hard, if you would not spend the night in the forest. What are you doing?"

"Take this."

"Why? I didn't ask you for anything, did I?"

"No; that has nothing to do with it; my horse has drunk at your trough."

"That's a fact; but he can't do without water, can he?"

"Decidedly not."

"And I *can* do without your money, can't I?"

Mr Jackson put his head on one side, and accompanied his latter enigma with such an extraordinary look, that, not being a match for him in argument, I shook his hand heartily over the trough, and rode slowly away.

I had never met with a discontented settler. "It is evident," said I to myself, "that there is a living here for everybody who is willing and able to work; but that it is no place for an idle man and a vagabond, is a no less conspicuous fact. Here are all the necessaries of life, with none of its luxuries, Land is to be purchased for such a mere trifle, that the most poverty-stricken emigrant need not despair of ultimately becoming the possessor of a flourishing estate. He will have hard work the first year or two, what with the process of clearing it, and other necessary labours, but what of that? If he be a father, his sons must help him; and, if he be a young fellow, he must have a strong active brother or two to lend him a hand now and then, and he will "get along" surprisingly. The soil is remarkably fertile, and yields abundantly. I have had patches of ground pointed out to me which have borne three, and in some cases even four crops of wheat in

succession. The greatest enemies a farmer has to contend with are the old stumps of the fallen trees, which cling to their mother earth with such a tenacity, that ten, twelve, and often fifteen years will elapse before they can be entirely eradicated. They assume the most fantastic and impertinent of shapes, too, and appear, in many instances, to be leering, and taking what are vulgarly termed "sights" at settlers in general; as though they would say, "Aha, you have cut off our heads, but you couldn't get us out—we are too tight for that; and we won't budge an inch either, as long as we have a twig to wag at you, or a claw to hold on by."

Mr Jackson's prophecy relative to the probabilities of night overtaking me before I reached Jenkinsville, was fulfilled to the letter. I missed my way in the darkness, and became so entangled in the forest, that I began to fear all hopes of extrication were at an end; but it occurred to me, that if I could procure a light, the compass I carried might help me out of the dilemma; so I tethered the Caliph to a tree, and sprinkling a few grains of powder upon a heap of dry twigs, applied the muzzle of my rifle to them, and pulled the trigger.

I had been guilty of bad generalship here. The dry twigs blazed, and communicated with some parched leaves; the parched leaves communicated with the no less susceptible branches above; and the whole forest burst into flames. There was a strong breeze, and my only chance of safety lay in instant flight. I set the Caliph free, and, leaping hastily to the saddle, endeavoured to urge him onward with the spur; but the sudden panic with which he was seized deprived him of all power of motion. With the long tongues of flame licking me as I stood, I then passed my pocket-handkerchief quickly under my horse's throat, and tied it over his head, in a manner that completely blindfolded him. This measure proved an effective one, and after a long struggle, and much plunging and kicking, suffocated with the smoke, and half stunned by the falling fragments of charred timber, I got to windward of the conflagration, which had now become general. In this critical position of affairs, I was so fortunate as to hit

once more upon the concession line of road; on which the Caliph had no sooner struck his gratified hoof, than, bounding wildly through the midst of a herd of flying deer, and with the fire roaring loudly in his wake, he dashed full gallop along the rugged track before us, and trembling with terror, and dripping with foam, bore me breathless into the narrow street of the lonely little village of Jenkinsville.

HEAP THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

Day having broken, I remounted, and pushed forward for the rendezvous. The morning presented no new adventure, but, towards noon, I heard the sound of voices in lamentation, mixed with the most dismal shrieks, sobs, and groans. I rode slowly on, and seeing a large concourse of people, concealed myself among the foliage in a way which enabled me to overhear all that was going on. Hard by stood the stump of an old decayed tree, and in that tree stood a tall, powerfully-built man, with an open Bible in his hand, and his face streaming with tears. He was a Millerite divine (the backwoods of Canada are rife with such men), and was persuading the poor fanatics around him that the world would come to a close within thirty days from the period of his announcement. He gave them to understand that he had received this revelation direct from the lips of Deity; and advised every settler to abandon the cultivation of his farm, with all concerns of this mortal state, and prepare for the terrible consummation of which he had already spoken. I listened with indignation to this blasphemous harangue, and then, riding suddenly into the very centre of the group, urged the deluded people, in a few hurried words, to put no faith in what they had heard, and to cultivate their farms as usual. The man in the tree retorted with a volley of abuse, and called on several of his proselytes to seize me, for I was that spirit of Antichrist which had troubled the world so long. I clapped my hand upon a pistol,

gave the Caliph the spur, the crowd opened, and I resumed my journey; but the false prophet continued to pour his curses upon me, until the forest hid my figure from his sight.

The shades of evening falling once more over the silent landscape, I was induced to abandon my original intention of pushing on as far as a settlement termed Little Golgotha, and convert the first hut or shanty I met with into sleeping quarters for myself and horse. My disaster of the previous day had shown me the folly of attempting to explore a path through the solitudes after the sun had once set upon them, and I had no sooner caught a glimpse of a log habitation, than I drew rein and dismounted. The Caliph, who was quite exhausted with the fatigues of the day's march, laid himself down immediately, and rubbed the back of my hand with his nostril, as I loosened the girths of the saddle.

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," exclaimed the poet Cowper; and here would have been the very spot for which he sighed. The hut was one of the rudest and most awkwardly constructed I had yet seen. It was small, but high, and in a very unfinished state; there being no windows, and the roof not having yet been closed in. The door hanging ajar, I knocked at it, and, receiving no answer, entered. A corpse was the sole tenant of the place. I took it for the prostrate form of a sleeping man, and laid my hand upon his head, but found it cold as marble. His features were scarcely distinguishable in the twilight; still I could see that he was young, and had not been dead long, for there was moist blood upon his brow.

From a hasty investigation of the hut and the premises around, I came to the conclusion that it had originally two occupants; one of whom—the dead man—had been killed by the fall of a tree (for a stately pine lay near, and a brace of axes beside it), while the other had fled to Little Golgotha, either in consternation at the calamity that had overtaken his friend, or for the purpose of procuring assistance from some of the settlers resident there. Having satisfied my mind on this point, I stretched myself across the threshold of the little log-

house, and gazed upon the yellow moon as she rose majestically above the dark tree-tops.

Toward midnight, I was roused from my slumbers by a loud and piercing shriek, which caused me to spring at once to my feet, and glance involuntarily at the corpse of the ill-fated settler, upon whose upturned face the moonbeams were pouring their light in a broad silver shower. My next act was to rush from the hut and look for the Caliph, who stood straining at the bridle, enveloped in foam. The word "wolves!" was so legibly depicted in his glistening eyeballs and expressive face, that, without more ado, I severed the reins with one gash of my knife, and threw open the shanty door. He lowered his head, dashed eagerly in, put his nostrils to the dead man, snorted, and reared back upon his haunches; while I fastened the door, and blocked up the gap where the window should have been. At the same moment the ravenous wolves, scenting their prey, surrounded the hut, and thrust in their noses at every chink the clumsily-hewn logs afforded them. With the cowed Caliph, trembling in every limb, in one corner of the shanty; the dead man, in his long and solemn sleep, in another; myself and rifle in a third; and the bright and glaring eyes of our bloodthirsty besiegers visible every now and then through the insterstices of a fourth; I then prepared to pass the few hours that had yet to elapse ere day could break upon the forest.

Morning having dawned, I re-saddled the Caliph, and, after securing the door, and fortifying the window of the hut, to prevent the ingress of the wolves, shaped my course for Little Golgotha. I recognised many spots that Ali Baba had spoken of, and at length came to the rocky gorge over which he had stated that it would be necessary for me to make my horse leap. A fierce cascade rushed through this gorge, and the white foam wet my face as I looked upon it. Quickening the circulation of the Caliph's blood a little with the spur, and reining him back to the bank in my rear, I shook the bridle, he cleared the gulf at a bound, and in a few minutes I made my *debut* in the village of Little Golgotha.

The settlement of Little Golgotha was quite as primitive-looking and lonely a one as I had conceived it to be, and my arrival occasioned much surprise and speculation on the part of its inhabitants. Drawing up at a comparatively neat log habitation, with a flaring red roof and yellow door, I inquired for the judge, coroner, and chief magistrate of the district; which personage, on hearing that I was a friend of Ali Baba's, came hastily out and shook hands with me, but, in effecting that act of hospitality, had a portion of his buckskin waistcoat torn away by the teeth of the incorrigible Caliph, who, after much coaxing and persuasion, was ultimately got under a shed in the judge's back premises, and furnished with a dainty feed of aromatic clover-grass and choice split beans.

My conjecture relative to the dead man whom I had discovered in the forest proved to be well founded, and a small party of settlers were just setting out with the intention of bringing the body to the village. Having delivered myself upon oath to my host, the judge, coroner, and chief magistrate of Little Golgotha, of the few particulars I knew concerning the matter, he committed my evidence—in characters of imposing magnitude—to paper; and, after eliciting my opinion on several orthographical points, and commenting on the obvious absurdity of thrusting more consonants into a word than its sound was calculated to justify, invited me to stay dinner with him; and, on my declining to do so, informed me that there was a half-breed (semi-Indian) now hanging about the settlement, who, he doubted not, would undertake to guide me to that particular spot on the banks of the river Madwaska, near which Twobears had promised to await me with a canoe.

The countenance of the half-breed, whose name was Rattlesnake, did not prepossess me in his favour. A more sinister and repulsive-looking fellow I had never seen. His first act was to filch my silver powder-flask, which I was obliged to take forcibly from him; his second to steal a bag of bullets, and hide them in the leg of his small-clothes; and his third, to get possession of my elegant little English rifle, and endeavour to elope with it. He was my superior in muscular

strength, but I contrived to twist the weapon from his grasp, and then, holding up my finger, cried, "Half-breed, listen."

"What does my brother say?"

"It is well that snakes rattle before they bite. You agreed to take me to the river's fork. Perhaps you repent, and would go back; then leave me, I have legs and eyes; but, if you are disposed to fulfil your engagement, and earn money, lead on, I will follow; and take care not to turn your face this way, for it is ugly, and I will fire at it. You understand?"

"Hugh!"

"Very well, waste no more time."

This threat had the desired effect, and eight leagues of laborious perambulation brought me to the intended rendezvous. Twobears was not there, however, nor were there any symptoms of a party having encamped near the spot. I gazed forlornly upon the old trees and silent river, then paid Rattlesnake the stipulated three dollars, and bade him depart. He coveted the rifle, and offered me his knife, tomahawk, and some valuable skins for it. I shook my head, and he asked me to let him fire the piece once before he went. I refused, and held out a pocket-pistol for his acceptance. He snatched it from my hand, and flung it indignantly upon the ground. I cocked my rifle, and pointed in the direction whence we had come. His fingers played round the handle of his tomahawk, and he retired slowly, with his face towards myself. I hoped to see him no more.

I had no axe, but I contrived to procure materials for a fire, and sat down before it, hungry and desponding. The ferocious glance with which the half-breed had regarded me on his departure almost led me to apprehend an attack from him during the night, but the silent hours one by one rolled slowly away, and their darkness and solemnity were accessory to no deed of greater note, than the perpetration of the few following lines, intended as memoranda of one of my solitary hunting rambles in the grand old woods bordering upon the shores of the beautiful Lake St Charles:—

'Twas the rudest of huts, and I said with a sigh,
Who can dwell in a region so lonely and wild?
But I think of it now with a sorrowing eye,
For a grey-hair'd old hunter lived there with his child.

"Now welcome; though simple our poor forest-fare,
And though humble our dwelling, no prouder is near;
For, young stranger, I know by the rifle you bear,
That night overtook you while chasing the deer."

How warm was the welcome! how cheering its tone!
And the look, pure and fresh as it sprung from the heart!
Sincerity hail'd them at once as her own,
And the gloom of my spirit began to depart.

Then brightly the pine logs blazed up on the hearth,
And we smiled when the howl of the wolves met our ear;
But softer emotions would sadden our mirth,
And when England was talk'd of, it was with a tear.

No curtains of damask encircled my head,
No dainty luxurious pillow was mine,
Yet I would not have barter'd my green sapin bed*
For the couch where the limbs of a monarch recline!

Sweet, sweet were my slumbers; in fancy I roved
Where in lighthearted childhood my steps used to stray;
And around me there throng'd many friends that I loved,
And knew in a bygone and happier day.

But morning drew near, when my rifle was grasp'd,
And I bade the old hunter and Ellen adieu;
Their hands for a moment I fervently clasp'd,
And soon—soon in the forest was hid from their view.

Mountains tower between us, seas scatter their foam,
Still I think on the hunter and Ellen with pain;
Ah, how many a wild weary league would I roam
But to gaze on *her* innocent beauty again!

HEAP THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

Morning—mid-day—noon—evening—night—and still no Twobears. I began to fear that I must have misunderstood him, and my long pilgrimage had been made to no purpose.

* The branches of the hemlock pine are termed "sapins."

I was now, too, excessively hungry, for the small stock of provisions I had brought with we from Little Golgotha was exhausted, and the forest appeared to be altogether destitute of those wild animals in which I had observed other localities to abound. Daylight having once set in, however, I sallied out a third time in quest of provender, and was again unsuccessful. I then rekindled the fire, and, replacing myself disconsolately before it, lessened the circumference of my belt by the space of at least three inches.

I had sat about an hour pondering thus, when I heard the rustling of leaves, and, looking up, saw a large milk-white rabbit limping through the forest towards me. I cocked my rifle quickly, and levelled it at the strange object which continued to approach, until at last I could have touched it with the muzzle of my piece. It then paused, and, fixing its pink eyes upon me, gazed long and plaintively into my face. I was nearly fainting with hunger, but I felt that it would be better to starve outright, than shed the blood of so innocent and confiding a creature. Had I been a believer in the doctrine of the soul's transmigration, I should have felt strongly tempted to suppose that the spirit of some friend whom I had loved dwelt in the form of the gentle thing beside me, and came, like a good angel, to watch over my welfare, and nerve me for the trials I had yet to undergo.

Another day passed, and still I had eaten nothing. The next morning I saw the white rabbit again, but I turned from it, and seizing my rifle with an air of desperation, walked noiselessly once more through the wild, in the hope of meeting with a squirrel, or a rat, or at all events one of those diminutive animals termed "chitmunks," which are about a span in length, and burrow in the hollows of the old forest-trees. This search, like all my others, proved fruitless, and, wandering back to the fire, I endeavoured to appease my hunger by chewing the juicy leaves of a plant that grew at the foot of an adjacent pine. Shortly afterwards, I experienced a burning sensation in the throat, and my limbs began to tremble violently. I sprang to my feet, but my head became dizzy, and

I was compelled to resume my former position near the fire. The fit lasted about five minutes, but the effects of it did not so soon pass away. I now gave up all hope of seeing anything more of the young hunter Twobears, and, shouldering my knapsack and rifle, strode sadly through the forest, with the intention of returning to Little Golgotha.

I had looked forward with much satisfaction to my contemplated sojourn in the backwoods, and was proportionately piqued to find all such pleasing anticipations end but in vexation and disappointment. I retraced three leagues of my journey the same afternoon, and then, lighting a large fire, and throwing myself recklessly beside it, fell asleep. I dreamed that some brigands had invited me to a most delicate banquet; but the moment I attempted to partake of it, every one of them leaped with a yell upon the board, discharged his carabine at my head, and together with the dainties melted into air.

I was about to resume my journey, when the sharp crack of a rifle fell upon my ears, a wounded buck dashed fiercely across my path, I caught the sound of voices, and glancing hopefully back through a break in the foliage, caught a glimpse of two figures, one of which I had no difficulty in recognising as that of the young hunter Twobears Ramsay. He ran eagerly forward, seized my extended hand, wrung it warmly, and introduced the stranger to me as his friend Tom Fling, of trapper notoriety. Twobears then recoiled a pace or two, gazed at me with a serious air, and asked if I were ill. I told him that I had eaten nothing for more than three days, on hearing which, the handsome and gentlemanly Tom Fling opened his haversack, produced a strip of dried venison, picked some touchwood from a decayed tree, fired it with his rifle, flung a heap of twigs upon it, and throwing himself flat upon the turf, began to blow them into a flame. The strip of venison was soon cooked, and I thought the portion of it that fell to my share one of the most savoury and delicious morsels I had ever tasted.

"We have been on your trail ever since yesterday afternoon," said Twobears, handing me a flask of choice liqueur;

"we saw the traces of your first fire on the bank by the river's fork, and suspected that you had grown disheartened, and set out for Little Golgotha. If you are not too weary to proceed at once, I should like to reach the Madwaska again to-night; I have a great deal to tell you, and we can talk as we go."

I expressed myself ready to start immediately, and Tom Fling offered to act as pioneer.

"You may take your farewell of the civilised world," said the hunter, waving his hand in the direction of the settlements. "Between ourselves and the pole, stretches one vast unpeopled wilderness, in the whole of which, with the exception, perhaps, of our own, and that of a troublesome neighbour, you would not find a solitary human habitation. But, before I speak of other matters, let me render you a brief account of the circumstances that detained me at home, and caused me to break the appointment I made to meet you here several days ago. My father, the captain of whom you have heard me speak, has resided in his wooden fortress yonder for more than twenty years. For the first eighteen of those years, no man, saving himself, ever set foot near the spot of his retreat, but at length, by some mischance, the form of a stranger darkened our door, and that stranger, after having been hospitably entertained, repaid my father's kindness by threatening to pitch his wigwam close to our own. This man, we afterwards learned, was a notorious highwayman, who had turned king's evidence against his accomplices, escaped the hands of justice, fled from England, and was now seeking refuge in the wilds of America. His name was Abraham Thorn. The captain replied that the forest was wide, begged him to re-consider his intentions, and hinted that the lands on which he gazed were already appropriated. In another week, the ring of an axe was heard through the woods, and a log-hut was erected within about rifle-shot of the castle. This was a direct violation of all principle and courtesy, and the captain remonstrated. In vain. Abraham built his house, and brought his wife and sons to dwell in it. The squatter's real character soon developed itself. He was an

overbearing, insolent fellow, and, being a fool to boot, the secret of his heart escaped him. He had not only figured as a highwayman, he had committed murder. Abraham regretted the indiscretion that had led to this avowal, and in a fit of passion endeavoured to obliterate all evidence of his crime by assassinating my father. The attempt failed, and we are in open hostility in consequence. The squatter has four sons, so that the enemy muster five in all. We are five also. How the struggle is to terminate I know not; and, while things were at this pass you cannot wonder that I was loath to leave home. My friend here and myself were obliged to steal away under cover of the night, lest Abraham, knowing that we were about to leave the Improvement, should plan a surprise upon the castle during our absence. He is a bold villain, and his boys have an effrontery and reckless bull-dog courage, which render them rather formidable. My father has always acted upon the defensive, never upon the aggressive, and this forbearance on our part has made them only the more exacting and impudent. Among the squatter's sons, too, there is one they term Sapins, a hunchback, half-knave, half-idiot, who, a few mornings since, killed two of our sheep, attempted to hamstring one of our horses, and afterwards, levelling his rifle at myself, as I was in the act of running to the rescue, wounded me in the arm. Fling and I rushed out, seized him by the throat, and, dragging the young giant within the palisades, cowhided him severely. Abraham has sworn to wash out this insult with my blood; and such is precisely the awkward state of affairs at the present hour in my father's Improvement."

"A Tomahawk Improvement," remarked Tom Fling, noting the look of inquiry my features assumed, "is this:—A is a gentleman who wishes to squat—which means, to appropriate to himself a few hundred acres of uncleared land. He accordingly searches for a convenient spot near a watercourse, and, having found one to his mind, 'girdles' a dozen or so of the larger trees, and, felling a considerable number of the smaller ones, marks out the boundaries of his newly-acquired possession. That done, he leaves it, to see if he can better his

choice. If he can, well; if not, he returns; and for that reason the place he fixes upon is termed a Tomahawk Improvement."

"And in the event," said Twobears, "of B having stepped forward in the interim, and taken a fancy to the estate."

"Then A can plead a prior claim to it, and exhibit the girdled trees as his title-deeds."

"Was there not an instance of the kind," inquired Twobears, "some years since down at Little Golgotha?"

"Yes, you are right; I recollect the circumstance," said Fling.

"And let me see. In that case A was a capital shot, I think; and, by the by, what became of B?"

"He died suddenly, I believe," replied the trapper, pausing a moment to brain a large water-rat with the butt end of his rifle.

With such conversation did the two young backwoodsmen and myself while the time away, until we reached the Madwaska; then Twobears lighted a fire, Tom Fling cooked another strip of dried venison, and, having each partaken of it, we pillowed our heads upon the palms of our clasped hands, and sought refreshment in sleep.

My digestive organs were so impaired by the severe privations they had undergone, that I enjoyed but little repose. The trapper was equally restless, and begged me to indulge him with an outline of my adventures since I had parted with Twobears at the Falls of La Chaudiere. In return, he recounted some of his own hairbreadth 'scapes in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains, and spoke of many a bygone prairie sport, with the air of a man whose heart was still among them And I believe it was one of his graphic descriptions that suggested the following lines:—

O for a gallop, on a coal-black steed,
Along the rolling prairie, free and far!
O to be borne away with breathless speed,
Swift as the lightning-leap, or shooting star.
O for a glimpse of the big buffalo!—
The reckless scamper of the rushing herd—

The thundering hoofs—the eyes that gleam and glow,
And speak his terror, or his fury stirr'd—
The ringing shot—the death—and then at night,
The camp-fire—and the group—the song—the tale—
The stillness—and the dying embers' fitful light—
The watch—the sliding moonbeams pure and pale—
The silent stars, that look down from above,
And bring sweet thoughts of home and those we love!

HEAP THE THIRTY-NINTH.

It was a bright and beautiful autumnal evening. The majestic sun—that over the stilly solitude, untrod by mortal foot, sheds an effulgence no less divine than upon the princely palace and the peopled city—was just sinking behind a high ridge of distant forest, and the whole wide landscape looked as though it had but freshly sprung from a sea of molten gold. We had arrived within about two hundred yards of Captain Ramsay's Improvement. Here Twobears and the trapper suspended their labours with the paddle, and began to consult upon the plan of procedure it would be expedient for them to pursue, as in another moment the canoe would double a little rocky promontory, and expose us to the gaze of the squatter and his sons, whose rifles might occasion our party considerable annoyance. I suggested that, as Twobears wished to keep our arrival a secret, we should effect a landing upon the opposite bank, advance upwards under cover of the trees, and then re-cross the river at about pistol-shot distance above the Improvement, by which arrangement all possibility of detection would be avoided. Tom Fling, however, shook his head, and, telling me that we should have a formidable ravine to cross, as well as other difficulties to encounter of which I had at present no conception, said we had better wait for night; while Twobears, averse to such delay, proposed that we should deck the canoe with a profusion of hemlock and maple boughs, which, being of the same

colour as the green shore in the background, would enable us to pass unobserved. The measure being pronounced a politic one, we stepped into the forest for the purpose of providing ourselves with the necessary costume for this novel masquerade, and, at the instigation of the trapper, extended our walk as far as the margin of the clearing, with the view of reconnoitring the surrounding premises.

"The scoundrels!" exclaimed the impetuous Twobears, peering stealthily out from behind a stout hemlock, and speaking with an energy not altogether prudent on an occasion like the present; "they have fired the barn."

Following the direction indicated by the finger of the young hunter, I bent a furtive glance over the clearing, and observed, on the one hand, contiguous to a heap of smoking ruins, and encircled by a strong wooden palisading, a neat, square-built, soldier-like log habitation, with the Union Jack of Old England (rather torn and disfigured) floating proudly from its summit; and, on the other hand, a rudely-constructed, single-storeyed hut, of most uncompromising appearance, and flanked by nothing but an unsightly snake-fence. The former, I was given to understand, was the abode of Captain Ramsay; and the latter, that of Abraham Thorn, of "Newgate Calendar" celebrity. There was nobody visible in or near the dwelling of the highwayman; but, from a kind of loophole or window in the other, I saw a black head suddenly thrust; the presentation of which was instantaneously succeeded by the report of two rifles. Again the black visage appeared, illuminated by a broad grin, which exposed two tiers of great shining teeth. It was some minutes ere Tom Fling and the young backwoodsman recovered from the fit of merriment into which this novel exhibition had plunged them, but, when they had at length done so, and could muster gravity for the occasion, they informed me that the black head and white teeth were the property of Captain Ramsay's negro cook and valet, Mr Poll Crake, who had a skull quite impervious, or, as Mr Crake himself more correctly expressed it, "*superfluous* to de rifle-bullet, sar"—a consolatory reflection, which frequently induced that gentleman to pre-

sent it for the tantalisation of the squatter's sons, and the resultant perquisite of the flattened balls, which did to melt up again.

With the canoe enveloped in a number of cool and freshly-lopped maple and butternut boughs, we launched once more, and, hugging the shore as closely as possible, had arrived within twenty yards of our destination, when the sharp crack of a rifle was again heard, and a brace of bullets, with a buzz like that of two angry wild bees on the wing, whizzed close past my ear. "It's that villain Sapins," muttered Tom Fling, making a series of desperate efforts with his paddle. A few seconds only had elapsed, when another volley whistled through the canoe, and struck the pine-blade from the hand of the incensed Twobears. The next minute the forest interposed its friendly shelter between ourselves and the quick eye of the hunchback, and we all three leaped joyfully to land.

"Welcome to Butternut!" cried Captain Ramsay, advancing with hand frankly extended. He was a tall, handsome, muscular-looking, soldier-like man, with a keen blue eye, crisp grey hair, and the pleasantest expression of countenance imaginable. There were one or two deep scars upon his brow and cheek, but they were no disfigurement, and withal so in keeping with his whole air and appearance, that one could scarcely have wished them away. "Welcome to Butternut Castle!" cried he, and in so agreeable a tone of voice, that, instead of viewing him in the light of a new acquaintance, I felt as though we were old friends, whom destiny had for a time separated, and at length brought together once more.

"This is Nickstick," the Blackfoot chief I spoke of," said Twobears, as a magnificent young Indian joined the group. Nickstick laid the palm of my hand on his breast, inclined his head slightly, and said in broken English, that he should be glad to have big talk with me, here and there, about his friends the pale-faces, and would thank me to teach him as much as I could of their palaver. The Blackfoot was about my own height (five feet ten inches), and attired in a sort of undress blue military surtout, confined at the waist by a red silk sash, fringed

with beads. A coloured handkerchief was bound picturesquely about his brow, and above it towered a heap of black shining hair, which grew perpendicularly from his crown, and streamed back again over it like the plume of a hussar.

From the striking figure of the chief my glance roved to that of a gigantic negro, who, with his eyebrows strangely elevated, his glistening features distended into a broad grin, and his white teeth all developed, stood leaning against a cedar-tree hard by, contemplating the ceremony of introduction.

"That is Napoleon Crake," said Captain Ramsay, turning round; "a very old and trusty follower of mine—indeed, one of the most faithful fellows that ever —— Come hither, Poll!" But the eulogium was cut short by the sudden disappearance of the subject of it, who, having been quite overcome by so affecting an appeal to his sensibilities, sobbed sonorously, shed several enormous tears, and retreated quickly within the palisades. Captain Ramsay then led the way into the castle, and introduced me to his daughter, the beautiful Hummingbird. The rich blood that illuminated her cheek was like the bloom upon an apricot, and she arose from the wolfskin-covered settee upon which she had been reclining, with an unaffected dignity and easy grace that would have become the most elegant and refined princess. The warm greeting that afterwards took place between her and the trapper, accounted to me in the most satisfactory manner for the strong anxiety the latter had all the day exhibited to reach Ramsay Improvement.

The log-house, or castle, as it may more properly be termed, of Captain Ramsay, was precisely the description of edifice that my ever-busy fancy had pictured to me. It occupied the centre of a circular and almost impregnable wooden palisading; consisted of two storeys, and was capped by a species of watch-tower or observatory, only accessible by means of a ladder, which, pulled up, instantly cut off all communication with the premises below. Into this observatory, which had its sides pierced for musketry, and was provided with four secret ports or embrasures, of a size sufficient to admit the muzzle of a small carronade, the captain, closely pursued by Tom Fling, Humming-

bird, Nickstick, Twobears, and Poll Crake, presently conducted me.

"I see," cried Captain Ramsay, following the course of my eye, in its contemplation of the various arrangements alluded to, and tapping the breech of the carronade with the toe of his mocassin—"I see that such precautionary measures as these rather astonish you; but you will cease to wonder, when I state that it is my intention to spend the remainder of my days here. In the event, therefore, of a war breaking out between England and the United States (a thing by no means improbable), and of the Americans getting possession of the Canadas (the possibility of which I greatly doubt), or of Canada revolting against the mother country (which God forbid!), my position would require strengthening. At all events, I consider it but prudent to secure myself against surprise; and you will readily conceive that, if circumstances should warrant it, I could occasion a small storming party no contemptible amount of annoyance and trouble." As the last word left the lip of Captain Ramsay, the report of firearms was heard, and a bullet, entering through a loophole, perforated the opposite side of the building.

"It is that villain hunchback!" cried Fling; "I saw him a moment since behind yonder tree." The Blackfoot chief extracted the bullet from the log, examined it attentively, and nodded his head. Captain Ramsay said nothing, but beckoned to Poll Crake, and went below; whither Twobears, the Indian, and myself, followed him—leaving the enamoured Tom Fling to point out some newly-discovered peculiarity in the structure of the carronade to the attentive Hummingbird, whose splendid dark eyes, flashing their dangerous beams down full upon the primed touchhole of the loaded piece, would have induced any one but an abstracted trapper to apprehend an awkward disaster as the inevitable result.

On returning below, we found Captain Ramsay and his faithful black servant engaged in earnest consultation. The former explained to us that he had been plotting the capture of the hunchback. It was to be effected in the manner follow-

ing. Sapins and his brothers were in the habit of setting wolf-traps every night in various parts of the surrounding forest. As soon as darkness should render the experiment safe, therefore, Poll Crake was to imitate the melancholy cry one of these animals usually makes when he finds himself ensnared, and by this means seduce the sons of the squatter from their hut. The negro was then to watch his opportunity, spring upon the unsuspecting Sapins, and, with the assistance of Two-bears and Nickstick, convey him to the castle. Mr Crake appeared to be eagerly anticipating the part he was to play in the business, and retired from the room gleaming from head to foot with broad grins.

The proper moment having arrived, Captain Ramsay, followed by the whole of his staff, sallied noiselessly through the palisades, and stole to a clump of cedars within fifty yards of the abode of the squatter. We had suffered the moon to hide herself behind a cloud, and, as an additional precaution, made a complete circuit of the Improvement. The ruse succeeded; we heard the door of Abraham Thorn's hut open, and saw the outlines of two tall figures upon the sky. The first of these figures was allowed to pass us, but around the second the long bony arms of the negro coiled themselves, and the treacherous Sapins (who, instead of the dwarf I had supposed him to be, was a powerful man of at least six feet in height) was a prisoner. Before he had time to cry for assistance, a gag was forced into his mouth, his arms were pinioned, his legs tied, and without a sound or a struggle he was borne quickly away to the strong quarters prepared for his reception.

"Come now," said the smiling captain, as we re-entered his forest fastness, and he motioned me to a seat beside him upon the wolfskin-covered settee, "what do you think of Ramsay's Improvement?"

"When I gaze around me," returned I, "upon the mysterious accumulation of comforts your sylvan abode can boast, and the air of nicety and elegance that pervades its every arrangement, I feel rather inclined to regard you as a second Aladdin, who need merely rub a lamp, or press a ring, to

insure the gratification of his slightest wish. Yours must be a slave of some taste, too, or you would never have become the possessor of an instrument like this."

"And that," replied the captain, running his fingers gaily over the keys of the fine pianoforte to which I had drawn his attention, "has been the source of more trouble and annoyance to me than can easily be explained. Like the Aladdin you speak of, who could not bring himself to consider his castle complete until it was able to boast of the majestic egg the wily magician had recommended him to procure, *I* could not look upon mine as perfect in the absence of that which, like some angel visitant from a better world, can whisper to my soul of joys that are long passed away, and friends whose faces I shall gaze upon on earth no more. But the labour we had in getting it (as well as the carronade) up here was a herculean one, as we were obliged to construct a canoe expressly for the occasion, and despatch the instrument in it piecemeal; and even now it is not entire, for the original legs were intrusted to the care of a vagabond half-breed at Little Golgotha, who took such a particular fancy to them, and became so enamoured of the castors, that neither he nor they have been heard of since. As for the carronade, it found its way through the canoe, and lay at the bottom of the river till Poll Crake, who is a good diver, managed to get a rope round the trunions, and pull it ashore." Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr Crake himself, who came provided with a species of dark lantern, by way of intimating his readiness to conduct me to my chamber.—And in this pleasant and sociable manner passed the first evening of my sojourn at Butternut Castle.

HEAP THE FORTIETH.

Early the next morning, Nickstick invited me to acccompany him into the forest, and, leaning our rifles against a tree, we sat down to enjoy a little of that big talk in which he had

expressed himself so anxious to indulge. The conversation turning upon England and the pale-faces, with the view of imparting to him some slight notion of the comparative sizes of the two countries, I sketched out with my ramrod upon the ground a rude representation of the vast continent of America, and beside it placed another of the diminutive island regarding which he had manifested so much curiosity. The chief nodded his plume in reply, and drily observed that he had always supposed the hunting-grounds of the white people to be small, or he should have seen something of them from the tops of his native mountains. He inquired how many notches on a stick its warriors would number? I pointed to the leaves of the trees above and around us. He made a gesture of surprise; and asked whether none of them ever tumbled over the edge? On my shaking my head, however, and assuring him that there was room for them all, and to spare, he rose to his feet, appeared absorbed in thought for a moment, and said, "At all events, then, they must jostle each other very much."

"Yonder—look yonder!" cried Twobears, pushing his way through the tamarack branches. "There is sorrow in store: a cloud of that shape never hangs over the Improvement but it portends trouble to our house. Come, they are setting up a target for us, and we shall now have an opportunity of testing the merits of that English rifle of yours."

The target to which Twobears made allusion was being erected at a distance of about ninety yards from the palisades. Hummingbird, with a scarlet mantilla thrown negligently over her graceful person, had come out to witness the sport. Captain Ramsay had stationed Napoleon Crake in the watch-tower, with orders how to act, in case his interference should be required; and now requested his little army of sharpshooters so to arrange matters, that four of our rifles would be ready for instant service in the event of any sudden development on the part of the squatter and his sons. With this proper precaution, Captain Ramsay took his station, and lodged his ounce of lead within half an inch of the upper edge of the bull's-eye.

"Too much powder," cried he, shaking his head, and promptly

re-loading; "you will beat that, Blackfoot, or you are no redskin."

The Indian, without any apparent effort, planted his ball almost upon that of the captain. I succeeded him, and the three bullets formed one dark patch upon the board.

"Close shaving!" cried Captain Ramsay, approvingly, and with an uneasy glance in the direction of the squatter's hut. "Step out, Twobears."

"The best shot yet," exclaimed the delighted veteran, as the bullet of the young hunter passed through the bull's-eye, a little to the left of its centre. "Now Fling, you have the odds against you."

The rifle of Tom Fling was levelled at the target; lowered; raised again; there was a certain nervous twitching of the muscles of his mouth, and a certain curious quaking of the five fingers extended along the barrel of his piece, not at all becoming in a trapper; another moment, and a black speck was visible on the white bull's-eye upon the opposite side to the one the ball of Twobears had pierced. The two competitors, therefore, ranking equally, each had the privilege of another shot; but, at this juncture, the negro gave a signal, the door of the squatter's hut opened, and Abraham Thorn, with his three sons, each having his rifle in the hollow of his arm, strode over the clearing, and with a graceful nonchalance took up a convenient position by the palisades. Tom Fling winced; I led Hummingbird back to the castle.

"Room for the squatter, gentlemen," said the captain, with an easy politeness; "Abraham would try his skill."

Without deigning any reply to this piece of civility, Abraham Thorn (who was a huge, ungainly-looking man, with a repulsive squint) folded his arms, put his back to a tree, and after eyeing me for a moment or two with no particular amount of favour, turning to one of his sons, said, "Take your piece, boy, and put a ball through the centre of that bull's-eye, for there is not a man here, it seems, that can do it."

The tallest of the highwayman's offspring—a fine fellow, with a head and chest like an ox—stepped forward, threw out

his left foot, and bringing his rifle *down* to the mark instead of *up*, exhibited but a third-rate proficiency as a sharpshooter. A horrible scowl passed over the unprepossessing face of the squatter, and he would have struck his son to the earth, had not the young giant ducked his head cleverly, and avoided the blow. Beckoning to the second, Abraham bade him fill his brother's place.

Well delivered, but still wide of the bull's-eye. With a hideous oath, the squatter smote his son heavily upon the mouth, and commmanded the third to step forth.

The hand of the young man faltered, and his lip quivered, as he levelled the ponderous fusee; but, though his aim was long and deliberate, he failed to do his father's bidding. Foaming with fury, the highwayman would have shot him dead on the spot, had not Captain Ramsay interposed, and, pointing to the target, cried, "Put your ball in the bull's-eye, Abraham, not in your boy's head. We know you for a murderer—now prove yourself a marksman."

An awful imprecation; a moment's silence; and the sharp crack of the discharged firelock.

"You have wasted your lead, Abraham; there were eight bullets in the target, and I count but eight still."

"Then you can see no clearer than an eight-day-old wolf's pup," retorted the highwayman; "look in the bull's-eye, fool."

"White man lie," muttered Nickstick, turning upon the squatter a look of scorn; "his tongue is forked, and can only hiss; his heart is whiter than his face."

As the Indian spoke, a loud yell was heard, and the hunchback, appearing at one of the castle windows, dropped from it to the ground; but the height of the palisades baffled his attempt to scale them, and he remained yet a prisoner. The highwayman and his sons (who had believed Sapins to be absent on a hunt) clubbed their rifles, and manifested a disposition to rush forward and strike a blow for his release, but the sudden presentation of all our own pieces to their heads caused them to fall back. At the same moment, one of the ports in the watch-tower flew open, the muzzle of the carronade was

thrust out, and the negro waited but the word to pour a shower of grape among the infuriated group.

"Hear me, squatter," cried Captain Ramsay, with his blue eye flashing defiance: "the first shot you fire will be the death-knell of the hunchback: provoke me a second time, and I will blow your hut about your ears. I have talked and remonstrated long enough; the time has now come for me to *act*—beware, then, how you rouse me!"

With these words, the captain, motioning his little army to precede him, entered the palisades, where Napoleon Crake (who had descended from his post of honour for the express purpose) was effecting the recapture of the enraged hunchback—a daring exploit which he achieved by seducing the powerful Sapins into a pugilistic encounter, and, carefully watching his opportunity, rushing in upon him head first, with a ram-like impetuosity against which the solid logs of the very palisade itself scarcely showed themselves to be proof. The gates of the captain's stronghold were then brought together with a clash, and the heavy bars dropped over them, just as Isaac Crease (a man with a head like a monkey's, and only one ear, which was thin and flat like a leaf), followed by a second personage, whom I at once recognised as my Little Golgothan guide, Rattlesnake, stepped, rifle in hand, from their canoe to the shore, and, without deigning a look either to the right hand or to the left, stalked straight up the clearing into the hut of the squatter.

HEAP THE FORTY-FIRST.

For some hours subsequent to the arrival of Isaac Crease and his comrade Rattlesnake, the half-breed guide, a profound stillness reigned throughout the Improvement; but it was the calm that generally precedes a storm. The addition of two such able auxiliaries to the number of the highwayman's party boded no good to ourselves, and we fully believed that an attack was in contemplation. But the impregnability of his

little stronghold, together with the implicit reliance he put in the good faith and ready services of those around him, induced the captain to view the whole thing as a rather excellent joke, which promised a great deal of mutual sport and pleasantry. For myself, I confess that I looked forward to the chances of a brush with the squatter and his sons, and the burning of a few flasks of gunpowder, with a relish such as no words can express; and I think I shall not be doing my friends Twobears Ramsay, Tom Fling, Nickstick, and Mr Napoleon Crake, an injustice, if I state that they quite reciprocated my feelings on this point. At all events, they exhibited no ordinary alacrity in the replenishment of powder-horns, the casting of bullets, the oiling of pistol-locks, and the furbishing of sabres, in all of which agreeable preliminaries Mr Crake took a conspicuous part. Indeed, it is to that gentleman that I am indebted for a new wrinkle in the art of gunnery. In preparing bullets for use, I had always carefully cut off the shank-end with my knife, and rolled them together in some vessel until they were perfectly round. Mr Crake strongly deprecated this system, and gave me to understand that it was always best to leave them with the neck on, as rifle-balls revolved in their passage through the air, and the protruding part enabled them to inflict a much more frightful wound. He cautioned me, also, to be more economical in the use of my powder, which was a valuable article in the bush. He said that as much of that compound as would barely cover the bullet was sufficient for all ordinary purposes; and the extreme deference I paid to his opinion in these matters, secured me Mr Crake's everlasting friendship and esteem.

Towards evening, we were entertained by a slight development on the part of the squatter and his staff. The whole of the party emerged from the hut, and made a complete detour of the Improvement. They were all armed, and evidently intended to impress us with a proper sense of their formidability. The four Thorns were giants, and their every stride was a good yard and a-half. Isaac Crease was a small thin man, and had a dress as light as a harlequin's. There was not an inch of

superfluous clothing about him. He had a slippery look, and an air as though he could, on occasion, have squeezed himself under a door, or through a keyhole. In walking, he appeared scarcely to touch the ground; and, as he passed under the overhanging boughs of a stately pine, I felt that he had nothing to do but give a slight spring, to attach himself, squirrel-like, to any branch of it. After Abraham Thorn and his sons had disappeared in the forest, I could see this man and the half-breed guide talking together under a hemlock, with their faces turned to the Improvement, and pointed them out to Captain Ramsay.

"You have seen that vagabond before, I think?" observed he, alluding to Rattlesnake.

"Yes," I replied; "he coveted my rifle, and we almost came to blows about it."

"And he stole my piano legs," cried the captain, bitterly; and here there was a general laugh.

"How easily I could pick him off through this loophole," said Twobears, cocking his rifle.

"Do not be an ass, I beg," urged Twobears' father, looking sharply round; for the young hunter was manifesting a strong inclination to indulge in the pastime hinted.

"He stands so prettily for it," said Twobears, his fingers itching to be at the trigger; "I could put the bullet right through his heart."

At this moment the squatter and his boys emerged from the forest depths, and, followed by Isaac Crease and Rattlesnake, moved slowly towards the highwayman's hut, bearing some heavy burden among them. What the nature of that burden was, we were unable to ascertain; nor was our curiosity lessened when we heard them laugh loudly, and saw the whole group bending mysteriously over the object.

"I would give a canister of my best powder to know what they have got there," cried the captain, straining his eyes to the uttermost. "What say you, Blackfoot?"

"They have taken a wolf in their traps," said Fling; "that is all."

"No; it is the size of three wolves put together."

"They have caught a bear in a pitfall, perhaps, and he is too heavy for them to carry," suggested Twobears.

"What would there be to laugh at in that?" retorted the captain. "It won't do. Come, Blackfoot, you have been eyeing their proceedings long enough; speak—what is it?"

"Wolf not bad thought; bear better," replied the Indian, with his eye still fixed upon the distance.

"Ay, ay, chief; but how do you account for all that merriment? A man like Thorn doesn't laugh at trifles; he is made of sterner stuff. They are going to play us a trick."

The Indian nodded, and said, "*Hunchback, best thought;* they laugh to-day—our turn laugh to-morrow. We see;" and Nickstick turned away. Not so the captain, who continued to gaze in the direction of the squatter's hut, and endeavour to attach some meaning to the curious ceremony we had just witnessed.

During the evening meal (the regulations of Butternut Castle admitted of but two meals a-day—one in the morning, the other about eight at night), I observed Poll Crake enter the room rather abruptly, and hold some telegraphic communication with Twobears and the trapper; but, as there was nothing unusual in the occurrence—the negro being accustomed to express himself as much by signs as by speech—I paid little attention to it. In a few minutes, however, the young hunter and his friend, who had both followed Napoleon Crake from the room, returned, and announced a very startling piece of intelligence. The hunchback Sapins had escaped! Captain Ramsay sprang to his feet. The Blackfoot alone sat unmoved, smoking his tomahawk-pipe with a gravity superior to anything he had before exhibited. He manifested no surprise whatever, and merely repeated the words he had used an hour or two before. "Hunchback, very good thought—never mind; they laugh to-day—our turn laugh to-morrow. We see."

The enigma of the heavy burden and the jollity of the Thorns was now satisfactorily solved. It was evident that the moment the negro had turned the key upon the hunchback, the latter had thrown himself from the window, and, in scal-

ing the formidable palisades, had either broken his leg, or wounded himself so severely, that he was only just able to crawl into the cover of the forest, where the accidental discovery of him by his own party, and some accompanying jocularity at the expense of ourselves, occasioned that burst of merriment to which we had been witnesses.

Captain Ramsay expressing an intention of having sentinels posted at given distances within the palisades during the night, Twobears, Tom Fling, Nickstick, and I, volunteered for the service, and immediately seizing rifles and buffalo robes, repaired to our respective stations.

The night was dark, and there was not a breath of air in motion. I could plainly hear my heart beat, as I lay with my cheek upon my hand, and my eyes fixed upon the black log-barriers of Butternut. My preconceived notions of the pleasantries of bush-life bade fair to be realised; and, in place of a gang of rough burglars, had we but been beset by a horde of scalping Pawnee or Sioux warriors in their war-paint, my happiness would, I verily believe, have been complete. An hour elapsed, and I then *felt*, rather than *saw*, a figure in the act of bending down over me. I sprang to my feet, and had my finger on the trigger of my rifle; but an almost inaudible "hush" met my ear, and I at once recognised the gentle voice of Hummingbird. I knew, from the tone in which she spoke, and the action which accompanied the word, that she had mistaken me for the trapper, and I whispered my own name in her ear. There was a slight exclamation of surprise, and her figure was lost in the gloom. I had scarcely resumed my position, before I became conscious of the approach of a second visiter. It was the young hunter Twobears. He stretched himself quietly upon the buffalo robe at my side, and said, with some concern, "Have you been stirring?"

"Not an inch—why?"

"Have you seen nothing?"

"A man need have sharp eyes to see on such a night as this."

"Have you *felt* nothing?"

"A little cold, that is all."

"Come, a truce to joking; I am serious. There is some one on the prowl; a strange figure passed me a moment since. I must go and hear what Fling says."

"Nonsense; you have been dreaming."

"I have not closed an eye, I assure you. I must see to this."

"Sit down, and let us talk it over."

"No, I am uneasy, and must find Fling."

"Bah! he will laugh at you."

"Well."

"Stand! Who goes there?" cried I, as he began to move away.

"Who? why, your brother sentinel to be sure," returned the bewildered Twobears.

"Tut! Do sentinels leave their posts? Give the countersign!"

"There, don't make me laugh. I left Poll Crake to mount guard in my absence. Let me go."

"If you stir hand or foot, I will drive a bullet through your body. You are my prisoner; and, seizing the willing culprit by the hand and shoulder, I forced him down upon the buffalo skin by my side.

"I suppose your Generalship will have me shot, at least, in the morning," said Twobears, with a laugh. "Name my ransom, will you?"

"If you will tell me a good tale, now," said I, anxious (for reasons that will be intelligible to the reader) to detain Twobears as long as I could, "I will let you go."

"Did Fling ever tell you about Mark Hive, and their brush with the thirty Sioux?"*

"No; let me hear it."

"Hush! look yonder!"

I fixed my eye upon the dark outline of the palisades, and was conscious of some black mass moving stealthily along them on the outer side. The circumstance was one of a nature

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* The tale to which Twobears here alluded, has already figured in the pages of Hogg's Instructor, under the name of "A Brush in the Bush."

sufficiently suspicious to warrant our giving the alarm; but, before I did so, I crawled on my hands and knees so close to the object, that I could distinctly feel the warm breath of somebody upon my cheek. Having thus assured myself of the reality of what I beheld, I crept back a few paces, and desired Twobears to give the preconcerted signal. He accordingly threw a small pebble in the direction of the trapper, and another towards the negro and Indian. The two latter were at our side in a second, but the former did not make his appearance. I drew the attention of the negro to the spot, and we all four watched for some minutes. The dark figure continued to glide along the palisades, then it paused, went back again, remained motionless for awhile, and, finally, after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded in climbing the high stakes, and prepared to descend on their inner side. "Good!" whispered Nickstick in my ear; while Twobears rubbed his hands noiselessly together, and Poll Crake began to bare his long arms for a tussle. As the trapper had been the first to put up the game, however, he felt that he had a right to bag it. The moment the daring intruder set foot upon the ground, therefore, Twobears tripped his legs from under him, and threw him upon his face. With a gigantic effort, the highwayman (for we supposed it to be no less a person) wrenched his body round, and away the trapper and he rolled together for at least four yards. Abraham Thorn strove to speak, but the negro placed his large hand over his mouth, and, with the assistance of Twobears and the Blackfoot chief, dragged him into the castle.

"Fetch a light, and call the captain," cried Twobears to Napoleon Crake.

The negro ran to execute the order, and, the mouth of the prisoner being unstopped, the following startling sounds issued from it.

"What does all this foolery mean? Nickstick! Twobears! let me go instantly, before I use my teeth."

At the same moment, Captain Ramsay, with an oil-lamp in his hand, entered the hall, and we all burst into a prolonged

fit of laughter. We had bagged the trapper, Tom Fling! Moved by the spirit of adventure, he had stolen from the Improvement, with the view of reconnoitring the premises of the highwayman, and ascertaining the nature of his intentions respecting Butternut and its defenders. In effecting a retreat, however, he had missed the sliding stake in the darkness, and, fearful that his long absence would create an alarm, was obliged to scale the palisades.

"And what of Thorn?" asked the captain; "what have you seen or heard?"

"Nothing; all is still. There is no attack in contemplation at present."

And here the night's adventures ended.

HEAP THE FORTY-SECOND.

The next morning, as the natural result of our dangerous neighbour the hunchback's emancipation, a great risk became attendant upon the exhibition of any of our persons, not only outside the palisades, but even within them. An intimation of our danger in this respect was soon conveyed to us by the appearance of the idiot himself, fusee in hand, at the entrance of the squatter's hut, casting a furtive eye over the Improvement.

"Now, by heaven, if yonder boy but so much as drops the muzzle of his piece in this direction," exclaimed the choleric captain, "I will stretch his body, like a mat, across his father's doorway. We must examine the palisades, to see that no trick has been played us in the darkness. Twobears, keep your eye upon the hunchback—he means mischief."

As he spoke, Captain Ramsay led the way to the intrenchments, and, assisted by the Blackfoot and myself, made a careful inspection of all the stakes, beginning at the solid gateway, and going slowly round, till we had arrived at the same point on the opposite side of it. A second and more close investigation was then made, and my gaze fixed itself upon an almost

imperceptible streak in one of the logs. I pointed it out to Captain Ramsay, who shook his head pleasantly, and muttered —"You are a neat workman, Abraham, and a clever fellow to boot, but you are scarcely a match for an old soldier either; you should have filled up the gap better, and blown away the sawdust. Let me see if you have finished your job." And drawing a bowieknife from his pocket, the captain used it as a probe, and found the stake so completely severed, that a very slight push would have brought the detached portion to the ground, and formed an aperture that would have permitted the ingress of a stout man.

"This is the work of a keyhole saw," said I, "and it was evidently wielded by a short man, for here is the mark of his knee in the soil, and there is the print of his toe, not fifteen inches from it."

"You are right. We have to thank Isaac Crease for this. Pray, gentlemen, which of your party was on guard here last night."

"Tom Fling," replied Twobears.

I was seized with a dry cough at this moment.

"That is strange, too," continued the captain, "for you remember he was outside the palisades, and, when he was searching for the sliding stake, had any one been here, the two must have come into collision. The log must have been cut prior to his reconnoitre of Thorn's hut. Are you sure that he was not asleep?"

"I can vouch for his innocence in that respect," said I; and there the cross-examination ended.

As we were ascending the three steps that led up to the wooden gallery which formed a sort of rampart round the castle, and as Twobears was in the act of stooping to give Poll Crake some directions respecting the severed stake, the sharp crack of a rifle fell upon our ears, and one side of the negro's face was deluged with blood. The hunchback had just dropped the breech of his fusee to the ground, and was turning to effect a retreat; but it was too late; a loaded rifle was leaning against one of the pillars of the castle terrace; Captain Ramsay seized

it—levelled—and the hunchback, with a loud yell, dropped flat upon his face. A moment afterwards, Abraham Thorn rushed madly forth, and, with his clenched fist raised to heaven, appeared to be calling down some horrible malediction upon the slayer of his son. He then dragged the body in by the head and shoulders, and the door of the hut was re-closed.

In the course of an hour, the squatter again made his appearance. He was followed by three of his sons and Isaac Crease. The half-breed brought up the rear. All had their rifles. Isaac Crease lodged his against a tree, and, advancing to the gate of the palisades, called for the hunter Twobears.

"But one interpretation can be put upon this proceeding," said the captain, who had been dressing the wounded cheek of his faithful negro. "Twobears, you have incurred the ill-will of yonder trapper, and he has come to shed your blood. There is a long-standing feud between you, and *one* life, at least, is sure to pay the forfeit of it. I know that you are brave, but to-day there will be need of more than your common courage and vigilance. Remember that you have not to fight as one who has aught to avenge. There must be no such bitterness in your heart. This quarrel is one which you have sought to avoid, and unsuccessfully. Recollect that you are acting in self-defence; remember that there is death in yon assassin's glance, and, if you fail to kill *him*, *he* will kill *you*. Forward!"

It was an exciting moment. The bar was dropped; the gate was opened, and we issued from it. The Indian whispered a word in the ear of the young hunter, and wrung his hand. The latter then advanced to Isaac Crease, and, looking him calmly in the face, said, "Twelve months since, you offered me an insult. I resented it on the spot, and was satisfied. Were you?"

"No!" thundered Isaac Crease, with the foam of a long-cherished fury upon his white lip. "Nothing but blood can wash out the remembrance of a wrong. Come! I am here to fight—not to talk."

The trapper led the way into the forest, and was followed by Abraham Thorn; Twobears and his father went away in an opposite direction. The combatants having secreted themselves,

the squatter and Captain Ramsay then returned; and one of the most extraordinary and deadly struggles perhaps that the backwoods ever witnessed was now about to take place.

There was a profound silence. Captain Ramsay, evidently, was much agitated. Abraham Thorn stood leaning his cheek upon his rifle, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. There was a laugh upon his face—but it was the laugh of a devil. He knew that Isaac Crease was no novice in a matter of this nature, and the highwayman was revolving the chances of his soon having one enemy the less.

Still all was a dead silence. A few drops of rain fell; the sky cleared again; and presently a twig was heard to snap. My heart began to beat with anxiety. Abraham Thorn removed his right cheek from the muzzle of his rifle, and laid on it his left. I drew out my watch, and found that fifteen minutes had elapsed.

At length the sharp crack of a fusee, and again another deathlike stillness. The face of the Indian brightened, as I have seen some revolving lamp upon a dangerous sea-coast. Fling turned to me, and whispered that Twobears had drawn trigger, but it would go hard with him if he had not shot the trapper dead. A few minutes afterwards another twig snapped, and a second sharp report was heard. I heard the negro gnash his teeth, and saw the captain grow pale; while the highwayman exchanged a glance of satisfaction with the half-breed. There was now a third report, and a bullet sank into the palisades, within a yard of us. It left a faint crimson stain upon the wood. The Blackfoot dug the ball out with his knife, and we saw that it was from the rifle of Isaac Crease.

Ten more anxious minutes rolled slowly away, and then, no longer able to restrain his eagerness to ascertain the fate of his boy, Captain Ramsay rushed into the forest. The highwayman and his sons, the half-breed, Nickstick, Tom Fling, and I, followed. For some time our search was fruitless: at length the highwayman raised a cry—whether of rage or triumph, we could not tell—and stooped over the prostrate figure of a man. It was the corpse of the trapper, Isaac Crease. The ball had

entered under his chin, gone direct through his palate, and buried itself in his brain. His features were frightfully distorted, and his left hand yet grasped his rifle. Abraham Thorn lifted the body from the ground, and, uttering one of his withering execrations, let it fall back heavily. Captain Ramsay gazed a moment upon the clod of earth at his feet, and, seeing that life was extinct, passed on. He called upon the name of Twobears, but there was no reply. Nickstick pointed to a pool of blood hard by.

"Yes, you are right, boy," said the veteran, with a mournful smile; "the poor lad fell here, and has crawled away on his hands and knees. See the red track he has left behind him! He cannot have gone far. Ah, here he lies!"

The highwayman caught the last word, and hastened up.

"Not a foot further, on your life!" cried the enraged captain, menacing him. "Death is a solemn thing, and this spot is sacred."

"Is the boy dead?" asked the burglar, with a coarse laugh; "answer me that." And, struggling forward, he spat upon the body of Twobears.

Captain Ramsay clenched his fist, and smote the brute with such force upon the temple, that he dropped his rifle, and fell backwards like a log. The squatter's sons instantly sprang forward to avenge the blow; the half-breed put himself at their side; and a complete hand-to-hand fight, with clubbed rifles, ensued. I saw one of the Thorns knocked down by Tom Fling, and I saw the latter grappled by two of the fallen youth's brothers. I was in the act of rushing to the trapper's assistance, when, with the bound of a tiger, Rattlesnake leaped upon me, and Nickstick upon *him*. We all three rolled upon the ground together, and, when I arose, I saw the young Indian with his hand upon the throat of the guide. The half-breed's face was perfectly black, and Nickstick was feeling for his knife. I turned to Fling, and, seeing the two backwoodsmen endeavouring to brain him with their pieces, fired at the elder of the brothers, but missed my mark, and put the bullet through his hand. He ran back a yard or two, and

levelled his long fusee at me, but it missed fire, and Nickstick joining me at the moment, the two young squatters turned their backs upon us, and ran towards the hut. The Blackfoot followed them a little way, and then returning, snatched the knife from the belt of Fling, and went down upon his knees again by the side of the insensible half-breed.

"Spare his scalp, Blackfoot," cried I, reading his intention.

"No scalpee?" echoed the Indian. "No take scalp, not good; white brother not wish scalpee, well." And having set the guide with his back to a tree, and knocked the lock from his fusee, we returned to the castle, to learn the fate of Twobears.

We overtook the body just as it was being borne through the gate of the palisades. The cheek of Twobears was pale, and his brow was wet, for the tears that would not be suppressed had burst from the captain's eyes, as he bent over the prostrate figure of his son. Poll Crake gave a howl as they carried it past him, and Hummingbird, rushing out, threw her arms round the neck of her brother, and let her long black hair completely envelope his face. Her father, meantime, cut and tore away the clothes, to ascertain the nature and depth of the wound.

"It is too late," cried the captain; "he is a dead man."

"He is worth three dead men yet," said Fling, who was unwilling to believe that any real ill had befallen his comrade and friend.

I put my hand to the young hunter's heart, and found that it still beat. Twobears had merely fainted from loss of blood. The bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his right side; no bones were broken, and no vital part had been touched. Once assured of this, the captain set to work with his lint and bandages, and Tom Fling sprinkled the wounded man's brow with water. I looked round, and missed Nickstick. I guessed that he had stolen back into the forest, with the view of scalping the half-breed, and went after him. Yes; Nickstick had his knife out. The half-breed was coughing violently, and still sitting as we had left him, with his back to a tree. The

highwayman was gone. I put my arm through that of the Blackfoot, and led him back to the castle. Rattlesnake levelled his rifle at us the moment our backs were turned, and we heard him fling it savagely to the ground, upon discovering that the lock had been removed.

On our return, we found Twobears sitting up, and talking. He grasped my hand, and inquired if the trapper was still alive. I shook my head, and Twobears looked thoughtful.

"How did the villain conduct himself?" asked Captain Ramsay, holding a piece of plaster over a lamp, and applying it to the young hunter's side.

"Something after this fashion," replied Twobears. "After the signal for action had been given, I caught a glimpse of his figure behind a stump, and fired. He cried out sharply, drew himself into cover, and retaliated in so clever a manner, that his bullet absolutely carried away my right eyebrow. Ecce signum! I was the first to re-load, and presently saw his narrow face about thirty yards off, glaring at me from behind an old cedar. I saw him drop the priming into the pan of his rifle with his left hand, and guessed that the other was disabled. The opportunity being too valuable a one for me to let slip, I exchanged my quarters for better behind a big pine, which completely covered my body. He observed the movement, and flung his tomahawk at my head as I ran. You will find the tool yonder, buried to the very eye, in the tree behind which I took up my position. Before he had time to skip back to his cover, I fired on him again, and he fell back like one mortally hit. I was duped, and went towards him, but had the sense to re-load as I did so. When I had got to within about five yards of where he lay, face downwards, he sprang suddenly to his feet, and shot me through the side. I felt the warm blood streaming from the wound, but mustered strength enough, just as he was clubbing his rifle to beat me down, to thrust out my piece at his head, and pull the trigger. He dropped instantly, and, crawling from him as far as I could, I lay down and fainted. It was an ugly affair altogether."

"And I am not sorry it is over," said the captain, wiping

the perspiration from his pale forehead, and throwing himself upon his favourite wolfskin-covered couch. "I would sooner fight a score of such duels, than again go through the anxiety I have this day suffered on your account, Twobears. But Isaac Crease will trouble us no more."

"His blood be on his own head," said the hunter. "He swore that, if I did not fight him, he would kill me the moment an opportunity offered—and there is an end of that. I did not quarrel with him, but he with me. He attempted to cast a stain upon the honour of my mother. What of Thorn and Rattlesnake? Did any of you come to blows?"

"The half-breed has met with some rough usage," replied Fling; "and the squatter and his boys have all of them sore heads. They will most probably pay us a visit by and by." And Tom rubbed his hands relishingly.

HEAP THE FORTY-THIRD.

The remainder of that eventful day rolled quietly by. The door of the squatter's hut was not observed to open once during the whole afternoon; but we knew too much of the highwayman's cunning, to suppose that he would suffer this quiet state of things to continue. Night had now set in once more. There was not a breath of air stirring.

"I apprehend an attack of some kind or other," said Captain Ramsay, "and we must be prepared for the worst. If an entrance is attempted, it will be by the stake they have cut. It will form a pretty trap. I should like to know what is going on in yonder hut, and I think I shall send Poll Crake and the Blackfoot to reconnoitre."

"I was just about to volunteer for the service," replied Fling; "what do you say, Mr Log?"

"Agreed; we two."

"Then follow me."

"You may perhaps find one of these things useful," said the

captain, pushing a brace of pistols into our hands. "Should Abraham happen to be on the watch, you will not meet with the most friendly reception."

The trapper led the way to the palisades; he groped about for a little while; scratched the soil away from the bottom of one of the stakes; removed a piece of bark, which secreted a hinge, and turning up the log, we both passed through.

"You must be cautious not to tread on any of these brittle sticks," whispered Tom, as we stole silently over the clearing; "the sound would be heard half a mile off on such a night as this. Hark! do you hear the roar of the rapids? They are at least a league away. It is a sign of rain. Here we are at the hut; I hear voices, but see no light."

"They have slung a blanket before the window," said I.

"The scoundrels! so they have; but there is another window at the back; we will try that. Ah, this is pleasant—here's a sight!"

A large fire was blazing upon the squatter's hearth, and six men were sitting round it. An old woman was stirring a species of pot, or caldron, which swung from a hook under the chimney; and in a further corner, upon a rude table, lay stretched the corpse of the ill-fated Isaac Crease.

"They are boiling a part of our dead friend for supper, apparently," whispered the trapper.

"It looks very like it," said I. "Pray who is that elderly lady presiding over the pot?"

"That is the squatter's wife. Mark her as she stirs up the caldron—does she not look like one of the witches in 'Macbeth?' Yonder is Sapins, in the corner; his right arm is broken. I wish we could hear as well as see. Hark!"

The whole party, at this moment, moved by something the half-breed had said, burst into a loud laugh; but their merriment suddenly ceased, and one of the highwayman's sons, arising from the bench by the fire, walked towards the window. He put his face close to it, as if looking into the night, and then went back again to his seat. Abraham Thorn now arose, and opened the door. The half-breed joined him.

"We must hear what these vagabonds have to say to each other," said Fling; "they have mischief in their looks." And we crept round to within three yards of the spot where the two men stood. I saw the highwayman close the door cautiously, and I saw Rattlesnake stretch out his hand, to learn whether it rained.

"I don't like your plan," said Abraham. "If we could burn them all in their nest, it would be better,"

The trapper touched me with his elbow, by way of inquiring whether I heard that.

"You don't like my plan, I suppose, because it threatens a little danger to yourself," retorted Rattlesnake; "but if you do as I bid you, not a man of them will have time to lift a finger."

Again the elbow of Tom Fling was thrust into my side, and drawing forth a pistol he cocked it silently. I put my hand on his arm, and, uncocking the weapon, he returned it to his pocket.

"I shall never be able to get my long body through that hole," muttered Abraham Thorn; "and there is not one of my boys but what is as big as myself. Besides, the Ramsays will be on the watch."

"They will not watch; they think their palisades too secure," returned Rattlesnake. "You don't talk much like a man who has a blow to avenge! I thought that you ——"

The squatter interrupted him with an oath, and stamped violently upon the ground. "I will find a way through the palisade," he cried, gulping his rage.

"I shall presently go and remove the stake then," said Rattlesnake, "and will return to you, when we will arrange the whole matter. Sapins is disabled, and must stay behind. Come, I am hungry—a man cannot work on an empty stomach." And the pair re-entered the hut, and closed the door.

"Take your fill, half-breed," growled Fling, "for you will never eat another supper in this world. Allons! Let us go; we have no time to spare." And together the trapper and I moved toward the Improvement.

"Did you not stay Nickstick's hand this morning, when he would have killed and scalped that dog yonder?" asked Fling.

"Yes."

"It was the worst thing you ever did."

Captain Ramsay, Nickstick, and the negro, were on the watch. I left the trapper to recapitulate the conversation we had overheard, and, throwing myself carelessly upon the buffalo robe the captain had just vacated, began to revolve in my mind the occurrences of the last few days. Presently a dark, tall figure, muffled in a cloak, appeared, and stretched itself by my side. It was Twobears.

"This is imprudent," said I. Hummingbird had strict instructions not to let you move from the castle. I must report you."

"Nonsense! I can't stay within doors when there is work to be done. I am quite well, and intend to signalise myself. About what hour may the Philistines be expected?"

"Their Goliath will be with us in a few moments. He will enter by yonder stake, and fall into the trap we have laid for him. Who goes there?"

"Poll Crake and I," whispered the captain in my ear. (Twobears secreted himself instantly.)

"Whither?" asked I.

"To dig a grave." A new light broke in upon me.

"Must he die?"

"There is no alternative. Has he not planned the massacre of us all? I would shoot him with my own hand sooner than let such a villain escape. He hastened the death of my wife; he plotted the assassination of my son, and would now tomahawk my daughter. He dies to-night. I have said it. Take care; hold him tight; he is as slippery as an eel. We shall be near you."

I lay down again on my buffalo robe, and watched the darkness deepen in the direction of the severed stake. By and by I heard a twig crack, and knew that the half-breed was at hand.

"Tuck up your sleeves," said Twobears; "ten to one but

he has greased his body. Do not attempt to seize him till he is quite through. Look!"

A black mass moved stealthily backwards and forwards, without the palisades. Then it paused; the half-breed passed a knife all round the log; gave it a slight push; the stake broke off, and fell inside. He put his hand in, withdrew it, and listened. We distinctly heard the beating of his false heart. I was just beginning to fear that I had let the right moment slip, when Rattlesnake pushed in his head, but as quickly withdrew it. At the same moment the moon broke partly through a cloud, and shed sufficient light over the Improvement for a quick eye to have detected all the figures within the palisades. But it was evident that we were still invisible to the half-breed, for he put his head between the stakes a second time, and the moon shutting herself up among the clouds again, all became as dark as before. I saw the half-breed with his hands and arms through the aperture. That was enough; I threw myself upon the traitor, and dragged him in. Captain Ramsay, Tom Fling, Nickstick, and the negro, immediately joined us, and the latter put his hand upon the half-breed's mouth, to prevent him from giving any alarm.

"We have him now," cried the captain. "Leave him to me."

The words were no sooner spoken, than the wily Rattlesnake wrenched himself round, drew out his knife, stabbed the young Blackfoot chief in the arm, gashed the face of Captain Ramsay, and, making a dash through the broken palisade, disappeared. We were quickly upon his trail, and his retreat to the hut being cut off by the Indian and Poll Crake, he made for the river, closely pursued by the trapper and myself. The moon again poured down a faint ray of light, and Rattlesnake, turning round and finding us close upon him, plunged into the Madwaska. We sprang into a canoe, cut the thong that attached it to the shore, and darted away in pursuit. The half-breed rose for breath, and dived a second time, like a water-rat, shot along for at least thirty yards under the surface, and when, guessing his intention, we once more caught a glimpse

of his figure, he was scrambling up the opposite bank of the river. The crag, however, was nearly perpendicular, and, missing his grasp, he rolled helplessly back into the clutches of the negro, who, although suffering from a desperate wound inflicted by the knife of Rattlesnake, had swum gallantly to the spot. The half-breed was speedily bound, gagged, placed face upwards in the bottom of the canoe, and transferred to the Improvement.

"In five minutes we may look for a visit from the squatter and his sons," said the captain; so what we have to do must be done quickly, and without any vain parade of words. I believe we are all agreed as to the fate of Rattlesnake; but, if we are not, I can't help it. Cut the thongs if you will, and let him die the death of a warrior."

The doomed half-breed was led to the grave that had been dug for him; his feet were free, but his arms were bound. Captain Ramsay, the Blackfoot chief, Fling, and the negro, drew lots which of the four should give the fatal blow, and it fell upon Nickstick. There was a momentary struggle; a deep sigh; and all was over. In the space of two short minutes, a man had lived—died—and was buried!

HEAP THE FORTY-FOURTH.

It was the intention of Rattlesnake to return to the hut of the squatter, and report the state of matters in the Improvement, as well as plan the massacre of all those within it. The probability now was, that, as the trapper did not return, according to agreement, the squatter himself would steal out to reconnoitre, and even at length venture through the palisade, with the view of ascertaining the cause of the delay. It was the captain's intention, therefore, to entrap the highwayman precisely as he had entrapped Rattlesnake. For Abraham Thorn, then, we were now upon the watch.

"If we can catch the highwayman to-night," said Fling, breaking a long silence, "I can promise you a few days' hunting; and we will make an excursion up the river to a beautiful little island, at no great distance, where there is some fine scenery and a noble fall of water. Hark! who have we here?"

It was Nickstick. He told Fling to join Twobears, while he (the Blackfoot) sat a little with myself.

"Abraham sharp eye," muttered Nickstick. "*Very* sharp see Isaac now. He! he!"

"It was a bad thing to shed blood, chief. Was there no alternative?"

"Alternatif! What dat? Too much hard word for Injun; find small word, learn him better."

I explained my meaning, and the chief shook his head.

"Berry good end," said he. "All go off some time. Better die so, than like capin's father."

I learned afterwards that the elder Mr Ramsay had expired in an apoplectic fit.

"Tell more about England," said Nickstick, artfully changing the subject. "Ober dere long way—big ship—see, if tall enough to look ober forest—eh!"

"Not quite; the earth is round, you know, like a cannon-ball."

"Ah! so capin say. No b'lieve dat. Can't be round; quite flat—see him flat with own eye to-morrow."

"No; the earth is round, and keeps revolving, like a bullet from a rifle."

"Hear all dat splain before by capin; can't b'lieve; if spin round, people fall off."

"No; the rapidity of the motion keeps them on. If you put a stone into a hoop, and throw it up, the stone will still be in when the hoop touches the ground."

"Try him soon; best try, know him sure—hugh! Hush! Abraham come."

The chief's quick ear had caught the sound of a snapping twig, and we both crawled towards the cut log. If Abraham

were there, it was a matter of speculation what his errand was, and what his proceedings would be. If he had merely come to reconnoitre, he would not venture within the palisades, and it would be necessary to sally out upon him; but, if he suspected that some unforeseen circumstance had detained the half-breed, and the latter awaited his co-operation, it was probable that the squatter would enter at once, and bring his sons with him.

The sky was completely overcast, and the darkness of the night rendered doubly deep by the gloom that the black forest shed around. The dark background of the castle, too, afforded our figures additional security from detection. By straining our eyes through the palisades, we could see a figure stealing slowly along them. That this was Abraham, there was little doubt, for, in passing his hand along the logs, to discover the right one, he suddenly paused, and uttered a terrible oath. He had torn his fingers with a rusty nail. His identity being thus proved, we watched the movements of the highwayman closely. These were conducted with extreme caution. Abraham first listened attentively; then imitated the croak of a bull-frog, in a manner that did him great credit. Nickstick quickly answered the signal. Abraham put his rifle through, and laid it on the ground. Finding that the stake had been already removed, he gave a grunt of satisfaction, but still hesitated whether to enter or not.

Just then I heard the Indian tell the captain (who was close behind me) that the whole of the squatter's sons were at hand, though I was altogether ignorant from whence Nickstick could have derived so important a piece of information. I exercised my faculties of hearing and seeing to their very utmost, and could detect the presence of no more than the one figure already alluded to. A long pause succeeded, and at length a second form presented itself close to that of the squatter.

"Go through, boy," said Abraham; "keep your weather eye and ear open, and return to me."

"Fall back!" whispered the captain. "Let him get in

and out again, and we shall have the old fox himself presently. That will do," continued the veteran, as our backs touched the wooden rampart of the castle. "Since we are about to play at blind-man's-buff with the young squatter, take care none of you get caught."

Nor was this warning ill-timed; for Abraham's eldest son, in carrying out the injunctions of his father, crept all round the Improvement, and once or twice nearly came into collision with the negro and myself. He now returned to his father, and, as he retreated, we advanced. There was a silence of a minute or two.

"Well, did you see the half-breed?" inquired Abraham.

"No," was the reply; "something must have skeared him. I have been all round."

"Skeared or not skeared," said the highwayman bitterly, "the man who makes a fool of me had better not bring his head within reach of my rifle-stock. There is nothing to be done to-night, I see, so we had better face about. Put the stake in its place, one of you."

"Now is your time, Blackfoot," whispered the captain in the Indian's ear, as the squatter and his party began to move away. Nickstick put his hands to his mouth, and once more imitated the croak of a bull-frog.

Abraham paused, and said, "Hark! that is Solomon; stay here, and, when you hear the next croak, follow up quickly, and get to work."

With these words, the squatter threw the stake upon the ground, and thrust his long body through the aperture. Captain Ramsay seized Abraham instantly by the throat, and dragged him along toward the castle. The highwayman struck out violently with his arms and heels, and cried loudly for help. One of his sons put his head and shoulders through the palisade, with the intention of rushing to the rescue, but the negro wrenched the rifle from his grasp, and, striking the young squatter with his fist, compelled him to retire. At the same moment, Abraham's fusee was snatched from the ground where it had been lying, and a ball whistled close past my ear.

The flash betrayed our position; the discharge of two other pieces quickly followed, and Poll Crake had one of his fingers shot away. The struggle was over. The Blackfoot chief remained to guard the palisade, and Twobears, Tom Fling, and I, followed the captain, the negro, and their prisoner, into the castle.

HEAP THE FORTY-FIFTH.

Abraham Thorn was put into the strong room that had twice been the prison of Sapins. It was the captain's intention to keep the squatter's arms pinioned; upon the latter promising to maintain a quiet demeanour, however, he was unbound. But a watch was set upon him, and his fate was left for consideration upon the morrow.

In the morning, I went with Twobears, to hear how Abraham Thorn had conducted himself during the night. Tom Fling and he were sitting face to face, abusing each other roundly. They had come to blows, and there was a bruise over the trapper's left eye. I turned an inquiring look upon him, and he pointed to the side of his prisoner's head, on which a large gash was visible. I glanced around; several fragments of clothing, and human hair clotted with blood, lay upon the floor; and a bench had been dashed to atoms in the struggle.

"I was weary, and began to nod," said the trapper; "you may guess what followed. I thought you would have heard us. Ah, captain, good morning to you."

"Abraham Thorn," said Captain Ramsay, who, accompanied by Nickstick and the wounded negro, had just joined us, "your intentions last night were too apparent, and I have suffered too many insults at your hands, to admit of my showing you any mercy now. As long as you conducted yourself quietly, you were tolerated in the Improvement, and your secret was safe with me; but now the case is otherwise, and I

have two things to offer you. Choose between them. You shall either be taken from this place and shot at once, or, in five days hence, I deliver you, a prisoner, into the keeping of the authorities at Little Golgotha, the nearest settlement. Speak!"

At the commencement of this brief but stern address, the features of the squatter wore an expression of the greatest insolence and contempt; by degrees that expression changed to one of disappointed ferocity and revenge; and at length into one of the most abject fear. He knew the character of the man he had to deal with, and felt that dissimulation would be useless. His face grew deadly pale, and he implored the captain for the love of heaven not to carry his latter threat into execution.

"On no account," cried the latter, warmly; "I see that you have yet some embers of the man about you. You shall die the death of a soldier. Fling, load those two rifles quickly."

The terrified squatter threw himself upon his knees at the feet of his stern judge. He howled for mercy. "Hear me!" he shrieked, raising his clasped hands with a look of most intense agony; "think of my wife—think of my boys—think ——"

"I have thought of them," returned the captain, with a calm smile, "and it appears they also have thought of you, for it is but a moment since one of them came to me, disclosed all your plans, and begged that, now you were caught, I would keep you fast. This is the fit state of a murderer and bully. Away, cowardly dog! your very touch is pollution. I have said, and will do it." And, releasing himself from the grasp of the wretched Abraham, Captain Ramsay beckoned the trapper and myself to follow.

"Must you shoot the squatter?" asked I.

"No," replied he, bursting into a laugh; "a new idea has occurred to me; we will let him go."

"As far as a good rifle will carry—but no further," quickly interposed Fling; "would you have your throat cut?"

"I will cut yours, if you interrupt me again," retorted the

captain, taking the trapper playfully by the ear. "Listen. You and your friend the Blackfoot go and deposit yourselves with much ceremony in the canoe; take your rifles; take a day or two's provisions, and paddle away in the direction of Little Golgotha. When you are out of sight of Thorn's hut, however, strike for the opposite shore, and, instead of going down the river, carry your canoe up on the other side till you reach the last rapid, then launch for Round Island, and stay there at least eight-and-forty hours. Ask no questions, and leave the rest to me. Begone!"

Fling and the Blackfoot whispered each other, and proposed that I should add myself to the party.

"That interferes a little with my plans," said Captain Ramsay; "but no matter, the scenery is fine; be it so, and mind you bring me a fat buck."

Our arrangements were soon made. A few strips of dried venison and bear's-meat were put into the canoe, as well as a hatchet, a tent, a set of paddles, a fox-skin pouch, and our three rifles. We then waved our hands, and pushed from shore.

The squatter's sons witnessed our embarkation, and it was evident that they were drawing their own inferences from it. The door of the hut was opened and closed sundry times, and the whole party appeared to be in motion. We were delayed a few minutes by the trapper, who sprung ashore to speak with Hummingbird; at length we were fairly afloat, and shot rapidly away with the stream.

"Hugh!" cried Nickstick, nodding his head to Fling; "one —two—three!"

"True, boy," replied the trapper; "to cover, quick!"

I turned, and, glancing through the foliage, saw the three sons of Abraham Thorn in hot pursuit of us. Nickstick seized his rifle.

"No, no," cried Fling; "follow me, both."

He leaped to land, and, dragging the canoe after us, we hid it and ourselves in the forest. The speed to which the young squatters had urged their little craft, appeared to make the river almost emit fire. They passed the spot of our conceal-

ment, paused, and held a consultation; then gazed at the shore, as though they doubted that we could have proceeded beyond the spot; and finally darted away once more down the river. We saw them pause a second time, and, standing upright, send a glance down into the distance. In another moment a clump of larch hid the party from our sight, and we commenced the portage to the rapids above.

This portage was an extremely laborious one. We had a deep ravine to cross, the sides of which were, in places, almost perpendicular. In ascending the rugged barrier, the Blackfoot chief lost his footing, and only saved himself by snatching at a projecting branch, to which both the trapper and I had already resorted for succour. By dint of much perseverance and extreme agility, however, we at length accomplished the ascent, and joyfully launched our canoe again, about half a mile above the Improvement; when, concealment being no longer necessary, we paddled carelessly up the stream, in the direction of that lonely island to which Captain Ramsay had instructed us to repair.

It was nearly sundown when we reached this beautiful spot, and the sight of it instantly brought to my mind that sweet song of Moore's beginning, "O had we some bright little isle of our own." I quoted them to the trapper, and he committed them from my dictation to the leaves of a memorandum-book, which he always carried about with him. Tom was by no means the ablest of scribes, and the process of copying down was protracted to a rather tedious length; but it was at last effected, and he returned the memorandum-book to his pocket, with an air of the most profound satisfaction. Nickstick surveyed the operation, and laughed.

"What is the matter, Blackfoot?" inquired the trapper, a little piqued.

"Tink ebber read him?" asked the Indian, placidly.

It was in vain that his friend strove to face out this well-timed sally, and we all laughed in concert. It was a notorious fact that the trapper was in the habit of taking capacious notes of matters that struck him, and was never able to de-

cipher them afterwards. With the view of balancing the account with Nickstick, therefore, Fling inquired if the Blackfoot did not put me in mind of Robinson Crusoe's man Friday, who was a notorious coward?

The Indian's cheek grew perfectly damask, and, putting his hand hastily to his belt, he said, "Injin no coward. Bear come out tree once—'tack Tom Fling. Injin turn squaw—run away, eh?"

"No, my good lad," returned the trapper, warmly, as he seized the Blackfoot's hand; "you knocked the bear on the head, and saved my life at the risk of your own, like a gallant fellow as you are. I was but joking."

"Good," replied Nickstick; "Injin and Tom Fling always brudders. S'pose make fire now; cook venison; see fall tomorrow."

This was seasonable advice, and we followed it. I seized the axe, and felled fuel; the Blackfoot pitched the tent, and strewed it with sapins; and Fling, producing the provision-bag, cut some twigs to toast the venison on.

"I shouldn't at all wonder now," said the trapper, as he thrust three of these sticks into the ground, and curved them over the flames—"I shouldn't at all wonder if you were some day to write a book, and put the Blackfoot and me in it. Ha, ha, ha! what a figure I should cut in a book!"

The report of a rifle, within a yard of my head, caused me to look round. Nickstick was lying flat on his face; the next moment he was in the Madwaska, striking out towards a noble buck which he had wounded. There was a short struggle; the water grew crimson; and the Indian returned, towing the carcass of the deer after him.

"A very neat piece of work indeed," said Fling, eyeing the prize approvingly. "Look at this, friend Log; the redskin has nearly severed the head from the body with that single stroke of his knife. Was it not a scientific cut?"

"Very," said I, passing my hand involuntarily over my own throat; "he beats the Saracens."

"I would back him against Saladin himself," returned the

trapper, anxious to display his historical lore. "By the by, have you read Scott's 'Talisman'?"

"Yes, when I was a boy; but you surprise me. Pray have you a circulating library in the backwoods here, and do you subscribe to it?"

"Yes."

"Explain."

"The captain."

"Ah, I forgot; he is an astonishing man; but I thought you had little taste for study."

"Oh, much. I have read everything, from Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, down to Swift's Tale of a Tub. The captain and I translate Homer together."

"And do you think Homer the prince of poets?"

"Yes; but not a greater man than your Shakspere. There are but three books to my thinking—the Bible, the Iliad, and the Plays.—How that Blackfoot does eat, to be sure! Do you know, I have seen him and Poll Crake get through the haunch of a buck between them."

"Fast for half week bring berry good appetite," said the Indian, laughing musically. "Injin and nigger eat one haunch—good; capin and Tom Fling eat oder, and two shoulders. See! long stomach!" and the chief made a feint of measuring the trapper's gastronomic capacity with his tomahawk; a piece of jocularity which threw us all into another fit of merriment.

A long silence succeeded. Nickstick had picked up my rifle, and lay indolently examining it; the trapper sat with his arms folded, gazing pensively at the fire—he was evidently at the castle by the side of Hummingbird; while I, leaning my back blissfully against a huge cedar, watched the sun set gloriously over the bison prairies of the west, though my thoughts were wandering far away over the green forests, and the blue deep beyond them.

The Indian was the first to renew the conversation. On the stock of my rifle was a small silver plate, with my name engraven upon it. This had not before met his eye. Had

the object, instead of a little strip of metal, been the jewel that glittered in the hilt of Bonaparte's sword, it could not have afforded the unsophisticated chief more delight.

"How near to the eye of a moose, standing on yonder bank, could you put a bullet, with that fusee of yours?" asked Fling, rousing himself with an effort.

"Within an inch, perhaps," said I, sensible of my inferiority as a sharpshooter.

"Could you hit a dollar at eighty paces?"

"I think so."

"You shall try, and I will hold it."

"And if I miss, you lose your hand, or your head."

"Very good; let the Blackfoot hold it then," said Tom, comfortably.

Nickstick nodded, cut a twig of four inches in length, placed a dollar in the cleft of it, and marched away over the island to the distance specified.

"How much powder is there?" asked the trapper, watching the operation of loading. I had drawn the old charge, and was substituting a fresh one.

"Twelve grains; but, as there is an extra thirty yards, I shall make it thirteen."

"And I should advise you to try the second sight, for I see you have three."

"No, I shall aim for the top rim of the piece, and the ball will be true for the centre. Lend me your shoulder."

"What is the matter?" demanded he, finding me still hesitate.

"You breathed, and had I fired, the chief would have lost his ear. Ah, I have missed!"

"You will do better without a rest. See, Nickstick is signalling that the bullet grazed the lower rim."

"Then fourteen grains will exactly do it."

There was a sharp ring, and the dollar was gone. This was a very ordinary display of skill; any Indian boy or girl, of nine years of age, could have done better.

I little suspected what was to be the sequel to the perfor-

mance. Nickstick walked quietly back to us, drew his tomahawk from his belt, felt the edge of it, and said, "Heap-of-hair (for so he often called me) try him skill; berry good; *Injin try now.*"

The trapper gave a long shrill whistle. "I hardly expected this," said he, in an under-tone to me; "your courage will be put to the proof, I can tell you."

"What is he going to do," said I; "tomahawk me?"

"Yes, if you stir hand or foot, or so much as wink your eye. Keep cool; I have twice gone through the same thing. The Blackfoot warriors often plague their prisoners in this way."

Nickstick, without speaking again, took my arm, and placed me with my back to a stout tamarack; surveyed me; put my head erect; made me fold my arms; and then, walking gravely away to a distance of about thirty yards, faced about.

"If his foot slips, you will have your cheek laid bare, or your skull split open," cried the trapper; "put a good face on it; you have no idea how well you look there! Don't laugh—keep your visage as narrow as possible."

I was not left longer in suspense. Nickstick gave an appalling whoop, flourished his tomahawk, and the next moment the cold steel rested against my right cheek. It was buried to the eye in the tree. I wrenched it out, and returned it to the chief, who smiled, and said he had hoped to frighten me. I did not tell him how effectually he had done so.

HEAP THE FORTY-SIXTH.

The trapper and Blackfoot had been long abroad when I awoke the next morning. They had shot another deer, and were dragging it up the beach. Tom had important news for me. A canoe, paddled by a red man and his squaw, had passed them a few minutes previously. He said that it was the first time he had encountered any human creature in those wilds; and the circumstance was the subject of much surprise and conjec-

ture. The probability was, that the stranger pair belonged to a tribe settled a great distance north of the Madwaska, and were on their way down to the settlements.

"Did you speak with them?" I asked.

"No, i'faith," said Fling; "luckily they did not see us; the captain is not anxious to form any new acquaintances. Come, we will take a survey of the island presently; let us now to breakfast."

Thus saying, we threw ourselves down in front of the roaring fire I had prepared, and despatched our frugal meal, which consisted of juicy venison-steak, and some excellent bread, of the fair Hummingbird's own baking.

Our repast finished, Fling shouldered his rifle, and led the way over Round Island, whose beauties he certainly had not exaggerated. A lovelier spot I never beheld. Although entirely indebted to Nature for all its charms, it wore an appearance of having been laid out as a pleasure-ground; there was miniature hill, valley, rock, and glen; and, on one of its sides, the most exquisite little bay imaginable. Here and there, too, as we strolled along, a break in the forest foliage would afford us a glimpse of the sleeping river, which, lit up by the morning sun, looked like a stream of liquid gold. It was near one of these beautiful openings, which commanded a view of the Madwaska and its opposite shores, that the trapper paused, and proposed to rest awhile. I willingly acquiesced, for I was glad of an opportunity of feasting my gaze upon the scenery. When I turned to make some observation to the trapper, however, he was nowhere to be seen; nor was Nickstick. Under the supposition that they were about to play me some trick, I sprang to my feet, and began to search for the place of their concealment. Close behind me stood a high, cavernous rock, but the entrance was so dark, that I was obliged to grope my way in very cautiously. I then sprinkled a few grains of gunpowder, in the form of a train, along the ground, and fired it with my rifle. In a moment the whole cave was illuminated, and at the further extremity I caught a glimpse of two tall figures; but there was a broad chasm between us, and my only method

of crossing it seemed to be by means of a horrible ledge, which was not more than eight inches in width, and offered but a precarious footing. I had just time to see this, then all became darkness again, and I heard my two friends laugh.

"Come on," said the trapper, banteringly.

"I am coming," returned I, not willing to be outdone in dexterity; and once more I resorted to my hands and knees.

"Stay," shouted he, quickly, "there is but one way of doing it;" and I heard him knock something against the rock. The cavern again became illuminated, but by a light so glaring that I was obliged to cover my eyes.

"Be ready," said Tom, "this will not last above a minute. Go back a few paces, to gather an impetus, then run right along; you will not have time to fall; don't fix your eyes on the ledge—look straight at me."

I did as I was desired, made six or eight quick steps, and came with great violence against the opposite side of the cavern. The light had deceived me as to the distance.

"Are you hurt?" asked the trapper. "You have managed it very cleverly; keep this way—ah, the portfire is exhausted;" and once more we were in utter darkness.

"What think you of our cave?" said Fling; "I believe the merit of its discovery, if there be any, rests with myself. In case of need—such as being beset by Indians or Yankees—we could all quit Butternut, and secret ourselves here. I defy the devil himself to cross that gulf in safety. We could pick them off as neatly as possible, and, even in the event of their crossing, there are two other caves branching away to the right and left, and the passes to them are so narrow, that two determined fellows, with axes, might slay a hundred men, without receiving so much as a scratch in return. But I have no more blue lights, so, as we can't explore any further, let us get back. As soon as your eyes have got the better of the glare, you will see a faint ray of light, from outside, gleaming along the top of the ledge; this must guide you now. Be cautious!"

"And whither does this frightful chasm lead?" asked I.

"To the infernal regions, for aught I know," replied the trapper; and he had crossed the dangerous ledge.

Nickstick was the next. "No stop, thinkee," whispered he; "bad footing for feet; take plenty run;" and he was gone too.

"Are you ready?" said the trapper, from the other side. "Do you see light upon the ledge? keep straight along it, and you are safe; take four steps off, and start with your right foot; mind, your *right* foot!"

"Tell me the width of the gulf."

"Full fourteen feet."

"Then I will leap it—clear the way!" I took a spring. I felt a severe pain in my right shoulder; my brain grew dizzy; I seemed to be ploughing rapidly through water, and my senses left me. At least twenty minutes must have elapsed before I recovered them. The earnest and tremulous voice of the trapper was the first thing that roused me.

"Where are you, and how?" cried the good-natured fellow. "Speak, and that quickly, or I shall break my neck in getting at you."

"Here," replied I, with an attempt to laugh; "my shoulder's broken, and my head too, I fancy, for the blood is flowing in torrents from my temple."

"Bind your neck-handkerchief round it. Nickstick is tearing up the tent, and making it into a rope. Here he comes; tie it under your arms, and we will pull you up."

I felt the rope touch my face, fastened it round my body, and got upon my feet, but slipped, and fell another yard, nearly dragging the Indian and trapper down upon me. Presently I found myself depending in air, and the loud breathing of my two friends above told me how they were exerting themselves in my behalf. I grappled a projecting portion of rock, and found a place to rest my foot upon; this was a relief to them, and shortly afterwards I was borne between the pair into the welcome light of day.

My forehead was severely cut, and my face and breast were covered with blood. Nickstick made a plaster of some bruised

leaves, and applying it to my wound, bound a handkerchief over all, with a gentleness and skill that would have done credit to any young student at St Bartholomew's. Fling, meantime, raised my arm, and listened for a "crepitus." No crepitus was audible, so the limb was pronounced sound, and in its proper position. My shoulder was very painful, however, and I remained a comparative cripple for several days.

In the evening Nickstick removed the leaf plaster he had applied to my shoulder, and substituted another. As he performed this friendly operation, I sat with my eyes fixed on the opposite shore of the river. I had twice caught a glimpse of an object stealing along the bank. The young chief marked the earnest expression of my features, and bent his own glance in the same direction.

"Tink him see something?" said Nickstick, stretching his hand slowly towards his rifle, which leaned against a tree hard by.

"Yes, look yonder! it may be the stump of a rotten pine, but it is very like a bear."

The Blackfoot muttered his wonted "Hugh," and running towards the canoe, seized a paddle. Fling joining him, snatched up another, and away they dashed, leaving a streak of foam in their wake like the tail of a shooting star. The bear, however, had scented us, and began to make off. Crack! Crack! went the two firelocks of the young backwoodsmen, and a long, deep growl proclaimed the success of the volley. The impetuous trapper did not wait for the canoe to touch land, but leaped out into the stream, and scrambled up the river's bank, re-loading his piece as he went. His comrade was not a whit less nimble, and together, pursuers and pursued, with an odd intermixture of whoop, bellow, and crashing of pine branches, buried themselves in the forest. In about twenty minutes the hunters re-appeared, carrying the carcass of the bear (which was a young one) between them.

"I would give a trifle to have killed that bear," said I, as the canoe, laden with the spoil, struck the pebbles at my feet.

"He is yours," quickly returned Fling, "to do what you please with. Blackfoot, you hear?"

"Good," said the chief; "plenty of bears for Injin."

"Ay, but I can't accept him, my friends."

"Ah, I see," cried Nickstick, with an intelligent look; "wanted skin to stuff, and put glass eye in, like capin, and stick up in wigwam in old country, to please squaw. S'pose him point at it, den pat head of little papoose, and say, '*Massa fader shoot dat bear!*'—berry good guess—eh?"

"Yes, that's it," replied I, as the trapper and I awoke the echoes with our mirth.

"Much sorry, den, no kill dat bear," muttered the chief; "neber mind, see nodder in two, tree day—kill *him;*" and with this assurance, the Blackfoot began to skin and cut up his prize.

HEAP THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

No event worthy of record occurred on our journey back to the Improvement. We killed no more deer, and saw no more bears, nor did we overtake or meet with the red man and his squaw who passed down the river the morning after we reached Round Island. It was sundown when we shot the rapids above Butternut, and stepped ashore. The gate of the palisades, much to our surprise, was open, and so was the entrance to the castle. The captain's dog, Diver, was the first to welcome us; he thrust his nose into each of our hands by turn, and then bounded away to report our arrival. We were soon met by the captain himself, Hummingbird, Twobears, and Poll Crake, who gave us joyful greeting, and expressed themselves anxious to hear how we had contrived to pass the two days of our sojourn at Round Island.

"And you have encountered no strange faces on your travels, I suppose?" inquired the captain, as soon as Tom Fling had recounted our adventures.

"No—yes; by the by, I had nearly forgotten the circumstance—two redskins, a chief and his squaw, who paddled by us the morning after we left you; they did not see us, however, and evidently were bound for the settlements."

Captain Ramsay looked concerned, and reaching down a large map, examined it attentively.

"But what of Abraham?" said the trapper; "come, we are anxious to hear."

"The highwayman and his sons are gone, and their hut is in ashes," replied Twobears, who had quite recovered from the effects of his wound. "We shall never see him or them again. They left their kind compliments for you all, and regretted their inability to take an affectionate leave of each in person."

"Let us have the whole of the particulars, if you please," said Fling, sitting down, and taking the hand of Hummingbird in a sly and secret manner; "and do not be so lavish of your flowers of speech. You quite bewilder the chief here, who looks as unconcerned as an old pine stump, though he is by far the most curious of the three. Now."

"No hut—no Abraham—no squaw—no papooses," said Nickstick, quietly; "good; capin clear eye—wise head?"

"The Blackfoot is right," said Twobears; "listen. The moment you stepped into the canoe that day, and paddled off down the river, three of Thorn's sons, supposing (as we wished and expected them to do) that you were bound for the settlements, and meant to bring a party back, gave chase, and, had they got up with you, ten to one but there would have been a great waste of gunpowder and lead. By and by, their search proving unsuccessful, they came back in a fury, and tried to chop a way through the palisades. The were so fierce and persevering, indeed, in the effort, that we were obliged to sally out upon them, and Sapins was seriously wounded in the struggle. They then beat a retreat, and kept on the watch, hoping that some of us would expose ourselves at the loops, or about the logs in front—but we knew better. The next day they grew civil, and came with a white handkerchief tied to a ramrod, as a signal for a parley. They leaned their rifles

against a tree, and walked right up to the palisade-gate. The captain and Poll Crake went out to meet them. Peter, the tallest of the squatter's sons, said, that, providing Abraham were released, they would forget their wounds, abandon their hut, and quit the Improvement for ever. To this seductive proposition the captain replied, by observing that, as they had already broken faith so often, he could put no confidence in anything they said, and in two days their father would be delivered into the hands of the government-officers, who were now on their way up from Little Golgotha for the purpose of effecting his arrest. At the close of this intimation the three squatters indignantly tore up their flag, and began to move away in the direction of the hut; but the moment the captain's back was turned, they ran to the spot where they had left their rifles. Suspecting treachery, I shouted, to put my father on his guard. It was too late, and a bullet grazed his side. The hunchback, hearing the noise, limped out from the hut, and, sinking upon one knee, was just in the act of levelling his fusee, when I seized mine, and drove a ball right through his brain. His three brothers jumped nimbly into cover, and we saw no more of them. Night having come, according to previous agreement between the captain and Poll Crake, the negro, as if by oversight, left the highwayman for a while, and dropped a rope within his reach. The next minute we heard Abraham fall from the window to the ground beneath, and afterwards tumble over the palisade, and rush along the clearing. The morning after, the squatter and his whole party were gone, and by this time, anticipating pursuit, are perhaps a hundred miles distant in the wilderness.—Allons! you are hungry, and supper smokes on the board!"

HEAP THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

As yet I had seen comparatively nothing of Butternut and the surrounding country; but every impediment to such pe-

rambulations being now removed, the captain took me the round of his Improvement, and appeared very much to enjoy the surprise and delight I manifested upon witnessing so many proofs of his skill and perseverance.

"This is all the work of Twobears, Poll Crake, and myself," said he. "We were five years in completing the castle; another in erecting this shed and the barn whose ruins you see yonder; another in fixing the palisades; and upwards of ten more in effecting the necessary clearings, and cultivating the patches of land that are visible around you. I made a resolution, when I first arrived here, to fell a certain number of trees daily, and perform a proper portion of other useful work. None of us have been idle, and these are the fruits of our labours. But you seem curious—what puzzles you?"

"I can understand all that you have told me," said I, "but am at a loss to guess whence you procured your horses, and oxen, and sheep. You could not drive cattle through a forest, and it is absurd to suppose you could have brought them hither in a canoe."

"And yet the canoe brought them all, when they were no bigger than Diver there. They have multiplied but slowly, however, and Thorn has lately killed three of my finest bulls. You shall back that spirited bay mare to-morrow, and Nick-stick and Fling shall show you some diversion. But they are wild fellows when mounted, and, if the Blackfoot takes the lead, I fear your neck will be in jeopardy. Heyday! what is that floating down the river?"

"A canoe," cried Twobears, shading his eyes from the sun.

"A stick of timber from the rapids above, more likely," said the trapper.

"Can it be one of our own canoes got adrift?" asked the captain.

As we were speaking, the notes of a bugle resounded through the woods. It was a signal from Butternut, and thither, with some curiosity depicted in our features, we all returned.

There had been two arrivals during our absence—the

Indian and his squaw, the identical pair whom Fling, the Blackfoot, and I had encountered up at Round Island. They were sitting close together upon the captain's favourite couch, and looking about them with an air of suppressed wonder and gratification.

"The red man and his wife are welcome," said Captain Ramsay, taking each of them by the hand. "They have come a long way, and would eat venison with their white brethren. Is it so?"

"Hugh!" said the Indian; "Yellowblanket has not seen the faces of pale people for three winters. He has been hunting upon the lakes above, and is going to the settlements to sell his skins. The Greyhair will give Bluebead a night's lodging, and, if he has any skins to part with, Yellowblanket will buy them."

"Why has the Yellowblanket stained his face, and called himself a red-skin?" asked Nickstick, suddenly, in broken French.

The eye of the stranger gleamed with hideous ferocity, as he replied, "I have spoken—Yellowblanket does not lie."

"He *does!*" retorted the young chief, angrily. "Are Indians half one colour and half another, like a woodpecker?"

The eyes of the pretended red-skin fell under the gaze which this altercation immediately drew upon him, and he spoke a word or two to his squaw, who darted a tiger-like glance at the Blackfoot.

"Come, let us be friends," interposed the captain, as Poll Crake brought in some refreshments for the disconcerted pair. "Eat, and let no bitter words pass between us. Hand out the rum bottle, Poll; we must make amends for this breach of hospitality."

Yellowblanket, who was eating the venison without the aid of a fork, instantly desisted from that occupation when he heard the word "rum," and his eyes gleamed again, though with a far different expression from the one they had before assumed. He tossed off the proffered liquor with great eagerness, and then filled again for his squaw, who signalled for more.

"No, no; not now—by and by," said Captain Ramsay; and Bluebead, nodding her head pleasantly, echoed, "Good—by um by."

The captain then took me by the arm, and together we left the room, leaving the trapper and Hummingbird to perform the honours of the table. Upon our return, we found the rum bottle quite empty.

"Fling, you are much to blame for this," cried the captain, with a little irritability; then, in spite of his choler, he sat down and laughed, for the eyes of the red man and his wife were fixed upon vacancy, and they were both making ludicrous efforts to maintain an upright position upon their seats. After a few ineffectual struggles of this nature, the pair measured their lengths upon the floor, and Mr Crake, with many grins, dragged them out by the heels. They slept till an early hour the next morning, and left the Improvement before daybreak.

A few hours after they had taken their departure, and just as Nickstick, the trapper, and I were about to mount our horses, Poll Crake ran to us, and, pointing into the forest, said that he had seen a wolf prowling about, a minute previously, within a hundred yards of where we stood; so we darted back into the castle for our rifles. I could not find mine, and the silver powder-flask Twobears had lent me was missing. Every likely spot was searched and re-searched, but still the rifle and flask were not forthcoming.

"My rifle! my English rifle!" cried I, running hither and thither frantically.

"My flask! my silver powder-flask!" shouted Twobears; "where is it? what has become of it?"

"Ah, I see it all!" said I, biting my lip with rage. "Yellow-blanket has them both."

I snatched a brace of loaded pistols from a side-table, and rushed down to the canoe. The canoe was gone also. She had been scuttled. There was another in the castle, and I went for it, but met Nickstick with it on his head. Twobears came running after, with a pair of paddles, a hatchet, and the tinder-pouch, and, launching quickly, away we dashed in the direction

of Little Golgotha. The captain stood laughing upon the bank, calling out that a stern chase was a long chase, and shaking his grey head in a manner that irritated us exceedingly.

"Take your time! take your time, friend Log," cried Twobears; "we shall pounce upon them before sundown. Yonder red-skin will not hurry himself—the rascal thinks we have only one canoe, and doesn't calculate on a pursuit."

"If they once take to the woods," said I, "we may hunt for them till doomsday."

"No, no; they will keep to the river, depend on it; they are too heavily laden with skins to make more portages than are absolutely necessary. Besides, their canoe is large, and cannot be carried without a great deal of trouble, nor will a handful of leaves hide it. We shall catch them presently, be sure. What say you, Nickstick?"

The Blackfoot nodded his head appreciatingly, and fixed his eye upon the shore. There was the print of a footstep upon the sand, and we paused to examine it.

"Have they taken to the woods, then, after all?" asked Twobears of the chief.

"No," said Nickstick. "See!" and he showed us another mark, which had evidently been produced by the point of Yellowblanket's paddle, as he pushed off again into the stream; but we continued to bend watchful eyes upon the shore on either side of us, in expectation of finding the spot on which the red man and his wife had kindled a fire, and cooked their breakfast. At length, however, the banks of the river became comparatively flat and barren; and, as there was no probability of Yellowblanket's having paused where there was no cover, we pushed rapidly forward until the woods once more sloped down to the very water's edge.

"Hugh!" cried Nickstick.

"How long have they been gone from here, think you?" asked Twobears, as we all three jumped ashore.

"One hour likely—*two* hour *more* likely," replied the Indian, laying the back of his hand upon the heap of ashes, which were still warm.

Again we saw the print of the paddle-point, and again we eagerly renewed the chase.

At sundown, we came to one of those dangerous rapids in which some parts of the Madwaska abound, and the canoe took a leap that would have done no discredit to a flying deer. It was so sudden and swift, that the young hunter, Nickstick, and I were all dashed violently against each other, and, for a moment or two, stood in some jeopardy of our lives. But, thanks to the dexterity of Nickstick, the little bark quickly righted again, and we slid smoothly away into the still water below.

"Don't tell me that Yellowblanket, with his big canoe and heavy load of skins, had the impudence to face that shute," cried Twobears, looking back with a flushed cheek. "You are too rash, chief; we should have made a portage."

"Hugh!" exclaimed Nickstick.

As he spoke, we rounded a little green promontory; but, before I had time to send a glance down into the distance beyond, the young chief had brought the head of our frail bark to land, and, leaping nimbly out, beckoned me to follow him. I obeyed with alacrity, and in silence.

"What is it, boy?" inquired Twobears; "I saw nothing."

"*Smell* nothing, eh?" asked Nickstick, making a queer noise with his nostrils. "He! he!"

"He is right; there is smoke in the wind," said the hunter; and then (or it was fancy) *I* smelt smoke also. We concealed the canoe among the overhanging bushes, and, the Blackfoot having taken the lead, crawled slowly after him through the forest. Presently we heard the crackling of twigs and the sound of voices. The red man and his wife were at hand. Nickstick and Twobears threw themselves on their faces, and I imitated their example. Yellowblanket and Bluebead had just despatched their evening meal. The former had begun to smoke a tomahawk pipe, and the latter was sitting in a very unpicturesque attitude, with her head between her hands. We stole noiselessly on, and seated ourselves so closely behind them, that I could have laid my finger upon the red man's shoulder. He continued to smoke and gaze unsuspiciously upon the river;

now and then addressing a word to his squaw, and indulging in a little musical laugh, the purport of which I did not clearly comprehend. Twobears looked at Nickstick, and nodded.

"Hugh!" muttered the Blackfoot.

Yellowblanket turned his head quickly. For a moment he was speechless; then, recovering his presence of mind, and without in any way altering his position, he said, "It is well. I am glad. Yellowblanket ate venison with the Greyhair, and now the Greyhair's sons would eat venison with Yellowblanket."

"Our friend has two faces," replied Nickstick, with a searching glance; "why did he steal the pale man's fusee from the wigwam of the white chief?"

The eyes of the Indian opened with admirably counterfeited surprise, and he said, "My young brother talks in riddles, let him speak what all can understand."

"Dog of a red-skin, then," shouted Twobears, springing to his feet, and cocking his pistol, "give back the rifle and powder-flask."

"Is Yellowblanket a thief? does he lie?"

"Go and ransack their canoe, boy," cried Twobears to Nickstick. "Bundle all their skins into the water—we have not come here to bandy words."

The expressive features of Yellowblanket underwent a change, and he glanced uneasily at Bluebead.

"There it is," said I, suddenly, "the squaw is sitting on it —I can see the form of the stock under the blanket;" and, bounding forward, I drew the missing weapon to light.

"So much for the fusee," said Twobears; "now for the powder-flask."

Bluebead exchanged another look with her husband, then glanced at Nickstick, and the depredations he was about to commit among their property, and at length produced the coveted bauble from her bosom.

"There is something else; I can read it in the villain's eye," cried Twobears; "but never mind. Allons! we have despatched our errand."

Nickstick replaced the contents of the canoe; leaped to our side; and merrily re-embarking, we turned our faces towards Butternut.

HEAP THE FORTY-NINTH.

The night being far advanced, before we had proceeded three leagues on our homeward course, we found it necessary to camp. We did not arrive at the castle, therefore, until the next evening. The captain received us with a pleasant smile and rather sceptical air, which evidently implied that he believed the journey to have been made to no purpose; and he was proportionately gratified when he learned that we had been successful in recovering our missing property. He then informed us, with a fit of laughter, that, in addition to the other articles, Yellowblanket had purloined an old regimental jacket, a brazen dog-collar, a pair of boots, and a faded water-colour portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. "But n'importe," cried the merry veteran, "you have recovered your rifle, and I am quite satisfied to be the sole loser on the occasion. Let us not, however, do the Indian race the injustice of supposing that Yellowblanket was a true red-skin, who would not stoop to a theft: the cunning varlet was most probably a French trader, who had disgraced himself in some way, and been compelled to fly into the woods. Come, you have interrupted our festivities. Twobears, take your banjo, and sing for us. Fling and Hummingbird have done their parts already."

Twobears took a queer-looking instrument, something resembling a fat battledore, from a corner, passed his fingers once or twice over the strings, and, calling up a pensive expression of countenance, warbled the following plaintive ditty:—

Where art thou now, Fanny? where dost thou stray?
Dost thou think upon him who is far, far away?
Though another, a dearer, that bosom should fill,
O heave a soft sigh to my memory still!

When we parted, how sad was your effort to smile:
And how strangely your little hand trembled the while!
When you bade me adieu, there was grief in the tone,
And I saw that your heart was as full as my own!

Light, light be that heart, Fanny; sunny that brow;
And your bosom still trusting and artless as now;
May it never by pain or by sorrow be wrung,
And its hopes be as gay as the songs that you sung!

Do you ever look back to that calm summer's night,
When we wander'd along in the mellow moonlight,
And the peaceful Mohawk roll'd as silently by
As the tear I have sometimes seen fall from your eye?

Where art thou now, Fanny? where dost thou stray?
Dost thou think upon him who is far, far away?
Though another, a dearer, thy bosom should fill,
O heave a soft sigh to my memory still!

"I know the air, for it is one of my own composition; but pray what words are these?" asked the captain, the moment the song had come to a close: "I have not heard them before, Twobears."

"I must refer you to our friend Log, here," replied the hunter, replacing the banjo in the corner, with much gravity. "They were composed expressly for myself, and are only to be sung upon extraordinary occasions."

"Ah, then I have a task here that will be quite to your taste," said the captain, producing an old manuscript music-book, and rattling over the leaves impatiently. "I want some words arranged to this air. But stay, can you read this?"

"Not a note of it," said I; for to me these words had been addressed.

"Humph, that is a pity; well, never mind, you understand *time*, I suppose?" I shook my head. "Well it can't be helped. See, that is a semibreve, and you count four to it; that is a minim, and you count two; that is a crotchet, and you count one. One semibreve equals two minims and four crotchets. Very good; then there are quavers, and semiquavers, and demi-semiquavers. A quaver is half the length of a crotchet, and twice the length of a semiquaver; while one semiquaver is

equal to two demisemiquavers; consequently, as there are two semiquavers to a quaver, and two quavers to a crotchet, two crotchets to a minim, and two minims to a semibreve, one semibreve must equal thirty-two demisemiquavers; must it not? Do you comprehend this?"

"Oh! perfectly."

"Good; now, what is that?"

"A crotchet."

"No, that is a minim—never mind, what is that?"

"A minim."

"No, that is a crotchet."

"Oh!"

"And what is the next?"

"A semibreve."

"No, a quaver—n'importe, try and point out a semiquaver."

"There."

"Oh dear, no, that is nothing at all, a mere rest;" and here there was such a burst of merriment from the whole party, who were looking over my shoulder, that the good-natured captain, though he looked angry at first, was obliged to sit down and add his own merriment to the rest; and it was eventually arranged, that, as I did not bid fair to prove a very promising pupil, I was to be supplied with a verse of the same measure with that which the captain required, and compose something that would contain a similar number of feet and accents.

* * * * * * *

"Come, the horses are waiting for us," cried Fling, as he overtook me in the forest the next day. "We will have a grand scamper through the woods, and up to the Little Bear Lake."

Nickstick was already mounted, and a more picturesque horseman I never beheld. He had a scarlet handkerchief bound round his head, and two or three eagle's feathers stuck crosswise through his shining scalplock. I had donned a closely-fitting cloth cap for the occasion; but Hummingbird bade me remove it, and speedily substituted a similar ornament to that which decorated the brow of the chief. The trapper and I

then leaped to the backs of our steeds, and, Nickstick taking the lead, away we went.

About fifty yards in advance stood an old decayed tree, one of whose gigantic arms stretched right across the path we were about to pursue. The top of the branch was about six feet from the ground, and I expected to see Nickstick go to one side of so formidable an impediment to our procedure. Not so; he cleared it with perfect ease, and I soon found myself and horse flying over also. The captain and Hummingbird, who had waited for the purpose of witnessing this exhibition of equestrian agility, then waved their hands to us, and were lost to our sight.

Our way, for some distance, lay direct through the forest, along a narrow sort of alley, which (the occasional occupation of nearly fifteen years) had been hewn through it by the indefatigable captain, Twobears, and Poll Crake. This path brought us to an extent of wild barren land, something resembling a fire-swept prairie; after crossing which, we again picked our way through a patch of forest (our horses jumping cleverly over fallen trees and every other obstacle), and found ourselves in a rocky glen, that appeared at some distant day to have been the bed of a small river. The bones of several large deer were scattered about, and Nickstick, with a grim smile, pointed to the skull of a wolf, which had most probably fallen a prey to some of his own party. The road along this ravine was so rugged that we were compelled to dismount. At length we arrived at the foot of a commanding hill, from whose top we obtained a sublime view of the surrounding country. The Little Bear Lake, our destination, lay just beneath us.

"Do you not breathe with greater freedom, and does not your heart beat more proudly, to know that you are gazing over a soil which has never been polluted by the tread of human feet?" asked the trapper, with his nostril dilating like that of some proud war-horse that smelt the battle, and his dark curls sporting in the fresh mountain air. "How can men herd together in cities, when, like children of nature, it

is in their power to enjoy the wild delights of a paradise like this?"

We descended the hill, tethered our steeds to some adjacent saplings, and walked leisurely down to the shore of the smooth sheet of water before us. It reminded me strongly of Lake St Charles, near Lorette, though the banks that overhang the latter are far less precipitous and picturesque. We sat ourselves down upon a little knoll of soft turf; there was an instant commotion among a group of weeds that waved over the liquid mirror beneath us, and the golden armour of some fresh-water leviathan flashed in the mellow sunlight. The bosom of the lake appeared to heave, and the little waves, running up, almost kissed our feet.

We remained more than an hour to feast our gaze upon the tranquil beauties of the scene; then, taking each his horse by the bridle, began to move back in the direction of Butternut.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to a little green mound of earth at a short distance from us.

The trapper paused, and surveyed it attentively. Nickstick looked at it also, and advancing slowly, motioned me to follow.

"Is it not strange that neither you nor I should ever have seen this till now?" said Fling to the young chief. "What do you believe it to be? Ah, I understand. You think that there has one day been a great battle fought here, and the bones of slain warriors lie sleeping beneath."

"Hugh!" replied Nickstick, retiring several yards, and folding his arms reverently upon his bosom; "their spirits hover near!"

"Lead the horses on, boy," said the trapper, "and we will join you presently."

"No!" responded Nickstick, guessing the other's intention, for he was anxious to satisfy his curiosity respecting the contents of the green hillock; "we are men, and not dogs, to harm the dead—let the ashes of our buried fathers rest in peace. Nickstick has spoken;" and the young warrior placed himself resolutely between us and the sacred mound.

The trapper, who had the spirit and impetuosity of a lion, and could not brook this quiet remonstrance, advanced with a determined air, and looking steadily in the face of the red youth, bade him move from the spot. Nickstick's dilating eye gave back the glance of disdain, and he still retained his position. The trapper released the bridle of his horse, and seized the Blackfoot by the shoulders. The latter as quickly retaliated, and for a few seconds the two young men glared upon each other with the ferocity of the deadliest foes. Fearful of the result, I released my own bridle quickly, and calling to the angry pair to desist from such folly, rushed between them. At the same moment I heard a wild neigh, and one of the horses dashed past me in the direction of Butternut; the two others were not slow in imitating his example, and the quick regular tramp of their retreating hoofs grew gradually fainter and fainter upon our ears.

"This serves me right," cried the laughing trapper, offering his hand good-humouredly to Nickstick, who as frankly received it. "I was wrong, boy; let the dead rest, and our quarrel *with* them. We must now find our way home on foot."

* * * * * *

It was night when we reached the castle. The horses had found their way back; and the captain, Twobears, and Poll Crake, fearing that some calamity had overtaken our party, were just about to arm themselves and set out in quest of us. The slight cloud that had arisen between the trapper and Nickstick was now quite dispersed; and the merry captain, by way of rendering himself agreeable, offered to take a base in the new melody to which I had been composing words. They ran thus:—

The mist was on Madwaska's lake, the forest leaves were still,
And mute the merry mocking-bird, and mournful whip-poor-will,
When 'mid the red-deer haunts I found your wigwam in the wild,
And saw you first, dear Miami, a happy forest child!

Ah Miami!
My heart flies back to thee—
O'er the blue sea foam,
To your backwood home,
By the hollow hemlock-tree!

The squirrel eyed you as you sat, beside the river's brink,
The chitmunk sported round you, the moose stole down to drink;
And the timid musk-rat came to play among the scented reeds,
While on the yellow mocassin you stitch'd the scarlet beads.
Ah Miami, &c.

Days that had seem'd too long till then, now roll'd too swiftly by;
Our hearts were young and hopeful, and they had not learn'd to sigh;
We thought not of that bitter hour, which fate had yet in store,
When we should part—to meet, alas! on this sad earth no more.
Ah Miami, &c.

Sweet Miami! each hour some hope falls like a forest leaf;
And though my heart—like all which feel—lacks not its share of grief,
'Twould gladly know a double share, through many a coming year,
To save your bosom one brief pang, or spare that eye a tear!
Ah Miami, &c.

HEAP THE FIFTIETH.

It would be tedious to myself, and perhaps productive of little interest to the reader, were I to recapitulate all that was said and done during the ensuing fortnight or three weeks of my stay at Butternut. I shall therefore forbear to comment on them further, than by just observing, that the time passed but too quickly and pleasantly to myself, and, to all appearance, with no less of happiness to those who so hospitably entertained me. The captain read aloud to us from his favourite authors, and occasionally joined us in hunting parties, of which he was the very life and soul; the trapper quoted Homer and Shakspere, took copious notes of things that struck him, and monopolised the society of the fair Hummingbird, who meantime wrought me a pair of very handsome mocassins; Twobears talked of his Dulcinea on the banks of the Mohawk, seduced me into shooting-matches, in which he was pretty generally the victor; and the Blackfoot led me in pursuit of bears, instructed me in the art of setting traps for wolves, and taught me to paddle a canoe

and shoot rapids on scientific principles; while the excellent Mr Crake waited on us all, prepared our pipes, cooked our venison, cleaned our rifles, grinned at our jokes, and acquitted himself of every other duty in so clever and admirable a manner, that we pronounced him to be the very prince of black servants, and worth his weight, not in paltry gold, but in diamonds of the purest water. Such continued to be the tenor of life at the castle until one sober evening towards the latter end of November. That beautiful season known as the Indian summer was just drawing to a close; the forests were growing leafless and deserted; the weather was getting cold, and we were sitting round a fine glowing wood-fire—for the captain abhorred stoves—rubbing our hands, and making ourselves as merry as the season of the year and our several circumstances would permit. Captain Ramsay had just gone out and come in again, resumed his tomahawk pipe, stirred the logs, and said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "A cold night! the glass is falling rapidly—we shall have snow!"

I sprang from my seat. "Snow!" echoed I. My response was a prolonged stare and a general laugh, for I had dropped my pipe, and was looking perhaps more concerned than so simple an announcement appeared to warrant; but I was reflecting upon the impossibility of my getting back into the settlements, if I once allowed the snow to set in.

"Yes, *snow*," reiterated the captain, twirling his long moustache. "Why not? we generally look for it about this time."

"Then I am sorry to tell you," returned I, with a melancholy sensation, "that I must be on my way back to Little Golgotha; that is all, gentlemen."

"Nonsense! stuff! bah! pooh!" was the cry.

The Blackfoot was alone silent. He continued to smoke with much composure.

"Have we quarrelled then, that you wish to leave us in such a hurry?" asked the captain. "You shall not go; we will pass the winter together."

I saw that it was no time to waver. Anxious as I was to remain, and loath as I was to part from those to whom I was

hourly growing more and more attached, I had formed my resolution, and determined to adhere to it.

"I must go," I repeated. "I have arranged to pass the winter in the settlements, and there are people there who will be on the look-out for me."

"There will be time enough for *that* when the ice breaks up," said Twobears.

"The ice seldom breaks up till the beginning of May, and I must be at Niagara in May, as I have to go south."

"The snow may not set in for a month yet. There are winters which remain open till the end of December."

"They are not to be trusted; and, with the captain's permission, I will leave Butternut the day after to-morrow."

The captain remained silent, and I never felt more complimented than at that identical moment, when, instead of replying, he seized a small clump of moustache, and plucked it up by the roots, as one would serve a young tree. He never inflicted this punishment upon himself but when he was seriously moved.

"Could you not arrange to leave us to-night?" inquired the facetious trapper. "A mail-coach passes the door regularly at half-past ten, and I will send Poll Crake to secure you the box-seat."

I was not sufficiently "cunning of fence" to parry this clever thrust, and, stealing presently from the room, and slipping through the palisades, I rambled into the forest, among the ruins of Abraham Thorn's hut.

HEAP THE FIFTY-FIRST.

The next day I began to prepare for my journey back to Little Golgotha; and, as I was thrusting some articles into my knapsack, Twobears approached with some sheets of yellow paper in his hand.

"These are for you," said he, "if you think them worthy of your acceptance. You have often, though perhaps not in words, expressed a curiosity to learn something of the captain's early career and adventures, and I have frequently read in your eye an earnest longing to learn why he should have sought a home in such a wilderness as this. Well, then, here is a document that will afford you all the information you seek. The original manuscript, which is in his own handwriting, becoming soiled and torn, I, a few years since, undertook to re-write it, but found the task a longer one than I bargained for, and gave it up in despair. You will find some extraordinary things in these pages, and they will serve to remind you of us when we are far apart. Put them away quickly, for I hear the captain's footfall, and there is no necessity for him to know anything of this transaction."

I obeyed with alacrity, just as Captain Ramsay himself joined us.

"You are inoculating the whole of us with this leavetaking mania," cried he: "here is Nickstick now talking of making a journey to his tribe among the Rocky Mountains. I should not wonder if Fling will be the next seized;" and the irritated veteran passed his hand twice quickly backward and forward over his grey hair, a process which left it standing perfectly on end, and imparted an unusual ferocity to his fine features. "I suppose you have quite made up your mind to go to-morrow."

"To-morrow," echoed I, "without fail."

"Ah, very good;" and I was once more alone.

The morrow came. The weather had continued to grow colder, and delay would have been dangerous. My knapsack and rifle, the foxskin pouch, the paddles, the axe, and other et ceteras, were put into the canoe, and I took my seat among them. Hummingbird, the captain, and Poll Crake stood upon the river's bank, to watch our departure. Nickstick stepped to my side, and with one powerful sweep of his pine-blade urged the obedient little craft into the stream. The trapper and Twobears, who intended to accompany me a short distance, were already in another canoe, and leading the way. I looked back.

Hummingbird kissed her hand to me, and the captain lifted his cap; then a bend in the river hid the two figures from my sight, and I had gazed my last upon them and Butternut.

"I dare stake my head there will be no snow for five weeks to come," said Fling, as the two canoes came together.

"Have a care, brother, or we shall be broadside on to the rapid. Quick! what are you thinking about?" cried Twobears. "Ah, it is too late!"

Down shot the two canoes into the sea of foam before us, but not with equal fortune. As Twobears had predicted, the trapper missed his mark, and struck upon a ledge of concealed rock. The canoe filled and sunk directly, and the two young men, being precipitated into the boiling caldron, were hurried helplessly down the stream. They were both excellent swimmers, however, and contrived to effect a landing in safety.

"It seems we are not destined to accompany you further," said Twobears, when I had landed also; "your canoe will not carry more than two safely. Farewell! Remember the Falls of La Chaudiere, and our first merry meeting."

"I shall not easily forget either," said I, wringing the extended hand with an unfeigned heartiness.

"Let us cut this melancholy business as short as possible," cried the trapper, with a quavering voice; "I am not fond of leavetakings in general."

Each of us wrung the other's hand once more, Nickstick obeyed the hint I gave him, and he and I were alone in the wilderness.

At sundown we lighted a fire, and camped for the night. Neither of us felt very communicative, and little was said. Some snow fell towards morning, and we heard the howling of wolves. We kept alternate watch, and took particular care not to let the fire die out.

The whole of the next day passed without giving birth to any extraordinary occurrence. Nickstick strove to be cheerful, but he frequently asked me the same questions twice, and sometimes we sat for hours without speaking a word. Toward

evening, as usual, we lighted a fire, pitched our tent, and ate our bread and bear's meat.

"Why do you cast so many glances on yonder tree?" inquired I of the Blackfoot, when the meal was concluded. "Is there anything more remarkable in that than in any of these others?"

"No see dat mark?" asked the chief, as he led me to the hollow pine we had been surveying. "Use him eye; what this, and this?"

"The bark has been scratched; it looks like the mark of a claw."

"Berry good; tink him *old* scratch, or *young* scratch? Eh? why him laugh?"

"Which do *you* think it is?" asked I, evasively.

"Tink him *bear;* look! know him in tree now; see plenty claw *up*, no claw *down;* sure him in tree. Berry good, get him out soon," and Nickstick, seizing the axe, cut several huge notches in the old tree's trunk. This measure, however, being productive of no satisfactory result, we lighted a fire around the root of the pine, and endeavoured by that means to seduce the bear from his hiding-place. This attempt was a fruitless one also; and, after we had removed the blazing logs, Nickstick climbed the tree, with the view of determining whether the animal were really there or not. He then made a signal for his fusee, and I threw my own, as the lighter of the two, into his hand. He put the muzzle of it down the hollow of the pine, and fired. The sharp crack of the piece reverberated through the forest, and, dislodged by the concussion of air among the branches, I heard several decayed twigs patter upon the leaf-strewn ground. Nickstick very coolly threw back the rifle, and desired me to re-load, when the chief repeated his dangerous experiment. Still the bear appeared not, and I put my ear to the bole of the pine.

"Ah, what him 'ply to dat?" said Nickstick, noticing the act; "say him come out by um by? Berry good, wait till by um by;" and descending, he resumed his position by the fire.

Gradually the sun sank below the horizon; the sky grew

golden; then blood-red; then brown; then night set in; and, wrapping a blanket round my head and shoulders, I stretched myself by the warm embers, and fell asleep.

I was awakened suddenly by the chief, who thrust my rifle into my hand, and bade me follow him quickly. The fire had gone out, and the forest was wrapped in a profound darkness, but by degrees its outline became less indistinct, and I contrived to keep my gaze fixed upon the dusky form of Nickstick, as it flitted rapidly along before me. Our path lay up a ravine, and along the stem of a fallen pine. The Blackfoot had gained the middle of the latter, and I was close at his heels, when the rotten timber crumbled away under our tread, and we were both precipitated into the torrent that roared beneath us. We were so fortunate as to escape with a mere wetting, but, by the time we had extricated ourselves, the bear had gone, and pursuit was hopeless; so we returned sulkily to our quarters, and, rekindling the fire, spread our dripping garments before it, wrapped our blankets once more around us, and resumed our slumbers.

It had been arranged that Nickstick should accompany me down the Madwaska as far as that memorable fork which had been the scene of my struggle with the half-breed Rattlesnake; but the events of the next morning enabled me to alter my plans, and dispense with the further assistance of my generous companion. In doubling a point of the river, much to the astonishment of both parties, we overtook a large canoe, which contained an Indian hunter and his wife. They were much such a pair as Yellowblanket and Bluebead. We shot abreast of them, and made signals of friendship.

"Do you speak English?" asked I, addressing the red-skin.

"Ver small some," returned he, coolly; "parlez vous Francais?"

"Non," said I, unwilling to make a parade of my bad French.

"Well, can't help; speak old-country talk, then, like Canada fader. Good for hear. Know him Canada fader in Montreal —grey hair, wise head—give poor Injun powder, lead, blanket, fusee, eberything, much as want."

"Ah, then you have now an opportunity of obliging one of his sons. Will you take me to the river's lower fork, and set me ashore there?"

"Yes, no 'ject to dat; got dollar about him, ha?"

Nickstick drew out his tomahawk, and gave it an alarming twist.

"O yes, I have dollars; how many shall I give you?"

The red-skin paused a moment; then, with his keen eye fixed steadily upon my face, to learn how far it would be safe for his impudence to carry him, held up one finger, then another, then a third, then a fourth, and finally, smiling, opened his whole hand. "Five dollar," cried he.

Nickstick gave his tomahawk another twirl, but didn't speak.

"I see you are a rogue," said I; "I will give you two dollars, and no more."

The bargain was struck, and we all stepped ashore, when my knapsack, rifle, &c., were transferred to the Indian's canoe, and the moment had now arrived for Nickstick and myself to bid each other farewell. He told me that he was going to hunt awhile with his tribe, and should return to Butternut the ensuing summer, when he should hope to see me again. I replied, that there was little probability of our ever meeting more, unless he visited England. He then took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and presented me with his tomahawk. In return, I gave him my pistols, with which he appeared much delighted. My red friends now took their seats, desired me to do the same —and I had looked my last upon Nickstick.

More than an hour elapsed ere I opened my lips, and then I felt as though it would have been a relief to me if I could but have picked a quarrel with the red-skin and his squaw.

"Of what tribe are you?" asked I sharply of the former.

"Two-mountains," was the reply.

"By what name am I to know you?"

The red man pronounced a word of about seventeen syllables. I begged for an interpretation, and he said it meant "Smooth-water."

"And your wife," pointing to the squaw; "what is her name?"

Another word of a similar length fell upon my tortured ear, and I begged for an interpretation of that also.

"Woodpecker," was the response.

Woodpecker was a yellow lady of about five feet in height, and four in breadth. I had never before seen so corpulent a personage. The more I looked at her, the more I wondered. Smoothwater noted the consternation she occasioned me, and, supposing I was growing enamoured of her charms, said, "Berry fine squaw. Pale-faced squaw like dat? No."

I heartily concurred in the sentiment, and, stretching myself out upon the buffalo robe that lay in the bottom of the canoe, fell into a sound sleep. I dreamed that I was once more at Butternut. The captain, Twobears, Hummingbird, Tom Fling, Nickstick, and Poll Crake, were sitting around me, and the dog Diver dosed at my feet. I was wakened by a shower of spray. The canoe had just shot a rapid. My thoughts dwelt upon the parting look Nickstick had given me, and the following lines linked themselves together in my brain:—

Were it for months, or even years,
  Which soon, though sadly, would roll by,
Perhaps I might restrain the tears
  That mount unbidden to mine eye;
For then the hope would yet remain
That we might some day meet again;
But no such hope may cheer our gloom—
No, from this moment to the tomb,
We never more, my friend, my brother,
May fondly gaze each on the other;
No more through these wild forests roam,
Which for awhile have been our home;
No more you'll rest your head with me,
At night, beneath the same green tree;
Those hours are past, too few, too fleet,
Too bright, too happy, and too sweet!
I think upon them with regret,
And would that we had never met.

I love your clime, I love your race,
Your noble mien, and swarthy face;
And in that bosom, far from cold,
I know there beats a heart as bold

As ever yet throbb'd in the breast
Of red-skinn'd warrior of the west—
A heart which bleeds, too, like my own,
To think how thinn'd those tribes have grown
Who once possessed, pure, undefiled,
A land so wondrous fair and wild,
Where forests bloom, and rivers run,
Unmatch'd beneath yon glorious sun!

Sad was the day, sad was the hour,
Sad, sad, beyond the feeble power
Of pen to paint, or tongue to tell,
When the first white man, skill'd too well,
Fate-led the stormy ocean o'er,
Set foot upon your peaceful shore!
No young light-hearted warrior bounds
Through those once-happy hunting-grounds;
No deer dash by; no rifles ring;
No Indian maidens sit and sing.
No; foot by foot, and day by day,
You're driven from your homes away,
Until—faint, lorn, degenerate few—
There soon will not remain to you,
Of all those lands so grasp'd and gone,
Enough to spread your blankets on.

Such were my thoughts, when, with a sigh,
We parted—that young chief and I.
He to his tribe, far, far away,
Where buffalo and Blackfeet stray,
And I—I did not know, nor heed:
Where fate might bid, or fortune lead.

HEAP THE FIFTY-SECOND.

At sundown, according to backwood custom, we camped, kindled a fire, and partook of the usual evening meal. Woodpecker, who had received this appellation in compliment to the dexterity she exhibited in the use of the axe, when fuel was required, ate prodigiously. Nor did I feel at all flattered upon the discovery that we were all three to sleep under the same tent; but, as a declension of this honour would have involved

my hosts in a great deal of what they would perhaps have considered unnecessary trouble, there being no other tent, I thought it my duty to acquiesce. Woodpecker furnished me with no cause of complaint, and I awoke the next morning very much refreshed, and with an appetite fully calculated to do justice to the excellent breakfast she had prepared for me.

About noon the same day, we arrived upon my old camping ground at the river's fork. Smoke was curling up among the trees, and we stepped into a circle of seven or eight picturesque-looking Indians, of whom my friend Smoothwater appeared to be the chief. Among the rest, much to my surprise, I saw Yellowblanket and Bluebead. They both started when their glance fell upon me, but betrayed no further disposition to acknowledge the acquaintance. I did not expect him to do so, as I felt sure that he was a little sore upon the subject of the rifle, toward which his eye once or twice roved, with an eager and covetous look.

"Yellowblanket has a short memory," said I, rather irritated by the red man's impertinence. "Why does he put a lie into his face, and pretend that the young Englishman and he have never met before? Where are the long black leggings, and the scarlet jacket, and the brass dog-collar, and the picture that he stole from the lodge of the Greyhair?"

"Has my young white brother come singlehanded to redeem them?" asked Yellowblanket, with a diabolical little laugh, that exhibited all his yellow teeth.

"Silence! Pray don't irritate these fellows," cried a voice in my ear.

The words startled me strangely, for they were couched in a language I had not heard for many years. Could Indians talk Latin? Yes, evidently. My first impulse was to turn and gaze at the speaker, but I saw that caution was requisite, and checking myself as suddenly, muttered, "Dice; audio." I then looked in a careless way toward the party who had addressed me, and found him to be a handsome, young (apparently) red man. He was playing with and caressing a dog. There was another dog sleeping near me. Sitting down, I began to stroke

his head, and talk. The words I spoke, however, were addressed to the mysterious youth at my elbow.

"Most of those around us talk a little French, and English," said he; "so, seeing that you were an old-country man, I thought it probable you would know something of Latin. Don't look at me, or our friends will suspect that we are conversing. I am in trouble."

"State your complaint," said I, opening the dog's mouth, and affecting to examine his teeth. The Indians had eaten their supper, and were lying stretched indolently upon the ground.

"Four months since, I came to hunt with these rascals, and was so foolish as to fall in love with one of their squaws. The girl was pretty, and I became really attached to her; in return for which politeness, Smoothwater, her papa, had us married, and made me a chief. Soon afterwards, the father of the lady and I had some words, and I threatened to leave the tribe. He bade me do so on my peril. Accordingly I made the attempt, but was caught and led back; ever since which time I have been watched narrowly, but I think, if you will lend a hand, I may yet escape. I forgot to tell you that I am a lieutenant in the army. Who and what are you?"

Here, the dog that I was caressing began to growl and snap at me; so I gave him a sound cuff on the ear, and sent him about his business. I was in consequence unable to reply to the queries of the young lieutenant, in the manner I before had done. He saw the impropriety of our holding further intercourse at that moment, and, thanking me for the attention I had given him, threw himself back, and fell asleep.

I awoke in the middle of the night, and looked round. The Indians were all slumbering soundly. I crawled toward my new acquaintance (whom the reader shall know by the name of Ralph Picket), and touched him lightly on the shoulder. "Are you ready?" I asked.

"Ready!" echoed he. "Impossible; we could not steal away by night; it must be done by day."

"What, and leave a broad trail behind us? Nonsense!

Your best chance is at a time like the present; for at least five or six hours must elapse before the print of our footsteps will be visible. Allons—follow me!"

He sprang to his feet. I was about to do the same, when one of the red men awoke, and seeing Picket astir, asked whither he was going.

"To fetch some logs," replied he, with admirable self-possession. "The nights grow cold now."

"Hugh!" said the Indian, resuming his recumbent posture. But his suspicions were roused, and we found it prudent to defer our adventure till a fitter opportunity should present itself.

In the morning, as we were discussing our breakfast, Ralph Picket, as though we had held no previous communication, turned suddenly to me, and said, "Parlez vous Francais, monsieur?"

"Non," replied I, as abruptly, and with a helpless shrug of the shoulders; "I have better occupation here;" and I assisted myself to a fresh slice of venison.

Ralph Picket and I turned our backs upon each other with as much rudeness as possible, and the red men seemed pleased to find us disagree. I saw that Smoothwater was about to speak.

"Smoothwater like Heap-of-hair's fusee; what shall the chief give him for it?"

"I cannot part with it," said I, somewhat angrily; "it is not for sale."

"Hugh! much sorry; like fusee well; give ten dollar for him."

"A hundred would not buy it," returned I, wishing to put the subject to rest. "I have said."

Smoothwater looked displeased, and passed the rifle on. Several of his comrades examined it, and I was requested to load and exhibit its virtues. A tin drinking-cup lay on the river's bank, about fifty yards off, and I took aim at it.

"Hit the cup," muttered Ralph, "or these rascals will hold

you in contempt; besides, it will show that thief Smoothwater that you could pick one of his eyes out with the tool, if need be. Don't give up the piece again."

I pulled the trigger as he spoke, and knocked a hole through the bottom of the tin pot. The red men all cried, "Hugh!"

Another day and night passed without affording Ralph Picket an opportunity of escape. The next morning, Smoothwater told me, in the presence of all his "young men," that he had had a very pleasant dream. He dreamed that Heap-of-hair (for he had learned from Nickstick to call me so) had presented him with his fusee, and gladdened his heart very much. Ralph Picket coughed, and grasped himself thinkingly by the chin. I was quite aware that, without a wilful violation of Indian etiquette, I could now no longer remain the possessor of the coveted rifle. With a bad grace, therefore, I handed it over to the chief, saying, as I did so, "Smoothwater has pleasant dreams; all the horns, and skins, and bear's-meat the backwoods could boast, would not buy Heap-of-hair's fusee; but when the Great Spirit whispers, his children must obey." The red man's eye glistened with ecstacy, and he marched triumphantly away with his prize.

"You have lost that pretty rifle," said Ralph.

"Wait a bit," said I.

The Indians, headed by Smoothwater, went away upon the track of some wolves. Ralph was taken with them. The chief asked me to make one of the party, and offered me the loan of a heavy Kentucky rifle for the occasion; but I declined the proffered civility, and remained in the camp. I stretched myself out upon a buffalo skin, and awaited their return. They were not long absent, and I learned that they had succeeded in capturing two wolves. I did not rise from the buffalo robe until the whole party had re-assembled; then, seating myself with much gravity among them, I informed Smoothwater that, during his absence, I also had had a very delightful dream, in which *I fancied that he had returned me my rifle.* The countenance of the chief instantly fell. "It is good," he muttered; "the Great Spirit sometimes whispers to

one, and sometimes to another. Smoothwater returns Heap-of-hair his fusee;" and with a false smile he put it into my hands. The whole party of Indians then smoked away for a long time in silence, while Ralph Picket and I conversed upon our fingers.

"We must be off without fail to-night," telegraphed he; "these scoundrels are plotting mischief."

"Be ready when you see me rise and replenish the fire," was my reply. "In the meantime, secret the red men's tomahawks, and stop up the touchholes of their fusees."

Ralph nodded, and I saw him laughing more than once. I had little doubt that his thoughts were reverting to my fortunate dream, and the comfortable manner in which it had enabled me to retaliate upon Smoothwater, who again begged that I would share his tent and buffalo robe. I was quite aware that this offer proceeded less from an impulse of hospitality, than a strong desire to have me under his own immediate surveillance, and defeat my plans of escape from his thievish band. I affected to be well pleased with his proposal, however, and, in order to keep him in good-humour, presented Bluebead with a large mosaic-gold brooch, which she received with a whoop of pleasure, and immediately stuck in the bosom of her blanket.

At midnight I arose, according to my frequent custom, and heaped some logs upon the fire. I then returned to the tent, and once more lay down. A few minutes afterwards, I again quietly arose. All the red men were asleep, and Ralph Picket had already withdrawn himself. I seized my rifle quickly, but was annoyed to discover that one of the arms of Smoothwater was resting upon my knapsack. I resumed my position by his side, and plucking a hair or two from my head, drew them slowly along his upper lip. He raised his hand to it in a surly way, and I removed the knapsack. In another minute Ralph Picket and I were gliding stealthily through the forest, in the direction of Little Golgotha.

"What is the matter? why do you pause now?" asked Ralph, as he saw me hesitate.

"I have forgotten my tomahawk; it was the gift of a young Blackfoot chief, and I must return."

"Nonsense! are you mad? Hark, I hear the dogs; we are missed, and have no time to lose."

I did not hear the dogs, but I felt the justice of Ralph's remonstrance, and took the lead again. There was a bright star in the east. I had studied its position by my pocket compass, and knew that Little Golgotha lay in that direction. By and by we reached the banks of a small lake. I uttered an exclamation of joy, for I recollected the spot well.

"Hark!" whispered Ralph, cocking his rifle; "I hear footsteps."

"They are too clumsy for those of a man," said I, "and it must be a bear. Have the goodness to uncock your piece, or, if you stumble, I shall have the bullet in my back."

Picket did as he was desired; and together we pushed our way under branches, along fallen trees, and up a dangerous ravine.

"What is the matter now?" cried the impatient young lieutenant, finding me come to a sudden stand; "push on, pray!"

"We are upon the brow of a precipice, and another step would have been death. You would find no bottom there for more than a hundred feet."

Ralph thrust his rifle forward, and peered down into the gloom, then withdrew quickly, and muttered, "What an escape! I am glad you led the way." We both listened again, and loud shouts, mingled with the heavy tramp of feet and the yelping of curs, fell upon our ears.

"*Now* we are pursued in earnest," said I, and drawing my companion after me, we coiled ourselves under the trunk of a tree, which grew upon the very ledge of the gulf.

Two red men were close upon our trail. Ralph was about to cock his piece and shoot the foremost, but I laid my hand upon his arm, and caused him to desist.

"Be patient," whispered I. "Look and listen."

At that critical moment, one of the Indians rushed hastily

past the spot where we had concealed ourselves, uttered a whoop, and was gone. I heard his lifeless body crash heavily among the branches below. The second Indian, encouraged by the shout, leaped forward also, and disappeared. A dog ran to the brink of the precipice, and barked loudly in our faces. Ralph Picket thrust out the butt of his fusee, and pushed the animal over the ledge.

"Don't move," cried Ralph, "there are five more to follow," and putting his hands suddenly to his lips, he raised a whoop that rang for many a mile through the echoing woods. It was too late for me to remonstrate against so unseasonable a piece of folly; the mischief was done, and the rallying red men came forward in a body. Two out of the five fell into the trap, the remainder drew back, and, uttering a yell of rage, retraced their steps.

"Now is the time," said I to Picket; "we must descend this crag. We can swing ourselves into the branches of one of these trees, and slide down safely;" and, dropping my rifle and knapsack into the abyss, I worked my way along a sturdy hemlock bough into the hemlock itself. There were branches at intervals of about six feet from each other, and I accomplished the descent with comparatively little difficulty. Ralph was not so fortunate. The first intimation of his proximity was conveyed to me by his heavy rifle, which fell almost at my feet. Some pine branches near me were then seriously shaken, and Picket slipped uninjured through them. He had missed his grasp of the tree, and, losing his presence of mind, suffered himself to tumble almost from the top of the hemlock to the bottom, where the denseness of the foliage broke the impetus of his career, and tossed him harmlessly to the ground. Together we groped about for my knapsack and rifle, and, having recovered them, resumed our journey. I had scarcely taken two steps, however, ere I stumbled upon the prostrate body of one of the Indians. He was still living, but quite insensible, and we placed him with his back against a rock. We then searched for the three others, but without success, and, clambering the opposite bank of the ravine, proceeded on what

we supposed to be our course. But I had now completely lost myself among the intricacies of the forest, and the star that had hitherto guided me, being no longer visible, I resolved to move no farther until day had broken. I communicated my intentions to Ralph Picket, and, as he appeared to appreciate them, laid myself wearily upon the ground, and was soon fast asleep.

HEAP THE FIFTY-THIRD.

It was not until the evening of the next day but one, that (without having tasted a morsel of food since we parted with Smoothwater and his band) Ralph Picket and I, very weary and footsore, entered the settlement of Little Golgotha, and knocked at the yellow door of its judge, coroner, and chief magistrate. The judge himself, attired in the same buckskin waistcoat that he had worn upon my last interview with him, responded to the knock, and, holding a candle to my face, honoured my features with a long and somewhat embarrassing scrutiny.

"Yes it is," cried the judge; "yet no, it isn't either; but it's uncommonly like him, too."

"Mr Log, at your service," replied I, "Ali Baba's friend; and this is *my* friend, Mr Ralph Picket, whom I beg to introduce to your notice."

Ralph Picket bowed, and the excellent justice of peace, wringing our hands warmly, dragged us into his parlour. There was an immense uproar in the next room. Two fiddles were being taxed to the utmost of their melancholy abilities, and the shuffling of many buoyant feet was plainly audible. Ralph Picket threw himself into a chair, covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed like a child. He had dwelt so long with his interesting allies, the red men, that his feelings were not proof against the pleasing revolution his prospects had suddenly undergone; and I, for my part, felt like one who had just awoke from a long strange dream.

"Is this real, friend Heap-of-hair?" asked Ralph, looking round him with an air of semi-savage bewilderment, "or is it all a joke?"

As he spoke, the judge returned, and a buxom, rosy-cheeked damsel, laying a milkwhite cloth upon the table, exhibited to our admiring gaze a hot venison pasty, some new bread, and a jug of foaming ale.

"We have not eaten or drunk for three days," cried Ralph, repeating a brief grace, and attacking the pasty with vigour.

The good-natured justice lifted his eyebrows and hands in amazement, and ordered the cherry-cheeked maid to fetch two more pasties on the spot. This timely piece of pleasantry caused Ralph and myself to laugh.

"Don't lose time, boys," said the judge; "you're picked for the next quadrille."

"For what?" said I, with a look of concern, and a disparaging glance toward my legs and feet.

"A quadrille!" cried Ralph, assisting himself to a fresh heap of pasty.

"Nothing else, I guess," said the imperturbable judge; "you're both engaged five deep, and I'm mistaken if there are not six or eight of the girls staring by turns through the keyhole now."

A suppressed coughing and tittering was here heard, accompanied by the patter of retreating feet. Picket threw himself back in his chair, and laughed outright.

"You cannot be serious in your proposal, judge," remonstrated I; "look at us—with our travel-stained hunting-shirts, blue leggings, yellow mocassins, and beards of a month's growth;" and together Picket and I rushed out of the room, and up a staircase.

Remonstrance was useless; the judge, backed up by a stout storming party, besieged us in our den, and we were compelled to surrender at discretion. Five minutes were allowed us for the performance of our toilets, and the enemy drew quietly off to await the issue of the negotiation.

We found the company to consist of about five-and-twenty

settlers, with their wives and daughters, and a large sprinkling of colonels, majors, and captains, together with a number of other gentlemen who had either figured in political life, or were the proprietors of stores in that or some neighbouring settlement. We were the lions of the evening.

As Ralph Picket and I retired to our slumbers, the merry but muffled music of approaching bells fell upon my ear, and I opened the window. There were nearly two feet of snow upon the ground; and the melodious sounds proceeded from a sleigh, which dashed past with the rapidity of lightning. It was the first I had ever seen.

"Had this snow fallen yesterday, our retreat would have been cut off," said I, re-closing the window. "Thank God for all things!"

"Amen!" responded Ralph, with much more devotion than I had supposed him capable of. "I am very glad I met with you. Good night!"

HEAP THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

As I had resolved to spend the greater part of the winter in the bush, and Ralph Picket, who was now the master of his own movements, had signified his intention of accompanying me, I inquired of the judge whether there was a possibility of procuring a pair of horses and a sleigh, in order that we might proceed at once to the settlement I had chosen for my head-quarters. The judge took the matter into his consideration, and the next morning but one the required conveyance drew up at his door; whereupon Ralph and I, having previously provided ourselves at a neighbouring store with mink-caps, buffalo-coats, and bear-skin gauntlets—a costume which left nothing whatever of us visible, saving the red tips of our frosted noses—away we shot. The winter had set in with a most unusual suddenness. There were four feet of snow beneath us, the sky was an intense blue, and the air so pure and

clear that I could distinctly see the young moon in her retirement among the azure depths above. Though the cold was more severe than any I had ever encountered, I experienced no unpleasantness from it; on the contrary, my spirits were buoyant beyond measure, and my blood ran tingling through my veins in the most delightful manner imaginable. There was a wall of snow to our right, and a wall of snow to our left, and we slipped stealthily along over the white world that lay before us, with the silence of a ship upon the ocean, or a wild bird on the wing.

With the buffalo robes wrapp'd warmly round,
And the sweet bells jingling all the way,
Over the white and frozen ground,
Merrily glides the rapid sleigh,

said I, extemporising a verse.

"How beautifully the tin church-spires glitter among the snow-laden trees!" cried Ralph; "and hark to the exquisite music of those mellow sleigh-bells! Heyday, your nose is frozen!"

"I don't feel it."

"No, I daresay not. Remove your gauntlet instantly, take a handful of snow, and rub your face with it well. The friction will restore the circulation."

It did, but I was obliged to beat my hands together for five minutes, before I could resume the command of the reins. Ralph drew a case-bottle from his buffalo-coat pocket, and offered me a tot of savoury liqueur. He then filled for himself, and, as he screwed on the cap of the flask again, observed in an under tone, "That scoundrel Pierre is asleep, and therefore can't need any."

Pierre, who was the owner of the sleigh, and sat in a box behind us, awoke quickly, and coughed, to intimate the fact. Picket took the hint.

"C'est bon!" cried Pierre, smacking his lips, and pulling up the buffalo-robe once more to his very chin.

In the evening we paused to bait our horses, and procure something to appease the cravings of our own respective appetites. As it chanced to be Friday, however, and the host and hostess of the log inn were rigid Catholics, we were compelled

to sup upon a highly-peppered potato-pie, and buckwheat pancakes. That done, we sprang again into the sleigh, and stopped no more till we reached a settlement called Smithville, in which we resolved to remain the night. Pierre roused us at an early hour the next morning, and by mid-day we had arrived in a village called London; an hour afterwards at Richmond; then at Kettleville; and finally at Wakefield, our destination, when we parted with Pierre, and took up our quarters at the best inn the settlement boasted.

"Anything new out west?" asked the landlord, who was also a colonel in the militia.

"Nothing that I am aware of," said I.

"They say that things are looking up a little down south. The last advices from Europe are favourable."

"So they tell me."

"What about wheat?"

"Steady at present, with a prospect of a rise."

"I am offered four-and-ten," said the colonel; "would you advise me to hold or sell?"

"Hold, by all means," said I.

"Do you think the Gineral will get in?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"Who is the Gineral, pray?" asked Picket, as the colonel left the room.

"Can't say," said I; and we heard the colonel's voice recapitulating the information he had gleaned to the group of settlers who were sitting round the inn parlour stove. The tramp of retiring feet then announced the gradual break-up of the edified party, from whose rather troublesome company we had the fortune to be exempt during the rest of the evening.

The following morning, as I intended to make Wakefield my residence during the winter months, I looked over my letters of introduction, in the hope of finding one addressed to some person in the neighbourhood, and had the luck to discover one for the pastor of the village. I was just about to despatch this, with my card, when Ralph Picket entered the room in which I sat, and requested a word with me.

"What is the matter, Ralph?" said I; "you look unusually sentimental."

"I have hit upon it, I think," replied he, closing the door with an air of much mystery.

"Ah, indeed; what is in the wind?"

"I am going into business."

"*Business!*—a gentleman? an officer in the army?"

"Listen. While sauntering down the settlement just now, I happened to drop in at the store that excited our merriment yesterday, and got into conversation with the proprietor, who is about to sell out, in consequence of his having involved himself a little with the excise-officers. The fellow offered me the good-will of his business and the whole of his stock on hand for a certain sum, which I thought little enough. I, however, offered him precisely half of it, and we struck hands upon the spot. You have nothing to laugh at, I assure you. I never was more serious. To-morrow I take possession."

"I congratulate you upon your prospects, with all my heart," said I; "but ——"

"*But* what? Listen again. I have squandered away a good deal of money since I came to Canada, and being now somewhat reduced in funds, and too independent to draw on my father's banker, have resolved to make a bold stroke; in fact, I have determined to go into business, and by some successful speculation replenish a purse which, in spite of all my economy, is at a very low ebb indeed, and threatens shortly to become dry altogether. Well, I have a proposal to make you."

"Make it then."

"You must enter into partnership with me."

"Impossible. I never had a turn for business."

"But I will take no denial."

"Then I will be sleeping partner."

"Very well, you shall. *I* will carry on the concern. Which will sound best? 'Log and Picket,' or 'Picket and Log?'"

"Arrange it to your liking; here is my share of the purchase-money;" and I began to count over a roll of five-dollar notes."

Ralph pushed them from him indignantly. "The cash is paid," cried he; "take back this filth."

"Never. If we are to be men of business, let us act as such. Either put this into the general fund, or let us dissolve partnership at once."

"So be it, for I am sure we should never agree;" and Ralph shrugged his shoulders.

"Let me see," said I; "you will have strong opposition. There is Major Pocock over the way; David Tree yonder, at the house with the blue front; Paul Turret in the distance there, where the four-post bed and shower-bath stand; and ——"

"All the better," said Picket, folding his arms doggedly. "What they ask a dollar for, I will sell for fifty cents; and what they offer for fifty cents, I will sell for a trente-sous. They will turn pale at the bare idea of it, and a week afterwards you will see them all putting up their shutters."

Having delivered himself of this solemn prediction, Ralph Picket donned his buffalo-coat, and went to take a fresh inspection of his newly-purchased stock. In the meantime, having received a very polite note from the Rev. Harry Tiber, the village pastor, I strolled to his house, with the intention of paying my respects.

On my return, I learned that Ralph Picket awaited me at Major Pocock's, and to that gentleman's establishment I immediately repaired. Ralph, I saw, was acting the prudent general, mingled with a slight dash of the spy.

Major Pocock sat at his door, not on a chair, nor a stool, nor a sofa, nor a box, but upon a mahogany piece of furniture of a very peculiar nature. He was a magistrate, and held a commission in the militia service. He received me with much warmth, and invited me to dine with him; but I viewed the thing in the light of a compliment, and declined the honour. His store was full of people, though there was little or no business in course of transaction; the majority of these people came for conversational purposes, and the remainder for the sake of the stove, as the major always kept up a good fire, and

his premises had the reputation of being the best aired ones in the settlement. Having replied to a few commonplace questions, and been introduced to Dr Grundy, and some other village grandees, I cast my eyes round the store, to note its contents. For the convenience of the parties who have occasion to resort to it, a merchant's store in the bush contains every article that can possibly be required for domestic use; and such was the establishment of Major Pocock. It boasted of grocery, haberdashery, hosiery, drugs, cutlery, crockery, perfumery, stationery, furniture, jewellery, confectionery, saddlery, and seeds; which were hung upon pegs, stowed upon shelves, thrust into cupboards, placed in the windows, piled on the floor, and hooked upon and crammed into every available spot and crevice that the shop afforded. Not one inch of wall, floor, or ceiling was there unoccupied. Hats, wash-hand basins, looking-glasses, rifles, boots and shoes, warming-pans, flitches of bacon, bottles of pickles, barrels of butter, ready-made coats and waistcoats, jars of sweetmeats, and a thousand other articles of almost every nature that can be sold or purchased, being jumbled together in a manner I had never seen equalled in the whole course of my bush experience. And in the centre of this heterogeneous mass of goods—for he had removed from the door—now beamed Major Pocock himself, walled in by a group of his friends and admirers, who were rubbing their hands and knees blissfully, and enjoying the heat the cheerful stove diffused around.

The major sat immediately in front of it, facing the red-hot door, with a poker in his hand, and one heel on either extremity of the ash-pan. Dr Grundy, the settlement surgeon, sat upon the counter, surveying his legs, and clapping his boots leisurely together, with a sound like that produced by the jaws of an alligator, when he is looking anxiously forward to his next meal. There was another gentleman stationed upon a can of treacle hard by, but he appeared to be absorbed in his own reflections. He stared at me as I entered, though by degrees his gaze slipped down from my face to my feet, and there remained fixed. I was positively afraid to move either

of them, lest the action should offer an interruption to his meditations.

"Yes," said Major Pocock presently, in pursuance of a conversation my entrance had broken off, "those who think to undersell *me* will have to cut rather fine. Let 'em try it."

All eyes were here turned upon Paul Turret, the pensive gentleman who sat upon the treacle-can. The stoical Paul, in return, turned his lacklustre, watery optics upon those of the speaker, but said nothing.

"If any man seeks a jinnowine article," said Major Pocock, "let him come to me; if he wants an inferior one, let him go to Paul Turret."

"Yes, yes," cried the major's audience; "very true."

Paul Turret rose slowly from the treacle can, and I felt apprehensive that he was about to annihilate the major; but he had no such sanguinary intentions, for he laid his arm very amicably on Major Pocock's shoulder, and stretching over him, relighted his pipe at the stove; then gravely resumed his seat.

"A bad article is dear at any price," said Dr Grundy, with another clap of his heavy boots. The doctor always attended Major Pocock's lady.

"That is exactly my sentiment, and my principles is based upon it," said the major; "the cheap and nasty system will not do in the long run."

There was another murmur of applause here. I looked at Paul Turret. The expression of his face had never altered, but one of his eyes at that moment wandered to mine. The hour of his triumph was at hand. Just then, a little boy—Paul Turret's *clerk* (there are no *shopmen* in Canada)—came in for change of a ten-dollar bill. Paul handed it to Major Pocock. The major went boldly to his tills, first to one, and then to the other, and finally shook his head.

"Two fives will do," said the boy.

"I haven't got them handy, my man," muttered Major Pocock.

"Half in silver then," urged the boy.

"No; I can't spare it in that either," said the major.

"Well, some of it in copper," persisted the youth.

The major was inexorable, and the juvenile clerk indulged in a rather insulting grin, which must have been grievous to the fast-rising choler of Major Pocock. Paul Turret thereupon slowly drew out his pocket-book, counted over ten one-dollar notes, and put them, with a pleasant chuckle, into the hand of his clerk. He then arose from his seat, placed his half-extinguished pipe in his waistcoat pocket, put his hands calmly under the tails of his shooting-jacket, and stalked into the street. There was a queer smile upon his long cadaverous face, and his great odd eye met mine, as he descended the step of the door. Paul Turret was avenged.

HEAP THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

Upon my return to the hotel, I found a note awaiting me from the Rev. Harry Tiber, with an intimation that he would be happy to see me to dinner, and a further hint that, in the event of my not having provided myself with lodgings, he would be glad to receive me under his own roof. Without more ado, therefore, I waited upon Mr Tiber, and on my way met with Ralph Picket, who informed me that he had finally closed with Daniel Thumb, and was just about to open his store, inviting me at the same time to an early inspection of it. On turning the corner which led to the minister's cottage, my eye caught an immense placard posted on the chimney of a hut that had been consumed by fire. It bore these words—"Go to Picket's new store—try Picket." I could not help laughing as I contemplated this placard, though I rather regretted Ralph's precipitancy. As he had fairly passed the Rubicon, however, I determined, far from thwarting him in the prosecution of his new enterprise, to give him every encouragement and assistance that lay in my power. With this resolution big at heart, I arrived at the residence of Mr Harry Tiber. I found that gentleman in his "library." He was a

tall, handsome young man, of about nine-and-twenty, with rich, dark curly hair, a pair of large, lustrous black eyes, and a fine, pale, interesting face, which wore an expression of much archness and good-humour. He was married, and had not been resident in Wakefield more than six months. He had entered the church very much against his will; and many droll tales were told of him, some of which I did, and some of which I did not believe. One of these was as follows:—On the occasion of some festivities in the settlement, as a means of ingratiating themselves with the Sunday-school children, he and his charming little wife had launched from their cottage window a number of penny-pieces, for which, of course, there was an immediate scramble. But the moment the penny-pieces had come into contact with the tips of the children's fingers, they withdrew them with a howl, for Mr and Mrs Tiber had previously reduced the coin to a white heat in a shovel over the kitchen fire. I relate the story as it was related to me, and do not vouch for the truth of it; nor am I anxious to do so, for I am indebted to Mr and Mrs Tiber for a great many kindnesses and attentions, as well as for some of the very pleasantest hours I passed in the bush. I must nevertheless admit that, whenever I subsequently beheld Mr Tiber in the pulpit, the story of the fire-shovel and the penny-pieces would flash across my mind, and very materially lessen the awe with which I should otherwise have been disposed to regard his pious admonitions.

Mr Tiber's cottage was an extremely pretty and picturesque one. It had a Swiss look, was balconied round, and stood upon the skirt of the forest. I could not help turning, as I left the spot, and admiring its unpretending beauty. I had a great wish to make it my residence; but, as I regarded the Rev. Harry's invitation to do so less as a serious proposition than as one of those compliments which people often, on the impulse of a first acquaintance, are disposed to pay to each other, I had respectfully declined the thing. On my return to the hotel, however, I discovered that Mr Tiber's man-servant had already captured and carried away my luggage; so I

had no alternative but to follow it, which I did the same evening.

The following day I paid a visit to the store of Ralph Picket. Ralph saw me coming, and threw open the door. He had such enormous a fire in his stove, that my eyes absolutely crackled as I stood near it, and I had almost to gasp for breath. There were several settlers warming themselves, and, as usual, six or eight large dogs occupied the best portion of the hearth. Ralph was just superintending the sale of a frying-pan to a young lady, and some powder and a pair of braces to an Indian chief, who had his rifle in his hand, and a pair of snow-shoes over his shoulder. Picket was sitting in a rocking-chair.

The young lady inquired the price of the frying-pan.

"The price is marked on it," replied Ralph.

"I don't see it," said the damsel.

"You have got your thumb on it, my dear."

"But it's a private mark."

"Very good," said Ralph, coughing; "take it at that."

"But I can't read your private marks—how can I?"

"And I am sure I can't," said Ralph, much concerned. "Can anybody read private marks here? If so, let them look at this. Here, friend Log, what does an L and a K stand for, with a stroke between them?"

"Daniel Thumb should have let you into this secret," said I. "You had better examine your invoices."

"To be sure," muttered Ralph, who thereupon went into a dark closet in a corner, and brought out three separate files of bills—each of them nearly as long as one of those patent chimney-sweeping machines now in vogue—and having presented one to me, a second to his boy, and reserved the third for himself, we all three calmly sat down to study them. The invoices were covered with dust, and every time we removed one, we sneezed in concert. At length Ralph sprang impatiently from his chair, and inquired of me, in a whisper, what frying-pans usually went for in the Old Country? I laughed at poor Picket's concern, and shrugged my shoulders.

"Would it be dear at half-a-dollar?" asked he.

"Decidedly so," said I.

"Can anybody fix a price on this infernal pan?" asked Picket, appealing to the group of bystanders, who were warming themselves at his expense.

One settler cried, "A shilling;" and Ralph's boy, feeling himself appealed to, said, "Fourpence;" on which, Picket seized the pan, and gave him such a rap upon the head with it, that the article rang like a Chinese gong. The requisite information was at length procured from a neighbour, when Picket, with the view of setting all competition at defiance, struck off fifty per cent. from the cost price of the utensil, and delivered it up to the purchaser. The gunpowder and braces were then disposed of at a similarly low "figure," and Ralph resumed his seat in the rocking-chair, with the complacent air of a man who had got satisfactorily through a most tedious piece of business.

Once or twice in my perambulations about the important and flourishing village of Wakefield, I had observed a dirty, ruffianly-looking fellow, who went about with his dilapidated hat very much on one side, and his arms akimbo. His face was an exceedingly unprepossessing one, and it wore one of the fiercest and most insulting expressions that human features could possibly assume. As I was returning from Ralph Picket's store to Mr Tiber's pretty villa, I was just in time to see the individual alluded to shoot head first out of David Tree's spacious warehouse, into the very middle of the road, where he lay for a considerable time, uttering the most hideous execrations, and kicking his heels savagely in the air. His flight from the store into the street was as sudden and swift as though he had been discharged from the mouth of a cannon. It was but natural, therefore, that I should pause to inquire of the first person I met who the ejected gentleman was, as well as something concerning his profession and pursuits. "You must beware of him," was the reply; "he is a very dangerous fellow, who, if he can do you an evil turn, will watch his opportunity, and certainly do it. He is called

'Crazy Joe.' He has been in all the jails and lunatic asylums in Canada, but none of them would keep such a rascal on any terms. He leads a roving, roaring sort of life here, and sometimes lives in the forests, no one knows where or how, for months together. At other times he will come into the settlements, and force himself into our houses, from which those of us who have the courage to do so, instantly kick him into the road, where he will frequently lie for two or three days at a stretch. Carry a horse-whip, and if he attacks you, cow him at once, or he will never cease to play the bully every time you and he encounter each other. He has killed one man, and maimed several others for life. Above all things, beware of sitting at night near a window which has a light in it."

I thanked David Tree for the hint, and promised to turn it to account.

"Don't forget the horse-whip," cried David.

"No, no, I will not," said I; and I purchased one immediately.

My course happened to lie close past Crazy Joe, who was on his back among the snow, whirling his legs frantically in the air, and blaspheming in a horrible manner. His face was quite red with the exertion, and his eye looked frightfully wild and bloodshot. As I drew near, he fixed his gaze upon me, sprang into a sitting posture, and began to nurse his knee, but offered no insult. Wishing to conciliate him, I took out my purse, and tossed him a sixpence. He leaped to his feet, and flew at me open-mouthed, like a tiger or catamount. I darted to one side, and the door of Paul Turret's shop being open, slipped in, and closed it after me. The next instant the door was dashed to pieces, and Joe presented himself, almost foaming at the mouth. Here he ran at me a second time, so, being now thoroughly roused, I seized him by the hair and ear, and gave him a heavy blow over the left arm; while Paul Turret, running to my assistance, pushed the madman once more into the street. A few minutes afterwards, a huge stone was hurled through the window. The missile was aimed at me, but missing, it struck Paul Turret on the back with such

violence, that he fell upon his face, and vomited blood. With all haste, therefore, I despatched his clerk for Dr Grundy, and after hearing that gentleman pronounce the patient better, returned to my friend Harry Tiber's, with the horse-whip under my arm.

HEAP THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

December had now rolled away, January set in, and with it, that clear, blue, deliciously-cold, crisp weather which is so dear to the heart and pleasant to the thoughts of every true Canadian. Sleighing was in its prime. Plenty of snow had fallen; it had got well "packed," and the roads were in capital condition. Accordingly, the first moonlight night, by unanimous understanding and consent, Mr Tiber, Mrs Tiber, with two or three young lady friends, Ralph Picket, and I, deposited ourselves in a fine large sleigh, and were whisked along through the dark pine forest by Harry's powerful horse Brigand, at the rate of about sixteen English miles per hour. But, although Brigand had the reputation of being the fastest trotter in the bush, he was not without his eccentricities; and one of the chief of these was a strong pre-disposition to form his own selection of the road along which the sleigh was to be drawn. That once done, nothing would ever turn him. A variety of experiments had been tried upon the refractory animal, but in vain; and frequently, as Harry himself once told me, when he had promised to do duty at one settlement, Brigand carried him off per-force to another, and he had no alternative but to do duty there instead. Apart from this rather troublesome peculiarity, the beast had no vicious propensity whatever, and was, as we nearly all agreed, one of the best and most brilliant quadrupeds that ever champed bit.

"It would be well, my dear," cried Harry to his pretty little wife, as he drew up the buffalo robe to his chin, and beat one of his hands against his knee to restore the lost circulation—

"it would be well if, before you pronounce these glowing eulogiums on Brigand's powers, you wait to see how he conducts himself presently where the roads fork. If he takes it into his head to turn to the *left*, instead of the *right*, it would have been better for us if we had never set out; for the late drifts in that quarter have been such as to render travelling, and particularly by night, excessively dangerous."

Brigand sneezed, and cracked his tail, just as an able huntsman would crack his heavy whip.

"Did you observe that, Fanny?" inquired poor Mr Tiber.

"I did, my dear," returned his wife; "it portends mischief."

"Of course; he means to make for the drifts."

Mrs Tiber gave a faint scream, and her three friends echoed it.

"Now pray, *pray* be calm, every one of you," cried Harry, "for I shall need all my nerve."

Brigand dashed on over the white snow sea. Every bell upon his arched neck rang out its silvery chime to the blue night; while the full moon and radiant stars looked down upon us through the tall pine-trees, as we flew by with a rapidity that was quite appalling.

"We are now upon the River Rideau," said Mr Tiber, "and in a minute more we shall reach the fork."

Brigand sneezed again.

"Ah, you demon!" muttered the incensed Harry between his set teeth.

Brigand, who fully appreciated the compliment, laid his ears perfectly flat upon his head, and cracked his tail again.

"Do you think he will take the wrong turn?" I asked, feeling rather elated than otherwise at the prospect of a capsize.

"I am sure of it," said Harry Tiber; and, placing his feet against the dashboard, he gave the reins a mighty tug, which brought the unruly animal upon his haunches on a waste piece of ground precisely facing the dangerous fork so frequently alluded to.

"Bear on the left rein, Harry," said Mrs Tiber, laying her

little gauntleted hand upon her husband's shoulder; "bear on the *right* rein, and he will be sure to take an exactly opposite direction."

Mr Tiber, thinking the hint a good one, acted upon it, but the result proved contrary to his expectations, for Brigand gave a frightful plunge, and darted down the forbidden track with the velocity of a stricken deer. The disappointed Harry made another effort to throw him upon his haunches, but it was unsuccessful, and the attempt only exasperating the horse, he flew forward with greater speed than ever. A moment afterwards I experienced a sensation as though I was in a ship that was descending into the trough of a wave, and Mr Tiber, his wife, the three ladies, Ralph Picket, and I, were precipitated into twenty feet depth of snow!

Dire was the scuffle and confusion. Brigand neighed, and kicked, and reared, until nothing but his two ears were visible over the drift; the meek Harry, with his mouth full of snow, swore away like any trooper; Mrs Tiber and her lady companions screamed with all their might; and Ralph Picket and I, in our huge buffalo-coats, dug our way first to one side, and then to the other (though every step sunk us deeper into the disaster), in the vain hope of achieving an emancipation for ourselves and friends. While affairs were at this crisis, the music of advancing sleigh-bells fell upon our ears, and, like drowning mariners upon a mast when a sail heaves in sight, we all raised our voices to the highest pitch of which they were capable: Mr Tiber, Picket, and I, taking a heavy bass, and Mrs Tiber and her fair companions the shrillest alto. To this sudden and extemporaneous piece of vocalism, we were certainly indebted for our lives, as Brigand, who had completely exhausted himself by his previous efforts, and had for some minutes lain in a sort of swoon, now made a violent demonstration with his fore-legs, loosened the snow around him, and occasioned a prodigious avalanche, which brought our whole party into a place of comparative safety. While the ladies were yet struggling to regain their feet, and I was endeavouring to disentangle the harness from the horse, the advancing

party, whose bells we had heard, made their appearance, and rendered us prompt assistance. By dint of this and our own exertions, we contrived to get the sleigh once more into tenantable condition, and to re-establish ourselves in it. Before we had proceeded half a league of our homeward course, however, a portion of the harness which we had mended gave way, and we were compelled to proceed at a walking pace to the nearest habitation. This fortunately happened to be the residence of a respectable old gentleman and lady with whom the Tibers were intimate, and in whose company we contrived to pass a most agreeable evening.

To this evening I should forbear to allude further, had it not given birth to a very curious and inexplicable circumstance, with which I deem it but fitting to acquaint the reader.

I have before alluded to the serene beauty of the night. It was as light as day, and when we looked through the double windows of the apartment in which we sat, we could distinctly see the country for upwards of twenty miles around us, and distinguish the tin spire of Wakefield church, as it glistened against the blue heaven in the background. While our gaze was turned in this direction, we all observed a tall figure emerge from the forest, and stalk slowly up the road. It occurred to me immediately that I had seen this figure before, but I could not recollect upon what occasion. That impression became stronger as the object advanced, and striding spectrally along the little clearing in front of the house, ascended the steps and knocked. Notwithstanding the singularity of the whole affair, admission was granted to the mysterious stranger, who without removing his tall fur cap, or buffalo-coat, or black bear-skin gauntlets, strode unannounced into the room we occupied, cast one queer glance around him, bowed his head to avoid the pipe of the stove, entered an adjoining chamber, and closed the door quietly after him.

The whole transaction had an air of such mystery, that for several minutes neither Mr Bevan (the old gentleman named), nor his wife, nor Harry Tiber, nor *his* wife, nor the three young ladies, nor Ralph Picket, nor I, knew at all what to think

of it. We looked at each other in silence. Mr Bevan was the first to break the charm, and rise from his chair.

"What rule or usage in society, I should like to know," cried the old gentleman, "entitles a man with whom I never exchanged more than two words in my life to enter my house, and, without even shaking the snow from his mocassins, walk into my best bedroom at this time of night?"

"Paul Turret may possibly have some business to transact with you," said Mrs Bevan.

"Then Paul Turret, my dear, could have found his way here as well by the light of the sun as by that of the moon. Besides, I have had no dealings with him whatever."

"Are you sure it was Paul Turret?" asked Mrs Bevan.

"Convinced," replied her husband.

"And I;" "and I," echoed Mr and Mrs Tiber in a breath.

I had a similar conviction, but did not feel called upon to say so.

"It is strange that he has not yet made his re-appearance," remarked Mr Bevan; "I will go and inquire his business."

The old gentleman at once suited the action to the word, but came from the room again with so pale a face and ghastly expression of countenance, that we all sprung simultaneously to our feet.

"What is the matter, William? Speak!" gasped Mrs Bevan.

"Nothing—nothing at all, my dear," returned her husband, sitting down, and wiping the perspiration from his brow; "only we have been deceived. Paul Turret is not in that room. It is empty."

"Nonsense!" cried Harry Tiber. "I will swear that I saw Paul Turret walk into that room, and close the door after him."

All were ready to confirm the truth of this assertion, and, Mr Tiber leading the way, we entered the mysterious apartment, but found it, with the exception of the furniture, perfectly vacant. There were no cupboards, and there was nobody under the bed; the walls were not provided with secret

pannels, nor had the floor any trap-doors. No person could have hidden himself in the chimney, for the room did not boast of one, and none of us felt disposed to tax a gentleman of Paul Turret's height and calibre with having ascended the stove pipe.

"This has been an optical illusion," said Mr Bevan.

"Never!" exclaimed Harry Tiber. "How could *nine people* be similarly deceived? *One* may, perhaps, and it is even possible that *two* might have their imaginations so worked upon, either by nervousness or fright, as to be affected in this way; but for nine rational people to be participators in the same hallucination, I will never believe it. Paul Turret came into this room, and he must either have got out of it by some means of which we are not at present aware, or he is still among us."

"Let us search again then," said Mrs Bevan.

We did, and with the same amount of success.

"How frightfully pale you look, Fanny," said Mr Tiber to his wife.

"And you have no idea how your hair is sticking up, Harry," retorted she, laughing, in spite of some superstitious fears.

"A new idea has struck me," interposed Mr Bevan; "he must have escaped by the window." The possibility of this had not yet occurred to us. "Of course this will explain the mystery;" and a rush was made to the window.

"At all events, then," submitted I, "we shall find the track of his mocassins upon the snow."

We looked for these in vain; there was not a footprint to be seen.

Soon afterwards the whole party retired to bed, but not to sleep. Paul Turret occupied our thoughts. In the morning, with the assistance of Mr Bevan, Harry Tiber and I mended the broken harness, and the ladies having deposited themselves in the sleigh, we returned to Wakefield. Brigand never failed to find his way home. There were two roads; sometimes he would patronise the one, and sometimes, for a change, the other. On our arrival in the village, the first thing Picket

and I did was to inquire of a group of settlers who had congregated around Major Pocock's door after the health of Paul Turret.

"I regret to say, sir, that he is dead," responded the major himself; "and our village is deprived of one of its chief ornaments."

This was true; the stone flung by the hand of Crazy Joe had caused the death of poor Paul. I asked about what hour he died.

"Last night," said Major Pocock, "at precisely nine minutes to eleven by Dr Grundy's watch."

"A leetle better than nine minutes, major," cried Dr Grundy, with a loud clap of his boots, for he occupied his old position on the counter; "a leetle better than nine minutes, major. If you recollect, I drew out my watch at the moment, and said, 'Our friend is gone!'"

"May I ask," said Picket, "whether Paul left his house at any time prior to his death last evening?"

Dr Grundy put his hands down, one on either side of him, pushed himself farther back upon the counter, clapped his heels together once more, and replied, "I guess not."

Ralph and I then went into the store of David Tree, who confirmed the major's statement. It appeared that Turret had for some months suffered from diseased lungs; but I had little doubt that the blow upon the back he received the day before had materially expedited his departure.

HEAP THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

A few mornings after the death and burial of Paul Turret, I strolled out with the intention of paying my respects to Ralph Picket. Ralph being a good-natured, handsome, manly sort of fellow, had already become very popular in the settlement, and was drawing so much of the custom from David

Tree and Major Pocock, that those gentlemen naturally began to grow bitterly jealous of him. But Dr Grundy had taken to the late Paul Turret's store, and he and Major Pocock had laid their heads together with the solemn determination of ruining Picket. They accordingly took all the tickets off their goods, and labelled them afresh. Ralph, however, becoming cognisant of this artifice, and being an able general to boot, revised his own tickets likewise, and, as the result of the manœuvre, began to sell his merchandise (which had already been going about 25 per cent. under cost price) at a "figure" quite unprecedented in any of the Canadian markets. This novel piece of counter-policy again drew crowds to his store; it was thronged day and night, while those of David Tree, Major Pocock, and Dr Grundy, were scarcely able to boast of a single customer. Things having come to this pass, the major began to give public vent to his indignation. Dr Grundy was a cooler subject, and said, "Wait a bit." But David Tree would not wait. The next day being Sunday, and it happening to prove his turn to hold forth from the pulpit, he brought the affair forward in the course of his address, and by his eloquence contrived to draw back to himself many of his renegade customers. Still Picket had the majority of the people, and his fame spread far and wide. But what roused Major Pocock, and Dr Grundy, and David Tree, more than anything else, was the fact of Picket having nailed up, at the four respective corners of the different streets, as many huge boards, whereon figured the words, "To Picket's," and "To Picket's Store;" which, as Major Pocock very justly observed, was as much as to imply that Picket's store was the most important resort in the settlement, and the exact centre-point of attraction, and almost, indeed, suggested the idea that the street itself had been constructed for the sole purpose of enabling the public to get by the shortest cut to Ralph Picket's.

A day or two afterwards, I went to see Ralph again, and, as I passed the store of Major Pocock, I beheld that gentleman standing on the step of it, with his legs very wide apart, and his hands thrust deeply into his breeches pockets. Dr Grundy

stood in precisely the same attitude at his own door opposite, and, as I went by, they nodded to each other in a manner that plainly said, "Picket is the favourite at present—never mind." Now it so happened that I had occasion to go close past the major, and as I did so he said, "Good morning," and held out his hand, which I most graciously accepted, and shook.

"Will you come in?" said Major Pocock.

"Thank you," returned I; "I have an engagement."

"You are going to Picket's?" said the major.

"I am."

Major Pocock smiled in a rather repulsive manner.

"Are you at all familiar with the history and exploits of Julius Cæsar, sir?" inquired he.

"Tolerably so, I believe."

"And that of Brutus?"

"Yes."

"Your friend Picket, sir, is Cæsar; his aspirations are dangerous to the state; he is an enemy to the commonwealth. I am Marcus Brutus. Dr Grundy yonder is Casca. Do you recollect the precise number of the wounds of which Julius Cæsar expired?"

"Six-and-twenty, I think, or thereabouts."

"You are wrong, sir. I have it upon the most indubitable private testimony, that he received no less than eight-and-fifty, in different parts of his body; but those fifty-eight wounds, sir, are a mere scratch—a flea-bite—to what Picket may expect at my hands, if he persists in his present course. I will comb his hair for him presently, sir, to some purpose."

Major Pocock said no more, but nodded his head suspiciously, folded his toga around him, and retired slowly to the privacy of his parlour.

Ralph's store was fuller than ever. It is true that the majority of the people had come thither to warm themselves and to gossip, but the remainder were laying out their money manfully, and Ralph's boy was kept in a continual trot between one counter and the other. Picket immediately elbowed three

or four of the most inveterate loungers aside, put a chair for me, and thrust a fresh log into the stove.

"You will have your premises on fire," cried I, laughing; "how can you bear this heat?"

"They like it," said Ralph in a whisper; "four of those old women have been here ever since breakfast. Daniel Thumb's last words to me were, 'Don't spare the logs, my boy; keep up a good fire; you can any time get rid of the company by letting it out.'"

Mr Daniel Thumb (Ralph's predecessor) was a keen observer and able tactician; he knew that settlers, in the winter time, like crickets, always congregated where there was the most warmth. What with the high temperature of the atmosphere, however, and the fumes of the tobacco, I was unable to enjoy the society and conversation of Ralph any longer on that occasion, and staggering to the door, made a rather precipitate exit.

HEAP THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

The reader and I have enjoyed so many pleasant little excursions into the woods together, that I shall not pause to describe any of my numerous hunting adventures in the forests around the neighbourhood of Wakefield; but there is a little circumstance connected with one of these rambles, of which, being a faithful historian, I deem it only proper to render some account.

I had been toiling, encumbered with my rifle and a heavy pair of snow shoes, through the woods the greater portion of a very long, cold day; and, having torn my coat rather seriously with a troublesome briar, stopped at a small village on my way home, in the hope of finding some one who could repair the garment; or, at all events, arrange matters so that the two detached portions would hang together until I reached Wakefield. The house at which I paused to apply for assistance happened to be an inn, and the landlord told me he had got a

tailor boarding with him, who, he doubted not, would be pleased to render himself of use to me. I accordingly followed my host up-stairs, and into the loft occupied by the tailor, who, the landlord having left us, set to work upon the dilapidated coat, and in less than a quarter of an hour imparted to it an air of tolerable respectability. But with every stitch the poor tailor gave, his red, weak eyes dropped a tear; while his sighs were so frequent and distressing, that my curiosity and sympathies became awakened, and I felt anxious to learn something of his history.

"That will do very well," said I, as he helped me on with the coat, and I put half a dollar into his hand. He was about to run to the landlord for change, but I made a gesture indicative of perfect satisfaction.

"Do you think there is an opening for a poor tailor, sir, in the neighbourhood you come from?" asked he, nervously.

"I have no doubt there is. Why?"

"I am in great trouble, sir; and haven't a friend in the world."

"Let me hear the particulars of your case," said I, taking a seat by the stove, "and we will see what can be done."

"My name is Jacob Towler. I come from New York. I rented a little shop in Broadway. I worked for a great many respectable gentlemen, and, among others, for my landlord, Mr Cyrus Pond, who used to pay me very handsomely for what I did, and got me a deal of custom, and would frequently come and sit in my little parlour, and talk to me quite in a friendly and familiar way. Once or twice, too, when the rent for my shop fell due, he wouldn't take it, but pushed it away, saying that I was an honest, hard-working fellow, and he wouldn't have a cent from me as long as I continued to merit his kindness. He seemed to have taken a great liking to me, sir; which, as I was a poor, industrious tailor, that had never received any education to fit me for the company of my betters, used to puzzle me very much; and to this day, indeed, though my circumstances have changed, I have never been able to account for all his good-nature."

"You are a single man?"

"Oh no, sir; I have a wife."

"Oh, you have a wife?"

"Yes, sir," replied poor Jacob, with enthusiasm; "the prettiest, and virtuosest, and innocentest little creetur in the world; and it's on her account that I've taken my troubles to heart so much."

"Well, proceed with your tale. Your good-natured landlord often came and sat with you, did he?"

"Yes, sir; and frequently brought little presents for Mary —such as a thimble, or a pair of scissors, or a needlecase; and once he gave her a gown, but it was too elegant a thing for a poor modest woman like her, and, much against my wish (for I liked to see her well-dressed), she made him take it back again. It was a strange thing, sir, that the more pleasant and affable he became to me, the more my wife seemed to dislike him, and the greater distance she always kept him at. It was injuring my prospects, and I tried to reason with her, but it was of no use; and at last she even refused to see him altogether when he came, and went to such lengths as to shut herself up at the top of the house, and pretend to be ill.

"And she never gave you a reason for all this?"

"Never; she was always silent upon the subject, though she seemed to grow more affectionate to myself with every visit the landlord paid. At last he got annoyed at Mary's rude behaviour (as was likely when he was so kind and affable to me), and said I hadn't treated him gratefully, and he must look up his arrears of rent. This was a heavy blow, as I had spent the money, and could not get more on such a sudden notice; so he flew into a passion, put the bailiffs in, sold me up, and I was obliged to fly, and seek a livelihood elsewhere."

"And what became of Mary?"

"She went to stay with a sister, who lived in the neighbourhood of Broadway, while I came up to Canada in the hope of establishing myself here. In the meantime, however, Mr Pond, the landlord of my old shop, saw Mary, and expressing himself sorry for what had passed, promised to set me up in

business again, and give me a fresh start in life; and offered to provide her with a home under his own roof, and let her sit at his own table, till we had got comfortably settled once more. But for all this kindness, and in spite of my persuasions, Mary rejected all his offers; and, if he came in at one door of the house, she would deliberately walk out at the other. This strange conduct (so against our interests) caused a coolness between us, and for some weeks I have neglected to write to her; so that I am quite ignorant whether she is living or dead; and my affairs and prospects are in that wretched state that I sometimes wish death would come and relieve me from my misery."

Here the poor simple tailor bumped his elbows down upon the table, laid his head upon his hands, and shed a copious flood of tears. He looked the very personification of hopeless grief.

"Have you enough money to pay your wife's passage hither?" I asked.

"No, sir," replied Jacob, wiping a heavy drop or two away with his cuff; "I have not enough to pay my week's board at this hotel."

"Well, I will arrange that for you. Come over to Wakefield. In the meantime, I will mention your misfortunes to a friend or two of mine, and we will endeavour to get up a little subscription for you. I should not be at all surprised if there is a capital opening for a tailor in Wakefield."

Jacob was not slow in expressing his gratitude; nor did he fail to keep his appointment the next day, by which time Ralph Picket and I had collected, among the more respectable of the settlers in and around Wakefield, upwards of fifty dollars. It was proposed by Mr Tiber, and seconded by Major Pocock, that this money should be laid out in the purchase of a small log-house, and a few articles of furniture for Jacob's immediate use. I submitted it as my opinion, however, that we had better first send for Jacob's pretty wife; but the suggestion met with strong opposition. The majority of Jacob's friends stated that such a journey in the winter season would cost a very heavy sum of money, as well as prove a most

tedious affair to Mary herself; and it would be better for her to await the opening of the navigation. I objected to this delay, expressing myself unwilling to have the young lady left open to the addresses and in the power of a rascal like Mr Cyrus Pond—and I was so fortunate as to carry the day; whereupon Jacob actually saturated his pocket-handkerchief with tears of delight, and sat down to indite a letter to his faithful and exemplary young wife, as well as enclose an order upon one of the New York banks for a sum adequate to her immediate necessities.

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Notwithstanding the utter contempt with which I regarded Major Pocock's threat to revenge himself upon Ralph Picket (who was every day rendering himself more popular by distributing tea, coffee, treacle, sugar, and sundry other etceteras, gratis among the poorer settlers and widows of Wakefield), still I thought it right to give Ralph warning of the jealousy that was growing up in the bosom of his martial neighbour. The moment I had made the announcement, Ralph tucked a horsewhip under his coat, and went straight up to Major Pocock's store; but that gentleman, seeing Ralph approaching, and having some distant suspicion of the object of the visit, made his escape by a back-door, and took refuge in the forest. A rumour to this effect soon spread abroad, and Major Pocock, to re-establish himself in the good opinion of the public, challenged Ralph Picket to mortal combat. Ralph accepted it, and applied to me to act as his second in the affair; to which proposal I, after having vainly endeavoured to make peace between the parties, at length acceded. Dr Grundy, as the major's friend, therefore at once waited upon me to settle the preliminaries. I had previously agreed with Ralph on the line of conduct it would be expedient to pursue. After naming a convenient time and place, Dr Grundy proposed fowling-pieces. I insisted, however, that, as Ralph Picket was the challenged party, the choice of weapons lay with him, and hinted that he intended to provide himself for the occasion with an Indian bow and six arrows.

"An Indian bow and six arrows!" echoed Dr Grundy, with much indignation; "who ever heard of such a preposterous proposal! I cannot listen to it."

"But the major," interposed I, "shall not be compelled to use similar weapons; he may consult his own taste in the choice of them. It is a matter of no moment, provided we can but come to an amicable understanding respecting the distance. What do you think of twenty yards, sir?"

The doctor, as I had anticipated, shook his head.

"We had better say sixty," replied he, after a short interval spent in reflection; "and either party, after the first discharge, shall be at liberty to advance upon the other as he pleases."

"That matter is quite settled then; and now, with regard to the implement your friend intends to patronise."

"A fowling-piece; double-barrel, patent breech."

"Single ball, of course?"

"No; slugs—they scatter better."

"I object to slugs."

"Then it must be single ball," replied Dr Grundy, with the air of a man who wished to render society a service, and had been prevented. And we parted, with mutual bows.

At an early hour the following morning, the parties were upon the ground, as well as upwards of fifty spectators—for the affair had made a great noise in the neighbourhood, and there was a novelty attending it which was provocative of a more than ordinary share of curiosity. The spot selected for the purpose was a small patch of partial clearing, at the back of the settlement, and on the skirts of the forest. It had seven trees upon it, which were given as cover. Ralph Picket had three, and the four remaining ones fell to the lot of Major Pocock; who, armed with his long double-barrelled fusee, drew all eyes upon himself, and appeared anxious to open the campaign. The snow was thick upon the ground, but it had got well beaten down, or "packed," and offered a tolerably fair footing to the belligerents.

Ralph Picket wore an immense pair of Canadian jack-boots —a portion of his stock-in-trade. I had seen but one other

such pair, and those belonged to the pilot who brought the Golightly up the St Lawrence to Quebec.

"Why do you encumber yourself with these things?" asked I of Picket.

"Because the top of the right one will serve all the purpose of a quiver," replied he; and, sure enough, there were the feathers of the long arrows peering above it.

"Now remember your promise, Ralph," was my parting injunction, as he took up his position; "let there be as little bloodshed as possible: the right arm, or the shoulder, or the fleshy part of the thigh."

Ralph nodded, and gave his bowstring a twang, which made several of the bystanders look round and jump. I saw Harry Tiber, disguised, stationed behind a tree at a little distance, but affected to be unconscious of his presence, and, retiring a few paces, gave the word for the combatants to engage.

Major Pocock raised his gun quickly to the present, but, before he had properly adjusted its aim, an arrow glanced along the polished barrel of the piece, and passed between his right eye and shoulder. He flinched, but recovered himself, levelled again, and fired, though not before the nimble Ralph had comfortably ensconced his person behind a tree, where he was leisurely fitting a fresh arrow, and watching an opportunity. The next minute Major Pocock had an arrow sticking in his thigh, and the pain of the infliction caused him to discharge his second barrel, without in any way bettering his prospects. He then ran to cover, and began to re-load; but Picket's policy would not admit of a measure like this, and, before the major had rammed down his powder, another arrow took effect in his cravat, a fourth fleshed his arm from wrist to elbow, and a fifth went between his legs; whereupon, without waiting the arival of the sixth, Major Pocock uttered a wild whoop of rage, turned his back upon his victorious assailant, and ingloriously fled the field, amid the deafening shouts of all the assembled spectators.

HEAP THE FIFTY-NINTH.

A funeral in the bush is a rather curious affair. It has little of the solemnity that usually attends a ceremony of the kind in the Old Country. No one is invited on the occasion, but a public notice that such a person is dead, with an intimation of the day fixed for his interment, is given, and every settler who wishes to pay respect to the deceased by following his body to the grave may attend and do so. Thus far all is well and respectably transacted, but the sequel to the business is not conducted with the same degree of decency. The moment the settlers have got out of the meeting-house, in which the funeral sermon has been preached, they hurry helter-skelter to the spot where dust is to be returned to dust, the coffin is unceremoniously lowered into the earth, no beautiful and affecting words are breathed over it, the soil and snow are shovelled in, and the crowd begins noisily to disperse. All the "mourners" then, according to a previous understanding, adjourn to an adjacent tavern, and drink deeply till the hour of parting arrives, when a ludicrous scene takes place. The company, who are all more or less drunk, scramble into their sleighs (of which there will be perhaps as many as thirty, each containing from ten to a score of people), and away they go, in the merriest mood imaginable, the mellow tinkling of a thousand bells making them jovial music as they slip along. In a few minutes, however, the leading sleigh meets with an accident, and stops; on which all those bringing up the rear are obliged to stop also; and a great deal of confusion and delicate abuse is the result. The strap is mended, and away they slide again, till an intoxicated gentleman in No. 3 has the misfortune to lose his balance and fall out—a disaster which occasions a fresh delay; but the difficulty is remedied, whips are cracked, and the bells resume their jingle. Presently another refractory settler from No. 5 slides from his perch into the deep snow, and a third stoppage ensues, but the drunken gentleman, whose heels are uppermost, declines all proffered civilities, and refuses to be meddled with;

upon which the whole caravan once more gets under way. Three or four more settlers shortly tumble out into the soft drift, but nobody affects to be aware of it, and thus, dropping upon an average two to the mile, "on they fare," until the corner of the road is turned, night closes in, and the procession is lost to sight.

Church service in the backwoods retains much of its primitive simplicity. Perhaps the settlement cannot afford to build a church, and then an old barn or log hut is fitted up for the purpose. We will fancy it is Sunday morning. We enter, and take our seats anywhere, as those are all free. There is a great jingling of sleigh-bells at the door. Half a dozen settlers arrive, and crowd round the stove to warm themselves, as well as three large dogs, which bump their heavy frames down upon the hearth, and fall asleep at once. More jingling of bells; more sleighs; and in strides the principal storekeeper and chief magistrate of the district, a gentleman in a fustian jacket and grey trousers. Next comes his lady, wrapped to the very eyes in fur; and next, the doctor and his daughters, with three more dogs, which wage instant war with the other dogs, respecting the choicest positions around the fire. More jingling of sleigh-bells, and more arrivals of people with frost-bitten ears and noses, which have to be rubbed briskly with handfuls of snow, that being the sole antidote for a calamity of the kind. The hut is now tolerably full, but the door again opens, and two more dogs sneak noiselessly in, with their tails very low, as though they had come late, and were rather ashamed of it. There is no attempt made by anybody to drive out the dogs, as they generally behave pretty well. More arrivals: the cobbler; the tailor; the blacksmith; two more dogs; and three elderly ladies with umbrellas. In fact, everybody has arrived now but the parson, and there are no symptoms of his advent whatever. The settlers look at each other. The magistrate draws out his watch, and glances behind him at the doctor, who shrugs his shoulders. "Hark! now he is coming," they whisper. No—yes—no. The door again swings back on its hinges, and another tall mastiff presents himself. Hist! sleigh-bells in the

distance—nearer—nearer yet—it is he at last! and in walks the parson with a very red face, when the whole of the congregation rise to their feet, and the service commences.

Sometimes, if the morning should prove unusually severe, or the minister has a friend staying with him, he will not make his appearance until the evening, and then candles are stuck round the hut, in any cranny or crevice that offers, and these the more enterprising members of the congregation are privileged to snuff with their fingers. On one occasion I saw an officious old settler mount a bench to perform this feat, and drop the fragment of red-hot wick upon the bald part of a neighbour's head, who expressed his obligations in very explicable terms. The settlers are always cool and self-possessed. A farmer takes his long sleigh-whip into church with him; a lady deposits her galoshes, and muff, and gauntlets, upon the communion-table; and no one hesitates to rise and warm him or herself at the stove as often as inclination prompts. Seventeen dogs, eight babies, and thirty settlers, are considered a tolerably fair congregation.

I was present at several "bees" and "breakdowns," but festivities of this nature have been so frequently described by persons who have written accounts of their travels in the bush, that I do not think I could say anything at all interesting or novel upon the subject.

It will perhaps surprise you to learn that Wakefield boasted of a theatre. It was pointed out to me by a respectable and intelligent young settler, who, however, shrugged his shoulders when he spoke of it, and said that he feared theatricals and matters of that sort had met with their death-blow in Wakefield. The people, he remarked, were rather sore on the subject of public assemblages and exhibitions. I asked him why so; and, with a confidential air, he related the substance of the following grave story, which is, I fancy, a pretty fair illustration of itinerant Yankee character, and almost worthy of classification with the celebrated tale of the wooden nutmegs.

Some months prior to my arrival in the settlement, an extremely genteel-looking American gentleman (Professor Yow)

had visited it, and given the inhabitants to understand that he had an idea of establishing a WHISTLING SCHOOL. He accordingly took the theatre for the purpose, distributed his cards, and appointed an evening for the delivery of his first lesson in the art. Upwards of fifty of the young farmers, thinking it would be a graceful sort of acquirement, gave their attendance. The professor received the money himself at the door, and, when they had all assembled, took his place opposite them upon the platform, behind a small table, made a short appropriate speech, drank a little water, rapped the table with his cane to command attention, and cried, "PREPARE TO PUCKER."

It occurred to Professor Yow's pupils that the admonition was a somewhat singular one, but they contrived to preserve their gravity, and await the result. "Gentlemen, are you all ready?" asked he.—"Yes, quite," was the reply.—"Very good," said Professor Yow; "then PUCKER!"

The young farmers looked at each other, as they stood in a row, with their eyebrows elevated and their mouths screwed up (it must be remembered that they had not yet received the order to *whistle*, which, I suppose, was a subsequent affair altogether), and the sight was so particularly absurd a one, that two or three of the party laughed, several others followed the example, and presently the whole room was in a roar; upon which Professor Yow, pretending to be much disgusted and hurt at their conduct, decamped privately from the stage, locked the door of the barn, and, putting the key in his pocket, left the company *puckering*, and unable either to express their mortification, or effect their escape. "You will have the kindness not to mention a word of the story again," said the young farmer, when he had completed his narration, "as it might get wind about the country, and I am afraid, if it did, we should never hear the last of it.'

HEAP THE SIXTIETH.

"A note from Mr Picket, sir," said a servant, as I sat one morning at breakfast with Mr and Mrs Tiber—"a note from Mr Picket, sir, upon important business, and requiring an immediate answer."

Mr Tiber begged me to open it without loss of time. Ralph wished to see me the moment I was disengaged, and I sent word that I would be with him directly.

On my way down, I had occasion to pass Crazy Joe. He was standing, with his legs stretched to their utmost width, in the middle of the road, over a large tin wash-hand basin and a bar of yellow soap. It was the first time Joe had been known to wash himself, and he was performing the operation with a proportionate degree of energy and good-will. He used some very exceptionable language, and cast a most satanic glance upon me as I drew near him; but the sight of the stout cudgel I carried had the effect of nipping in the bud many of those delicate little attentions which he would otherwise have felt disposed to lavish upon me.

"What is the matter, Ralph?" said I, as we shook hands, and seated ourselves one on either side of the stove.

"I am thinking of retiring from business," replied Picket. "I'm tired of it. I shall sell off by auction. Huge placards—tremendous sacrifice—and all that sort of thing."

"But it will not do to lose money."

"Lose! I have been a gainer. Look here; cast your eye up that column."

"True. Is this all profit?"

"Every cent."

"You have not taken your first outlay into consideration; where is that?"

"Eh? ah—yes—to be sure; I forgot that. Of course it should not be lost sight of."

"Very well, put that down in figures here, and deduct the other sum from it. How does the account stand then?"

"Nothing from two is a two," muttered Picket, making the required calculation; "fifteen from twenty-four leaves a nine, and carry one. Humph! there must be some mistake here. Examine it yourself."

I examined it, and looked rather grave.

"Don't forget the stock on hand," said Ralph; "things are not so bad, after all."

"You must get a clever auctioneer."

"I will be my own auctioneer. Yes, you may laugh, I don't care for that. By the by, I have a favour to beg of you. I shall want some trustworthy person to receive the cash. Will you undertake the office of treasurer?"

"Willingly. When is the affair to come off?"

"This day week. I am sending handbills all round the country. We shall have a glorious muster, depend on it. And, with regard to your future movements, do you intend to remain in Wakefield?"

"No; I am for change."

"Give me your hand. There will be nothing to keep us here; what say you to be moving on in the direction of the Grand River?"

"With all my heart; I want to be in Montreal by the opening of the navigation."

"And *I* in Quebec, to bid farewell to one or two of my brother officers before I embark for England. It is all arranged then. I wish the sale was over, and our knapsacks already on our backs."

HEAP THE SIXTY-FIRST.

Picket's store was crowded to suffocation on the morning of the sale. There were settlers from all the surrounding villages. Wakefield had never been so full. Picket was in very good spirits. "I shouldn't care if all the world were here," whispered he in my ear, "as long as there are none of the officers of the ——th. I should never hear the last of it;" and Ralph began to read the conditions of the sale.

He was interrupted by Major Pocock, who inquired (sarcastically) whether he (Picket) had got a license; intimating further, that, if so, he should like to see it.

"Have the kindness to step this way, then," said Ralph, clutching his hammer with some ferocity.

Major Pocock made one step forward, and then two back. Dr Grundy, who, like his friend, had not endeavoured to render himself at all pleasant, effected a hasty retrograde movement also. Picket cast a contemptuous glance upon both, and opened the business of the day.

The company, who had all been previously regaled with biscuits and wine, were in a buying mood, and Ralph's goods fetched most exorbitant prices. A great deal of merriment and jocularity, too, was occasioned by his very off-hand and original mode of performing the auctioneer. His person and address were both pleasing to them, and the enthusiasm of the assembly reached an extraordinary pitch. It was a somewhat novel and droll position for a young aristocrat, and a lieutenant in Her Majesty's forces to occupy, and Ralph fully entered into the whim of the hour. Nor did Picket think of himself only, as will be seen by the following pleasant little passages in his business-like proceedings.

"Lot 54, ladies and gentlemen," cried he, "is an exceedingly handsome four-post bed; pillar and claw, I believe—or castors—but it comes to the same thing—hangings, and all the etcetera complete. A most admirable piece of workmanship; fix a price upon it, somebody, if you please; anything you like." (Here Ralph hammered a noisy young settler's head, and told him not to talk.) "A hundred dollars, shall we say? Well, fifty—forty—thirty. *Twenty* then—there!"

Somebody nodded.

"Twenty—that will do for a start; twenty-one; twenty-two—thank you, madam—twenty-five; thirty; thirty-two—it's against you now—thirty-six; thirty-eight; forty; forty—much obliged—forty-two; forty-four; forty-six—deeply grateful, I am sure; forty-eight—in two places; fifty" (a low bow); "fifty-two—just the price of the bolster—going at fifty-two—

pray be quick—fifty-four; fifty-six—now we are getting on—fifty-eight—any gentleman like to try the bed, shall be happy to let him do so—fifty-eight; sixty; sixty—without reserve, recollect; sixty-two; sixty-four—not half its value, but must go; sixty-six; going at sixty-six; sixty-six, *once*; sixty-six, *twice;* third and last time s——; thank you, it was nearly gone; sixty-eight—silence; sixty-eight—cheap as dirt, upon my honour—be quick or you lose it—sixty-eight; once more at sixty-eight; third and last time" (very loud) "at sixty-eight;" and down went the hammer.

"Jacob Towler," said Ralph, making an entry of the transaction.

"I didn't bid, sir," cried Jacob Towler, in a terrified voice; "it's a mistake indeed."

"You nodded, sir," said Ralph, severely.

"I did not, I am sure, sir," persisted Jacob.

"I will appeal to anybody here," cried Ralph, looking round, "whether Mr Jacob Towler did not buy that last lot? I call upon you to speak the truth, and state whether Jacob Towler did not make me a bidding."

"Yes, yes, he did, he did," exclaimed several voices, for the settlers thought the lot had gone dear, and were anxious not to have business delayed; so the bewildered Jacob was pronounced to be the purchaser of the four-post bed and hangings. Nor did the poor tailor's bewilderment end here; for a second, third, and fourth lot were knocked down to him under similarly mysterious circumstances. In addition to the four-post bed, therefore, he now found himself the proprietor of a handsome table, six chairs, an American clock, a sofa, several pictures, a carpet, a fender, and a set of fire-irons. In each instance Ralph said that Jacob nodded, and the settlers one and all (for the articles had gone dear) offered to take their affidavits that such was precisely the state of the case.

Nor were these the only misunderstandings that arose. There was an elderly widow lady, in very reduced circumstances, to whom several lots, consisting of a barrel of sugar, a gigantic canister of tea, and a quantity of choice printed

calico dresses, were successively knocked down. The widow lady, to the last, protested her innocence of all intention to purchase the effects named, but Picket, who could not have been mistaken, said that he saw her head move when he looked at her; and upon his appealing to the bystanders touching the fact of her having so done, they declared stoutly that there was no mistake at all about it.

A third misunderstanding which took place affected the interests of a lone emigrant Irish lady, by name Mrs O'Flannagan, whose husband had lately been killed by the fall of a tree. This distressed female was convicted of having effected no less than three purchases; to wit, a bale of flannel, two barrels of flour, six couples of pattens, a jar of honey, thirteen pairs of warm winter stockings, seven pounds of raisins, a scarlet cloak, a flitch of bacon, some useful chamber crockery, and four deal boot-jacks. Ralph Picket maintained that Mrs O'Flannagan was the purchaser of these goods; and to Mrs O'Flannagan the purchase of them was accordingly attributed. Thus ended the first day's sale.

There was a great confusion afterwards, when the settlers came to remove their respective lots. Ralph's memoranda were more copious than explicit, and many awkward altercations respecting the amount each purchaser had to pay naturally accrued. The reader will not feel surprised, therefore, to learn, that when, other business being over, Jacob Towler, the reduced widow lady, and the distressed Mrs O'Flannagan, presented themselves before him, Picket shut up the memorandum-book sharply, refused to go into further particulars, descended from his perch, and handing the astonished parties receipts in full for their responsibilities, bade them get their wares away at once, and not give him any further trouble in the matter, injunctions which they fulfilled with very great alacrity.

The second day's sale passed off in every whit as amicable and pleasant a manner, and was productive of a trifling little incident to which I cannot forbear adverting. When Ralph Picket purchased the good-will and stock-in-trade of Daniel Thumb, he bought the house and premises with it, and, among

other things, Daniel's spirited little horse. This horse was included in Picket's extensive sale by auction, and had been knocked down to Major Pocock, who outbade everybody. But the major was so imprudent as to leave the animal all night in the shed at the back of the log-house lately occupied by Picket. As the natural result of such imprudence, the following morning, when the major went to take possession of the quadruped, the horse was gone, and in its place stood a forlorn-looking brute, that was blind of one eye, lame of three legs, had a nose curved like a sickle, and not above six bristles in his tail. Major Pocock drew the afflicted animal out by the halter, and led him round the settlement, in the hope of stimulating the sympathies of his acquaintance. But unfortunately the spectacle rather excited their risibilities than otherwise; and with much wrath, and many hearty execrations, Major Pocock led his melancholy purchase back to its stall. It will be almost superfluous for me to add, that the perpetrators of the outrage were never dragged to justice.

HEAP THE SIXTY-SECOND.

It was not without regret that I turned my back upon the little village of Wakefield. It is true that the settlement itself had few attractions for me, but I had become very partial to the society of Mr and Mrs Tiber, and bade them farewell with a great deal of reluctance. I had every inducement to spend the remaining portion of the winter under their hospitable roof; but, as Picket had decided upon leaving the place, and he had my promise to become his "compagnon de voyage," I concealed my dissatisfaction in the best manner I could, and held myself in readiness to start with him upon the morning appointed.

Ralph was in unusually low spirits when he mounted the sleigh—so low, indeed, that I began to fear he was taken se-

riously ill. He assured me, however, that there was nothing the matter; that he was accustomed to these low fits, and begged me not to take any notice of him. Just then some of the settlers came to shake us by the hand once more, and among the rest came Major Pocock.

"Good-by, gentlemen; Heaven preserve you both," cried the major, with excessive politeness and feeling. "Your memory will be truly dear to us. I hope you will neither of you catch cold, nor get your noses frozen. Our settlement is experiencing a most serious loss to-day. This is a painful business, gentlemen."

"Pray drive on," muttered Ralph, "or I shall be doing that worthy fellow some grievous bodily harm;" and, waving our hands again to Harry Tiber, and throwing a parting token of our esteem to Crazy Joe (who was picking a plump fowl on an adjacent door-step), we dashed into the depths of the surrounding forest.

"Direct for Bytown, on the Ottawa, eh?" asked Ralph.

"Yes; there is a fine fall there which I have a desire to see. We shall reach it to-morrow night, and the next evening but one, if you wish it, we can be in Montreal."

"I don't know why I should think so," said Ralph; "but I have a presentiment that I shall never see Montreal any more."

"Are we to be eaten by wolves then to-night, or squeezed by a bear in the morning—which? Why do you talk in this foolish way?"

"I can't help it. I have had an unpleasant dream. I fancied I saw you digging a grave in the snow, and laying me in it."

"You had expressed a wish to be buried alive, I suppose?"

"No; I was dead, and there was blood upon your hands."

"I killed you then; was that it?"

"I don't know who killed me, but I saw blood upon your hands; and when you had buried me, you made a great fire, and sat by it, warming yourself, and glancing about with a wild look that I shall not easily forget. Yes, you may make

light of the matter, but it has had a deeper effect upon me than I can conveniently explain."

"I am not a believer in dreams," said I, urging the horse to greater speed; and neither of us spoke again for more than an hour, when we stopped to bait at a lonely farm-house. By the time we had resumed our journey, the day was drawing to a close. Night then set in, and Picket manifested a disposition to fall asleep; but I told him, if he did, he would never awake any more, as the cold was intense. He roused himself, but soon grew drowsy again; and this time I was obliged to shake him by the coat collar, before I could get him to open his eyes.

"You had better drive, Ralph," said I, handing him the whip and reins; "it will keep you awake."

Picket nodded, and received them. Presently he gave me a violent prod with his elbow.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "You were going to sleep. We had better *both* drive. You take the one rein, and I will take the other."

In this manner we proceeded another ten miles through the dismal pine forests. We then drew up at a miserable log inn, and called for a bed. As there was no accommodation for the horse, I insisted upon having him in the hut near the stove. The landlord, who lived a solitary life, and was a most ruffianly-looking fellow, objected at first; but an offer of proper remuneration overcame his scruples, and Picket and I refreshed ourselves with a comfortable night's repose.

In the morning, the settler entered the room abruptly, as I was getting up, and told me that the horse was stiff. Our villanous host had opened the door of the house long ere daylight, and driven the animal out into the cold. Picket and I told the fellow in good round terms that he was a brute, and refused to give him one cent for our night's lodging. He grew insolent, and, threatening to detain us till we had discharged our bill, slammed the door to. One blow from Picket's rifle-stock, however, accompanied by a vigorous kick from myself, sent it flying from the hinges; and, shouldering each his knapsack, we proceeded upon our journey on foot.

HEAP THE SIXTY-THIRD.

Day had broken gloriously; the skies wore their purest azure, and the rising sun was moving in unclouded grandeur up the blue firmament above. The graceful trees, attired in their delicate mantles of snow, caught the vermil tints of his early ray, and seemed to smile in the welcome light. Squirrels sprang from bough to bough; high over the topmost twig of the tallest pine a few wild birds were wheeling in the frozen air; and now and then, as we gaily trudged along, the expanding ice on either side our path would explode with a sound like the sharp ring of musketry, or the roar of a mimic cannonade.

For eight hours did Picket and I toil on through the snow-laden woods, and, at the expiration of that time, as there did not appear to be much probability of our meeting with another log inn, we kindled a fire, and sat down on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, with the intention of resting ourselves, and partaking of our slender stock of refreshments. Picket had recovered his usual flow of spirits, and was just drawing my attention to the exquisite white drapery of a gigantic cedar a little in front of us, when the quick crack of a rifle fell upon my ear, and Ralph dropped back helplessly into my arms. My surprise was so perfect, that for a moment I was incapable of either thought or action; then I turned my head in the direction whence the missile of death must have proceeded, and a second bullet whistled close past my ear. I laid poor Picket's head quickly upon a little heap of soft leaves, and seizing my loaded piece, ran as fast as I could toward the spot where I supposed the assassin to be lurking. I saw the prints of retreating snow-shoes, and followed up the trail for some distance, but, as my feet were not similarly shod, I had great difficulty in making my way over the snow, and soon saw that pursuit would be useless. The fiercest impulses of rage and revenge were working in my breast, but I strove to be calm, and returned to my wounded friend. A crimson foam stood

upon his lips. I cut open his coat, and baring the manly breast beneath, saw a little blue mark upon its left side. I spoke to Ralph; he gave no reply. I placed my hand upon his heart; it had ceased to throb. Life was extinct. Picket was a corpse!

As I replaced the linen over his bosom, the miniature of a young and beautiful girl slipped into my hand. I looked at the blooming features, and thought how pale their original would grow, could she for whose sake that treasured gift had been worn, be conscious of what was at this moment passing in the snow-clad solitudes of a distant land.

My resolution was soon taken, but Picket had first to be put out of the reach of the wolves, who are able to scent their prey from a long distance. I scraped a quantity of snow together, and, building a sort of cave, placed the body in it, and immediately in front made a fire calculated to last many hours. By the time I had done this, the forest was growing grey with the shadows of evening, but I was not to be diverted from my purpose. I waited until the moon rose (a moonlight winter's night in Canada has almost the brilliancy of day), and, taking my rifle, put myself again upon the trail of the snow-shoes.

For a considerable distance the prints were quite apparent, and went steadily on in one direction; but at length they branched suddenly to the left, and finally disappeared in the beaten track of a clearing. I saw instantly that some artifice had been practised here, so I returned to the spot where the trail had diverged, and proceeding straight onward, in place of going to the left, examined the snow very carefully. The imposture was evident. The wearer of the shoes had walked backwards, and covered the prints of his steps with loose drift as he went. He had persevered in this manœuvre for upwards of a hundred and fifty yards, and then, deeming the secret of his course safe, had found himself able to dispense with the troublesome but ingenious deception to which his fears had induced him to have resort.

Notwithstanding, however, that I had now a most palpable trail to direct my movements, I made but slow progress. I

had no snow-shoes, and few people who have never experienced a difficulty of the kind, can conceive the amount of fatigue that a hunter, unprovided with such necessary appendages, has to endure in journeying through a snow-clogged pine forest. Every stride he takes buries his leg to the hip, and it is only by dint of a strong effort that he is able to release it again. The constant repetition of this wearying process, added to the innumerable falls and bruises he from time to time meets with, soon exhaust as well his mental equanimity as his corporeal energies, and he has frequent occasion to pause for the recruitment of both. But no provocations or fatigues could have worked a change in my purposes, or induced me to shrink from the task I had imposed upon myself; and I stumbled onward with a sort of calm doggedness, and spirit of desperation, such as no event of my life had ever awakened in me before.

I was not surprised to find the shoe-prints leading me in the direction of the log inn at which Ralph and I had passed the previous night. I had from the first suspected the owner of this place to be the murderer of Picket. I drew the old charge from my rifle, substituted a fresh one, capped the nipple anew, and stole cautiously to within twenty yards of the door. The dead horse lay near. The wolves had eaten part of him, and I doubted not that the return of the settler from his errand of blood had scared them from the repast; and yet no sound proceeded from the hut. I tried the door; it was fast. I went to the back, raised the latch noiselessly, and entered. I heard the dismal ticking of a clock, but nothing more. I walked into the next room. The bed had not been slept in. Perhaps the villain feared for his safety, and had fled. Perhaps he had gone out, and would return. I could wait.

There was a species of loft above, and this I had not yet explored. It was approached by a narrow ladder, and I ascended at once. The moon showed me another bed here, but finding it empty, I returned below, and sat down by the stove, which still contained some warm embers. The monotonous ticking of the clock annoyed me. It seemed to say, "Poor Ralph

Picket—poor Ralph Picket—poor Ralph Picket!" I arose from my seat, and was about to lift my hand to the pendulum, with a view of stopping its loquacity, when, as though the machine was revenging the insult, one of the upper weights ran furiously down, and, with a sort of brazen yell, the alarum went off. I was strangely startled, and without accomplishing my intention, resumed my seat. No sooner had I done so, than the clock again seemed to say, "Poor Ralph Picket—poor Ralph Picket—poor Ralph Picket!" So I arose a second time, and stopped the nuisance effectually. Then there was a profound stillness, and I felt doubly alone.

I remained in the log hut, waiting the settler's re-appearance, until morning began to break, and then I was seized with a kind of impression that the wolves had found Picket's body, and were devouring it. With much reluctance, therefore, I determined to return, and give his remains decent interment. I left the house as quietly as I had entered it; but before I had proceeded a hundred yards an idea occurred to me, and I retraced my steps. I found some straw and other combustibles in a shed near, and taking a quantity back with me, placed them on the floor of the hut. I next piled all the settler's chairs and tables upon them, applied some live embers from the stove, and, opening the window to create a circulation of air, once more took my departure. In a few minutes the whole hut and back premises were in a blaze, and, looking back, I saw the snow melting from the branches of the surrounding trees, and, freezing again as it ran, form itself into long luminous pillars of ice, which imparted an unusual brilliancy to the conflagration, and presented one of the most gorgeous spectacles I have ever beheld.

I found Picket's body unharmed. The wolves had been prowling about the spot, but the fire had prevented them from committing their intended abominations. The corpse was frozen, and fixed so fast to the snow that I could scarcely raise it from the ground. I wished to bury it in such a manner as would baffle the ingenuities of the pack of hungry animals that I felt sure were lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood. In

my anxiety for the safe disposal of Picket's body, too, I altogether overlooked the probability of the wolves presently coming back, and attacking me in the midst of my operations.

I was the whole of the day in scooping a fit grave for Ralph. I had not only to remove the snow, which was several feet in thickness, but to dig down some distance into the hard earth beneath, that he might not be disturbed any more until the last dread trump should summon him to confront his assassin. At length the task was completed, and I placed him in that long home, with the miniature on his breast, and his face turned to England. A sigh was his only requiem, a tear was his only epitaph; but the blue skies of a lovely clime will canopy his slumbers, and her oaks drop acorns on his grave!

* * * * * * *

Evening had closed in when I reached a settlement. I took the landlord of the inn, who was also a magistrate, aside, and communicating the whole of the particulars of the murder to him, asked his advice. He told me that, if I wished him to do so, he would have the affair investigated; but, in the event of that, he should have to detain me, unless I would give him my word of honour to appear when my presence was required.

"As this will be a great clog to your movements, however," said the worthy magistrate, "I advise you to allow the affair to drop altogether."

"What! and let the villain who murdered him escape? No, I will wait."

"Then we must have the body disinterred, and hold an inquest over it."

"Is that absolutely necessary?"

"Yes. Was he rich or poor, high or low born?"

"Rich—high!—why do you ask? Death makes all equal."

"Has he any valuables on his person?"

"Money, a miniature, and a jewel or two."

"Tell me where you have buried him," said the settler with a glistening eye. "It is a pity that the poor lad should lie there. I will have him taken up and put into the settlement graveyard. Describe the position of the spot."

"Go, without turning either to right or left, along the concession line of road, until you come to a burnt pine, bare of branch or leaf. Then take two hundred paces in the direction of the rising sun, and dig."

"The body is there?"

"Dig—*dig till you find it;*" and, waving my hand to the covetous innkeeper, I bade the scene of poor Picket's last moments a final adieu.

HEAP THE SIXTY-FOURTH.

Bytown possessed few attractions for me. I had letters of introduction, but I was not in the mood to cultivate or enjoy the society of strangers, and determined, as soon as I had visited the cataract, for which the place is famous, to proceed without delay to Montreal. I accordingly walked down at once to this cataract; but, although it is a fine one, I was upon the whole grievously disappointed. I had pictured to myself a terrific cascade, surrounded by wild and romantic scenery. The spot boasted of no such charms. I found a suspension-bridge, and several extremely unpicturesque-looking houses, and premises, and people; and am not quite certain whether I did not catch a distant glimpse of something like a canal-lock, but I did not look again for a confirmation of my suspicions, and went rapidly back to the town, with the intention of engaging a sleigh and pair of horses for the morrow.

On the morrow I started from Bytown for Montreal. The day was lovely, and, had I been in better spirits, I should have enjoyed the drive very much. My course lay down the Ottawa —not along its banks, but upon the river itself—which was of course frozen over, and hidden under a yard depth of snow. I stopped to dine at Lochaber, and to sleep at a village called (if my memory serves me) Hawkesbury. The next morning early I jumped into the sleigh again, and had the good fortune, presently, to meet with a rather agreeable adventure.

Two exceedingly pretty, rosy peasant girls, and a handsome, manly young fellow their brother, who were proceeding to Montreal to be present at a wedding, had been overturned into the snow. Their horse had grown restive, and kicked the sleigh almost to pieces. They were in an extremity of grief, and altogether despaired of reaching the place of rendezvous by the appointed time. The gentleman stormed, and stamped, and shook his fist at the lamed horse, and the young ladies wrung their hands and wept at intervals. Matters were at this critical pass when I arrived upon the spot, and tendered any assistance it might be in my power to render.

"You are very obliging," said the gentleman, "but nothing can be done, I fear; the sleigh is broken to atoms, and as for the horse ——;" and here he began to abuse the animal afresh. "Pray, are you bound for Montreal?" asked he, as soon as the fit was over.

"Yes, and can accommodate two of you in my sleigh. I fear a third would be more than I could manage; still, if ——"

"Will you kindly allow these two ladies a seat with you It is a good deal to ask, but what can be done? I will follow on foot, or perhaps I may be able to hire a horse at the next settlement."

Our arrangements were soon made. The ladies deposited themselves by my side, and I drove on. Their brother, however, ran after me, and begged that I would oblige him with my card. I produced one, and he seemed perfectly satisfied with the whole proceeding the moment he had learned that I was an Englishman.

The nearer we drew to Lower Canada, the keener grew the climate. At last the cold became so intense, that I was obliged to resign the reins to one of the sisters (their names were Victoire and Terese), and beat my hands violently together, to restore the suspended circulation. Soon afterwards the plump little hands of Terese got into the same disastrous state, and (Victoire having *now* taken the reins) the office of patting and chafing devolved upon myself. Then it was Victoire's turn to freeze, and similar specifics had to be resorted to again, accom-

panied by applications of snow to the extremities of her refractory little fingers, which, under a less skilful mode of treatment, would never have recovered their natural warmth and properties. And thus "on we fared," through the quiet villages of St Rose, St Andrews, St Eustache (the battle-ground of the late rebellion), St Martin, St Lawrence, and at length, as day drew to a close, over the Isle of Jesu, to the gay and beautiful city of Montreal.

HEAP THE SIXTY-FIFTH.

I had no sooner established myself in my old quarters at Montreal (where it was my intention to remain until the ice should break up), than I went to call upon some of my old friends, among the principal of whom was Colonel Banjo. I paused at the gate of his pretty villa, for there was a gloom about the place which struck a chill to my heart. The blinds were down; some of the shutters were closed; and the colonel's great Newfoundland dog failed to greet me as I approached. All this looked bad. It was evident that great changes had taken place. I went round to a back-door, and saw an old woman walking slowly and thoughtfully up and down the large room with the bow window, which looked out upon the garden. She had her hands behind her, and was pacing the bare boards with an air very similar to that of Napoleon at Elba. I inquired for Colonel Banjo. She shook her head.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"No, not dead; oh dear, no."

"What is the matter then?"

"He has got himself into trouble. Did you ever hear him talk of one Major Bilberry?"

"Yes; I have met him here once or twice."

"Ah!" and the old lady shook her head again in a manner which plainly indicated that she thought no good of him. I then learned that the colonel had become security to a consi-

derable amount for his friend the major, and very nearly ruined himself. He had saved a little from the wreck of his fortunes, however, and removed to a small cottage, shut up in a garden, a short distance out on the other side of the mountain. I was anxious to see my hospitable old friend once more, and proceeded direct to his hermitage.

He was sitting by the stove, in a sort of greenhouse, and smoking a cigar with much placidity; but the moment he saw me, he sprang to his feet, extended his hand, and, taking me into his little parlour, called loudly for Mrs Colonel Banjo and his daughter—the daughter who used to play so charmingly upon the piano.

"It's all over," said the colonel, as soon as we had greeted each other and seated ourselves; "no place to entertain company now. Everybody cuts me—even old Bilberry; but he'd better not show himself here, I can tell him."

"You may say so," said Mrs Banjo, with a sceptical smile; "but I know that, if the major were to come, you would shake hands with him directly. I am sure you would."

"The major had better not make the trial, madam," said Colonel Banjo, working himself up into a frightful passion. "He is too old a fox for that."

Just at this moment Luke Squiff most appropriately entered.

"That boy, sir," said Colonel Banjo, suffering the heat of his wrath to smoulder, and turning confidentially to me, "is worth his weight in—in topazes. He wouldn't leave me; we couldn't drive him away: he and old Beadle wouldn't turn deserters like the rest. No, no; there's a pair of them."

Old Beadle was the large Newfoundland dog, to whom the reader has already been introduced; and here, as the diminutive Luke Squiff (who had come to lay the cloth for dinner) appeared to be much affected by the kind manner in which his master spoke of him (he shed some large fat round tears, which, as they stood upon his blue jacket, might have been mistaken for mother-of-pearl buttons), the colonel changed the subject, by demanding a history of my movements since I had left Montreal, as well as a prospectus of my future peregrinations.

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The next visit I paid was to the Hotel du C——. There also many sad changes had taken place. Sundry of the boarders had removed to other hotels, and among the rest the worthy Mr Benjamin Chaffers, whose festive qualities had caused him to be expelled the establishment rather suddenly. Mr Dudge, too, had left, and with him his particular friend the proprietor of the barrel-organ. I had not time to inquire after the remainder of the select party, for there was a report that the ice upon the St Lawrence was about to "shove," and I rushed down immediately to the river side, in the hope of witnessing so exciting and extraordinary a scene.

But the ice did not shove that day, nor the next; and an old clergyman who was residing in the same boarding-house with myself, confidently predicted that it would not shove for another fortnight or three weeks. Nor did it. The "shove" took place on the 1st of May. I was standing upon one of the wharfs, talking to a friend, and unfortunately had my back turned to the river. While I was thus engaged, I was startled by a great shout, and, upon looking round, found, to my mortification, that the grand catastrophe for which I had been so industriously watching had already taken place. Where all had a moment since been one monotonous extent of level snow, there were now visible a thousand miniature mountains of solid ice, which, with their blue edges and angles refracting the sun's rays, presented a most novel and brilliant spectacle. From that instant all became bustle and activity in Montreal. The long, tedious winter was over; spring was at hand; the snow would shortly disappear from the city streets; the ice would drift down into the gulf; navigation would open; and the whole face of nature undergo a pleasing and a salutary change.

The 1st of May is always a busy season in Canada. All, or at least the majority of those people who have an idea of changing their residences, effect the matter on this day, and the streets become the theatre of many an odd and amusing scene. I witnessed one rather droll thing. A ricketty vehicle, contain-

ing about thirty empty hampers, was moving leisurely along the Rue Notre Dame. They formed a lofty pyramid, of which one hamper rather more bulky than the rest was the apex, and in that stood the proprietor of them all, who was superintending their transit. He had stationed himself there, I suppose, by way of joke; but the matter went rather beyond that, for suddenly the rope which steadied the whole load broke; the pile tottered to its base; and with a most desperate bump, down came the gentleman, enclosed in his car of triumph, to the very ground, and down came the remaining nine-and-twenty hampers, one after the other, upon the top of him, in which critical position he lay like the genii at the bottom of the sea, till a kind and enterprising fisherman, running to the spot, succeeded in extricating him from his difficulties.

The 1st of January is also an important and stirring day in Montreal, as well as the occasion of much kind feeling and festivity. Everybody calls to take a glass of wine and slice of cake with his neighbour. All quarrels are forgotten, and all little misunderstandings amicably arranged. People turn over a new leaf. It offers you a good opportunity, too, of opening an acquaintance with any family whose society you wish to enjoy during the ensuing year; and, indeed, gives birth to more good-fellowship and pleasantry than I can possibly describe. It would be well if a similar custom prevailed in England, and throughout Europe. How many a long-standing feud between families might be thus adjusted! how many estranged hands and hearts might then once more meet and mingle as of old!

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I went, on the evening of the 6th of May (for I intended to leave the city upon the 7th) to pay my parting visit to Colonel Banjo. I found him in the greenhouse, and opposite him sat —Major Bilberry! The two veterans were smoking, and the major's countenance wore an expression of much sorrow and penitence. He had got the gout in one of his legs, and the afflicted member rested upon a part of the stove. The eye of Colonel Banjo beamed with its accustomed benevolence, but he was looking bland, as it were, under protest.

"We have got old Bilberry again, you see," said the colonel, as he rose to welcome me and pass the bottle. "They have rightly called us the 'inseparables.'"

Major Bilberry gave a little low growl. I was yet undecided whether to regard it as an indication of pleasure, or the reverse, when he relieved my doubts by saying, with a tremulous voice, "Old Bilberry has ruined his friend, and that is one reason why old Bilberry should come and sit with him. Other men would perhaps have staid away."

Here Colonel Banjo arose suddenly from his chair, and grasped the other warmly by the hand; then, vexed with himself for having betrayed so much feeling, he threw an empty cigar-case at the head of Luke Squiff, and bade him beware how he ventured within a yard of his chair during the remainder of the evening.

Soon afterwards, Major Bilberry explained the purport of his visit. I was glad to learn that he had come to sign over the greater portion of his annual half-pay to Colonel Banjo, until such time as the sum for which the latter had rendered himself responsible should be liquidated. I was reflecting upon the propriety of this step, when Luke put his head into the room, and made several queer grimaces at me, together with sundry and divers motions of the head and arm, for the whole of which piece of strange pantomime I felt sadly at a loss to account. The next minute, however, put me in full possession of its meaning, for Miss Julia Trinket, the diminutive lady whom I had shut up the year previously in the old clock at Banjo Villa, ran into the room, and, looking me full in the face, and clapping her hands, cried, "Philippino!" whereupon both Colonel Banjo and Major Bilberry laughed immoderately, and declared that they had all along expected as much. As the Philippino was fairly won, therefore, I had to pay the customary forfeit, and the major lost his dozen of champaign.

HEAP THE SIXTY-SIXTH.

I left Montreal on the 7th of May. The steamboats began to ply between Lachine and Kingston on that day for the first time since the breaking up of the ice. The morning was very warm, and the coach that conveyed me to the wharf from which the vessel was to start, contained three or four more people than it was either licensed to carry, or calculated to accommodate. A Canadian coach or "diligence" is a rather ricketty affair, and the present had more than an average share of infirmities, which caused it to groan and vibrate in a most painful and alarming manner. There was a certain Dr Lyon, too (a member of the Legislative Assembly), of our party, who rendered himself particularly obnoxious by a mode of sitting with his monstrous legs elevated to a level with his face. He was unanimously voted a nuisance; but he seemed to care little for that, and ate several sandwiches afterwards, with a calm air that provoked us all amazingly.

I had travelled, it will be remembered, by water to Kingston once before, so that the scenery had not the charm of novelty for me; but the leaves were just bursting out upon the trees, and there was a spirit of freshness and fragrance abroad, which rendered the voyage a very delightful one. I did not remain in Kingston. I proceeded by steamer the same evening along Lake Ontario to Toronto (the ancient York), and from Toronto, the next day, by steamer again to Queenston; and thence by waggon to—the falls of Niagara! the majestic "thunder-waters" of whose fame and grandeur I had heard and read ever since I was a boy! I could scarcely believe that I was at length indeed approaching this mighty cataract. I feared that something would yet occur to frustrate all my plans, and seal my heart's longings with disappointment. I shall never forget my feelings, therefore, when I alighted from the waggon, and a man told me that I was within five hundred yards of the American fall. I heard its unceasing roar, and felt the ground trembling underneath my feet. I was so bewildered, that I quite forgot to inquire after my luggage. A shrewd fellow

(Americans are *so* sharp) was just disappearing with it behind a clump of trees in the distance. I ran after him, and seized my portmanteau by the strap. The youth grew abusive, but I held the tighter, and, dragging it after me, stumbled down the steep bank facing the American fall. I saw a stupendous cloud of mist, spanned by a glittering arch of crimson, purple, and gold. The air around me was in a strange state of palpitation; and for many minutes, what with the joy I experienced in having my wishes gratified, and the incessant thunders of the mighty torrent, and the unexpected sublimities of the scene that met my gaze, I felt totally unable to collect my scattered senses.

I had now obtained a view of the American fall, and knowing that the great Horseshoe itself could not be far distant, moved slowly away to the right. Clouds of crimson mist were curling high into the blue heaven; the earth shook; and the dancing air appeared to be one mass of rubies and amethysts. I rushed dizzily down a flight of steep steps, reached the slippery rocks at their base, and feeling the breath of the torrent's freshness upon my cheek, gazed upward at its tumbling glories!

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The majority of tourists and sight-seers who visit Niagara take up their residence at a gigantic hotel on the American side of the river, or at another, almost as big, on the British shore. But I preferred retirement—quiet—and, with the view of enjoying it, procured rooms in a neat little cottage which overlooked the smaller of the two cataracts. I had a strong dislike to the infliction of society and small talk while in a sacred locality like this, and I fear by the sudden and mysterious retreats which I occasionally effected, when parties were approaching me, I almost led them to believe that the place was haunted. One evening, in particular, I recollect frightening an elderly gentleman and lady almost out of their wits. I saw them advancing, and took refuge in a cave. The gentleman, at the request of the lady, came (rather timidly) to the entrance, and began to make a strange noise, by way of provoking the echoes. At the same moment he caught a glimpse of me in the gloom, and, without pausing to have his fears

confirmed, or even consulting the safety of his wife, scampered away, with a face whiter than any of the foam-flakes that glistened among the pebbles at his feet.

I had often wished to see an eagle in his state of freedom, and had that gratification on the second morning of my sojourn at Niagara. I was lying upon Table Rock, viewing the wonders around me, when suddenly I beheld what I supposed to be an immense mass of the projecting cliff in the act of falling into the abyss beneath. The next moment, however—and then I knew the immense object to be an eagle—it rose again, and, soaring away grandly over the purple mist of the cataract, was soon a mere speck upon the blue sky.

It is a customary thing for everybody who can muster the necessary amount of nerve, to go once behind what is termed "the curtain." I do not always like to have my movements prescribed for me in this way, and yet I felt a desire to make the experiment. A negro generally officiates as guide on these occasions, and I expressed my readiness one day to accompany him to Termination Rock, the limit of the adventurer's daring. He shook his head, and said that the wind was too high then, but he would take me on the morrow. I did not feel disposed to wait, and was about to undertake the matter without his assistance, when, fearful of losing his half-dollar, the black man complied with my proposals, and (being properly equipped—*i. e.*, cased in an oilskin coat, and a pair of slippers with a prodigious development of heel) led me away by the hand along the dangerous ledge. The wind was indeed high, and together with the desperate spray beat so violently in our faces, that the negro was obliged to release me, and think only of himself. Above and before us was the tumbling torrent; beneath, the black abyss; and behind, a bare, perpendicular rock, without one solitary twig for hand to clutch. The black man turned his back upon the fall, and said that we must return. I was seized with a fit of obstinacy, and insisted upon proceeding. I gasped the words out, for my breath was nearly gone, and my head began to grow dizzy. "Go on!" shouted I in my guide's ear.—"No!" bawled he in mine; "de excitement is too great."—

"There is no real danger," I urged.—"Dere is great danger," roared he; "dere is de danger of slipping wid de foot, and de danger of being choked." And there we stood, looking angrily at each other—I resolved to advance, and he to retreat, but neither being able to move one step without the other's concurrence. At last the wind moderated a little, and I bribed the black man to complete his undertaking. With much difficulty I then stretched my hand across his chest, and, leaning forward as far as possible, touched the piece of iron on Termination Rock. In getting back again, I made a false step, and lost one of my slippers.

I have already observed that the little cottage in which I had taken up my abode stood upon the river's bank, and almost facing the American fall. This cottage was in a continual tremor, and frequently, when I opened the door, the palpitating air without would almost close it again in my face. I have heard it stated that the roar of the cataract can be heard for twenty miles. Perhaps it may, when the wind sets in that direction; but I never heard it beyond three. I once, however, distinctly saw the mist of the great Horseshoe at a distance of nearly *fifty* miles. It was pointed out to me by a captain of one of the Lake Erie steamboats.

I staid a week at Niagara. One ought not to remain longer. We should be able to enter fully into all the grandeur of the scene, but not become too familiar with it. Let the spectator wait until his wonder and awe are properly developed, and then go away with his admiration at a climax.

The accompanying lines were not intended as a description of what is altogether indescribable. I merely wished to paint a few of the emotions which a contemplation of the cataract generally awakens.

TO NIAGARA.

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To mark thy world of milk-white waters, kiss'd
By the red beams of morning, downward spring,
And, in thy glittering sea of golden mist,
To watch the lordly eagle lave his wing!—

Here God is all; man nothing—meaner far
Than the least drop that decks yon gorgeous bow—
Which gleams one little moment, like a star,
Then sinks, forgotten, to the depths below.

Throughout all ages—from the birth of time—
Hast thou been hymning thy Creator's praise;
Unwearied—inexhaustible—sublime!—
To thee our years are minutes; ages, days.

And yet, in all things not unlike to us,
Thou hast thy sunny moments, and thy sad;
Thou dost not always love to dazzle thus—
What grief hast *thou* to make thy brow less glad?

The curse that fell on all our guilty race
Sought out thee too upon thy rock-hewn throne;*
There is a pensive sadness in thy face,
And in thy voice a plaintive, touching tone.

Hence why I ever seek some quiet nook,
What time the setting sun gilds yonder steep,
And poring upon thee, as on a book,
Think mournfully of bygone days, and weep.

Thou art the panorama of the past;
About thee flit the phantoms of lost treasures;
With thee are joyous hours which flew too fast,
Youth's earliest hopes, smiles, loves, and purest pleasures.

All the sweet, warm, wild poetry of life—
Moments unprized until for ever fled—
With nothing of its turmoil and its strife,
May in thy rainbow-tinted page be read.

I am led back to childhood, as by one
Who scann'd each fond emotion of my breast;
Who knew which path to choose; which spot to shun;
Where memory loved to rove; and where to rest.

My native valley, and its peaceful lake,
Greet me once more, with their dark woods and dells;
I hear the song of wild birds in the brake,
And catch the far, faint tones of village bells.

And there are ivied cots, and harvest wains,
And gardens, rich in blossoms of all hues;
With happy moonlight wanderings in green lanes,
Kind words, and looks, and lingering adieus.

Not one familiar spot, one simple scene,
On which my longing eye has loved to bend—

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* Cursed is the earth for thy sake.—Gen. iii. 17.

Dim through the mists of tears that intervene—
  But greets me here like some departed friend.

There's not a gentle voice that has been dear,
  Nor breath of music that has waked a sigh,
But steals again as softly on mine ear
  As though it had been whisper'd from the sky!

Enough,—and welcome now old ocean's foam,
  Welcome the blue mysterious realms of space;
For, henceforth, roving fancy has a home,
  Imagination has a resting-place.

Farewell! mine eyes will never look again
  Upon thy solemn wonders, mighty Fall!
I thank thee for each joy as well as pain
  Thou hast awaken'd, or thou did'st recall;

For worthless, vain, were all thou could'st impart
  To those who 'mid thy hallow'd scenes have trod,
Yet fail'd to view thee with a chasten'd heart,
  And look "from nature—up to nature's God."

HEAP THE SIXTY-SEVENTH.

Buffalo had few charms for me. The fact is (and perhaps my tastes have become seriously depraved), I no sooner get among human habitations and the bustle of business, and what Wordsworth properly calls "the dreary intercourse of daily life," than I find myself sighing again for the country and the wilderness. I did not stay, therefore, to deliver my three or four letters of introduction, but made immediate inquiries respecting the best mode of conveyance to Albany or Troy. "You must go by canal," was the reply.—"Is there not a railroad?"—"N–no." I was too indolent to make further inquiries, and going at once on board the packet, paid the captain the fare (eight dollars and a-half), and had my name put down for one of the best berths the boat afforded. We had no sooner started, however, than I discovered that I had been duped. There *was* a line of railway to Troy, and the journey was commonly performed in about four-and-twenty hours; in place of which I had now the pleasant prospect of four days

and nights' imprisonment in a little ricketty tub of a boat which every moment became more disagreeable to me. "N'importe," muttered I, "perhaps I shall meet with something new here;" and this presentiment had a very speedy realisation.

I walked into the saloon, and there, looking as calm and comfortable as ever, sat Dr Lyon, the easy gentleman whom I had met a fortnight previously in the Lachine coach. He recognised my features directly, and pushed out one finger for me to shake, but I merely inspected it, and then made him a signal that he might take it away. His excessive nonchalance provoked me, and I resolved to be revenged by and by, when a fit opportunity offered.

I shall not easily forget the horrors of this trip by canal packet. The deck was so full of passengers, who were sitting in all postures, that I could not walk along it without trampling upon their legs; and in the cabin there were so many vulgar people, and nursemaids with noisy infants, that I could not remain below five minutes with any degree of comfort. Dr Lyon, too, was there, in a corner, with his pugnacious-looking shoes on the sofa, and his filmy eye glancing patronisingly from one face to another. "I will sit in the steward's pantry," thought I, "or, stay, I will go to bed; I shall be retired enough there. But, heyday! where can all the beds be?"

Toward one o'clock the dinner-bell rang, and Dr Lyon was the first at the table, whetting his knife upon the steel, and feeling the edge with the air of one who had carved when I was a boy. An American meal is despatched in about seven minutes. It is a solemn affair. Nobody talks, everybody eats, and there is no leisure for politeness. I offered a lady near me a slight attention, and several people on the opposite side of the table stared at me with open mouths, as wishing to see the sort of young man who could so far neglect his own interests as to look to those of another. Even the busy Dr Lyon glanced toward me, while his pudgy chin creased with a little fat smile, which plainly said, "This young fellow is evidently a novice in the art of taking care of himself at table. Ha! ha! he will know better by and by;" and the doctor

grasped his plate suddenly, for a waiter, seeing him look up, fancied he had done, and was about to snatch it away. That moment's inaction was nearly fatal to the easy gentleman.

Dinner over, Dr Lyon slept an hour and a-half. Somebody began to talk, but Dr Lyon frowned in his slumbers, and held up his hand in a faint way, imploring silence, so the conversation dwindled away to a whisper. Having enjoyed his forty winks, the doctor then put his pocket-handkerchief over his head, and marched about the saloon with his hands under his coat-tails; pausing occasionally, however, to pinch an infant's cheek, and chuck the rosy nursemaid under the chin.

There was a great sameness in the canal scenery. I did not like it at all. An artificial stream of water is the ugliest thing in nature, but I was much interested in many of the towns through which we passed—with Rochester and Carthage, for instance. They put me in mind of what I have read of Venetian cities, with the water gliding under the very windows of the houses. Had the buildings been a little mellowed by time, and had there been a gondola or two in sight, containing a veiled lady, and a gentleman in a steep hat near her, thrumming a guitar, the resemblance would have been complete.

The day done, night at hand, and a number of narrow slips of board, suspended under each other by coloured string, having been hung around the saloon, passengers went to bed. I had been sitting on deck, and when I went down and inquired for berth No. 4, I found that Dr Lyon had got it! His coat, and pantaloons, and black gaiters were depending over the back of a chair close by. I called the steward, and he referred to the book. He told me that I should have secured my bed the moment it was hung. Dr Lyon pretended to be asleep, but I knew very well that he was wide awake. My first impulse was to cut the string of the shelf, and let him fall; but, as there happened to be an invalid gentleman in the nook underneath, the experiment would have been attended with unpleasant consequences. I smothered my dissatisfaction, therefore, and with much difficulty procured another berth. It was close to the red curtain which separated the gentlemen

from the ladies, and I overheard the latter laughing and talking all night. The majority of them were full of mirth and anecdote, and if the babies had been a little less refractory, the hours would have flown by agreeably enough.

In the morning, I was awakened by the steward, who told me that I had better get up, as he wanted to dress the tables for breakfast. I saw a great many passengers putting on their boots, and tying their cravats, and brushing themselves, but not one of them performing his ablutions. I inquired where this matter was usually arranged, and the steward led me to a metal basin. There were about thirty gentlemen round it, waiting their turns. A jack-towel and looking-glass hung near, as well as, depending by a string, a brush and comb, minus most of their bristles and teeth. I did not patronise the public brush and comb; I had my own in a carpet-bag. The fact of my having resorted to them, however, appeared to wound the feelings of everybody but one middle-aged gentleman, who was walking hurriedly about the saloon, with a face expressive of much agony. I could not learn the cause of his indisposition: nobody seemed to know.

The second day of our aquatic excursion was even more intolerable than the first. The one had, at least, the recommendation of novelty; the other had no recommendation whatever. The same things occurred again, and the scenery had few charms. I was glad when dinner and tea were over, because bedtime drew near; but, when that had arrived, I discovered, to my intense provocation, that Dr Lyon had got my berth again! It was partly my own fault, because I had, as before, been sitting musing upon deck, and came down late. The coat, pantaloons, and gaiters, occupied their old position. I was not inclined to create a disturbance, and alarm the ladies, so stole away to my old quarters near the red curtain.

Upon the morning of the third day we touched at Utica, Rome, Salina, and Syracuse. And here, as the locality suggests it, I think I can relate a little anecdote, which will go far to prove that some people are certainly born to ill-luck. On board the canal packet with us was a young farmer who

had come from the district of London, in Upper Canada, and was on his way to Boston. When he stepped on board the boat, he had with him a canary bird in a cage, a fine fierce mastiff dog, a handsome seven-barrelled revolving pistol, and two hundred dollars in silver. The money and pistol were in his breast-pocket, the canary bird he placed by his side, and the dog he tied with his handkerchief to the handle of one of the passengers' trunks, which stood upon the fore-part of the deck. He was an honest, simple sort of fellow, and had amused everybody by his innocent remarks, and ignorance of the world and its ways. Before he had been among us an hour, the canary's cage rolled from its place, and fell overboard. As he leaned sorrowfully over the boat's side, in the hope of recovering his pet bird, the seven-barrel revolving pistol fell from his pocket, and disappeared also. He would have dived for it, but the captain (whose time was valuable) would not allow him, and we moved on. The next day, the mastiff slipped his collar, leaped ashore, and was soon out of sight. The captain again refused to wait, and the youth shed tears. By and by we stopped at a place called, I think, New Liverpool, and he went ashore. I had cautioned him about talking of his money, or exhibiting it. On his return, he told me that it was all gone. He had produced it upon a tavern table, and some sharpers had profited by the stupidity. I endeavoured the next day to collect a few dollars for him among the passengers. The packet had just stopped again for a minute or two. Where was the simple young farmer? He had jumped to land, and would be back in a moment. "Go on," cried the captain to the man who drove the horses—and the unfortunate owner of the canary bird, mastiff, seven-barrel revolver, and two hundred dollars, was heard of no more.

I was successful in obtaining my proper berth the next night, and there having been a grand influx of fresh passengers, Dr Lyon had the misfortune to fail in securing one at all. He made so terrible a commotion, however, and his cause was espoused so enthusiastically by the married ladies, that the steward had an extra sleeping-place slung up to the centre of

the cabin roof for him, just between the two ranges of legitimate berths along the vessel's sides. And now I had full scope for my malice. My shelf was precisely level with Dr Lyon, and he was no sooner asleep than, thoughtful of my wrongs, I leaned forward, and with my walking-cane gave his hammock (to the bottom of which his person had imparted a graceful rotundity) a smart push, that set him swinging from side to side in a manner which must have been far from agreeable. The motion awoke him, and, putting his head forth, he looked about. Presently I gave him another push, and a gentleman who was lying in an opposite shelf, and had witnessed the proceeding, entering suddenly into the joke, gave the cot a push from his side also, so that, between the two propelling powers, the afflicted doctor enjoyed but a small degree of comfort, and, unable to account for these strange oscillations, took a second observation, and then moaned miserably. This measure gained him a momentary respite. No sooner had he lain down, however, than his troubles recommenced, and the cot began to rock and pitch even more distressingly than before, until at length Dr Lyon, exasperated beyond endurance, suffered his choler to vent itself in the bitterest anathemas upon the hammock, and the canal, and the boat, and every person in and connected with it. My wrongs being now sufficiently avenged, therefore, and feeling too drowsy to carry the persecutions further, I hung my walking-stick to the cabin roof, and composed myself to sleep.

The next night the ladies had become so numerous, that there were no beds at all for the gentlemen, and we had either to prop ourselves upon chairs, or lie upon the saloon floor. It was the most miserable I ever passed, and I was thankful when the boat arrived at Schenectady, upon the river Mohawk, and I was able to leap ashore. It was the first time I had ever travelled by canal boat, and I made a resolution that it should be the last.

From Schenectady I went to view the Cohos, or falls of the Mohawk river. They are indescribably grand. I waited in hope that the sun would come out, and add the beauty of his

many-coloured bow to the glories of the cataract. But I waited in vain.

The same evening I reached Troy—which is a lovely little city—the most delightful I have ever seen. All the streets and squares are bordered with stately trees, which lend a pleasant shade in summer, and diffuse a most agreeable coolness and fragrance around. I gazed a long time at one retired row of houses, fronted by a lawn and shrubbery. A troop of merry school-girls, with coquetish-looking bonnets and dishevelled hair, were sporting about the lawn. I could not help wondering whether any pleasure of their after lives would equal the heartfelt joyousness of this May morning romp.

> Oh dreams of childhood, hopes of youth,
> Oh sunny days of yore,
> Your very griefs would glad some hearts
> Which can be gay no more.

I should have watched their gambols longer, but I saw the green carpet-bag and black gaiters of Dr Lyon turning an adjacent corner.

HEAP THE SIXTY-EIGHTH.

I had heard a great deal of the sect termed "Shakers," and entertained a strong curiosity to see some of them, as well as to witness their so-called religious exercises. I was informed, however, that, in consequence of some people who had visited their place of worship having misconducted themselves, the elders had lately refused everybody admittance. This piece of intelligence disheartened me very much, but, as I had so long looked forward to a treat of the kind, I was determined not to leave the neighbourhood of so strange a fraternity without having made one more effort to obtain a sight of them. I waited therefore in Troy until Sunday, then, hiring a calash, drove to Niskayuna, the nearest Shaker settlement.

I believe that a woman by name Ann Lee, born about the

year 1740, and daughter of a Manchester blacksmith, founded the order of Shakers. At the age of thirty she became subject to most alarming fits, accompanied by terrible contortions of the body, and a total derangement of her mental faculties. She believed herself to be the mother of the Messiah, and endowed with the gift of strange tongues. She gave her disciples to understand that she held nightly converse with God (who, she said, had commissioned her to call together his elect from the different parts of the earth), and that all those who rejected her intercession would be damned. Ann Lee furthermore stated that she should never die, but be caught up like Elijah of old to the clouds in a chariot of fire. Manchester, however, was no field for the propagation of these novel doctrines, and in the year 1774 she emigrated to the neighbourhood of Albany, in the state of New York, and, as I have already observed, became the founder of the present community of Shakers. And here, in the course of time (notwithstanding her prediction to the contrary), she died, like other children of Adam. Peace be with her ashes!

An old proverb tells us that nothing, however preposterous, which has once had a mother, will die for want of a nurse. We see the truth of this adage verified daily. The Shakers have now become a large and important body of people. They hold extensive tracts of land, and occupy many villages. They are very civil, too, and well-behaved; nor are they dependent on their fellowmen (whom they view as heretics) for any one thing, except toleration—a virtue, by the by, which they themselves do not put in practice. They grow their own corn, spin their own flax, weave their own cloths, build their own houses, and make their own coats, hats, and shoes. Shaker fruits and seeds are held in high estimation, and always find a market. But the Shakers do not marry. If wedded couples join them, they are separated forthwith. They think the world rather overstocked than otherwise with people, and accordingly discountenance (?) anything like a multiplication of the species.

Anybody may become a Shaker. If he is a mere pauper, no matter, they receive him; and if a man of wealth, his riches

go into the general fund. Should he afterwards wish to leave the society, he can do so—but naked as he was born. He is lost; nothing can save him.

I began to fear, when I arrived at Niskayuna, that I should be denied admittance. I had been told by a person who was intimate with one of the Shaker ladies, that if I inquired for "Aunt Betsy," she would most probably pass me in. I left my horse and calash at a neighbouring farm, and, entering the village with a decent and respectful air, walked straight to the house of meeting. It was empty, but a tall brother appeared from an adjoining room, and asked my business. I said that I was an Englishman, and, having heard much of the Shaker views and form of worship, wished to learn more of the one, and witness something of the other. He replied that I could not be admitted: it was against the rules. I then inquired boldly for Aunt Betsy. Aunt Betsy was at her devotions, but the mention of her name evidently had its effect. "Many of your countrymen have misconducted themselves here," said my grim friend; "they have laughed at us." I was nearly laughing too, but fortunately did not. The Shaker said, "Sit down here, until I learn the pleasure of the elders;" and he went stealthily away. I put my hat and stick upon one of the benches, and seated myself beside them. A solemn stillness prevailed. I heard the ticking of my watch in my waistcoat pocket.

Anon my ear caught the fall of distant footsteps, and I thought I was going to be ordered out. I had the magic name of Aunt Betsy again upon my lips, when lo! at an opposite door there entered, in single file, upwards of forty pallid ladies, clad in shrouds. The sudden advent of so many spectres struck a horrible chill to my heart. They walked gravely, on tiptoe, to a row of pegs upon the wall, hung up their bonnets and mantles, and arranged themselves upon some benches at the other end of the building. They then folded their hands on their laps (every Shakeress had a clean towel depending over her right arm), cast their eyes to the ground, and sat mute and motionless as statues. The majority of them were elderly and

middle-aged women; but I saw six or eight very handsome young girls among the number, one of whom, having accidentally caught my eye, started as though somebody had stabbed her, and fixed her glance once more on the ground.

Soon afterwards the male Shakers made their entrée, and, hanging their hats and coats upon an unoccupied party of pegs, took their seats (in shirt sleeves) opposite the ladies. Each brother had his arm tied above the elbow with a black ribbon. His hair was cut close in front, but left to grow behind. The white locks of the old men looked like little cataracts streaming down into their coat collars. Their waistcoats and trousers were of a bluish-grey cloth, and they wore high-heeled shoes similar to those patronised by the lovely sisters.

For about a quarter of an hour there was a deathlike silence. They were screwing their minds up to a proper pitch of devotional feeling. An old Shaker then stepped forward, and said, "Brothers and sisters, it is a solemn worship we are about to engage in, and I hope we shall all go through it with becoming decency;" and thereupon about fifteen of the men, arranging themselves against the wall under the hat-pegs, and converting their long lean hands into flappers, beat the air with them, and chanted a doleful chorus, which consisted of a see-saw tune, and the words, "Law de law de law de law, law de law de law law; law de law de law de law, law de law de law law."

The moment the music had reached a proper climax, all the other men sprang to their feet: the women imitated their example; and, like hostile armies rushing to the charge, together chanting loudly the while, the two bodies of fanatics advanced upon each other, but checked themselves at the point of collision, pirouetted cleverly, and retreated, back to back; pirouette again—forward—double quick step—back—advance—retire, forty times; then halt on a sudden, and end the manœuvre by every man and woman jumping a yard into the air, and coming simultaneously down again with a tramp that shakes the building. Recover seats. Hands clasped as before. Eyes down. Take breath.

I had the very greatest difficulty in preserving my gravity

during this exquisitely grotesque scene, but I knew that, if I allowed a muscle of my face to denote the merriment I felt, four or five of the stoutest Shakers, who were watching me narrowly, would bound forward and drag me instantly to the door. And by degrees my mirth subsided—it changed to pity. I was provoked and disgusted, beyond measure, to see so many decent and elderly people (men with white hair, and women with the wrinkles of sixty summers) thus playing the buffoon, and persuading themselves, as well as endeavouring to persuade others, that an exhibition like the present could be acceptable to Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. I can readily believe that the hearts of many of these deluded creatures were really in the work. They were sincere, as far as sincerity could associate itself with such cow-like gambols, and earnestly supposed they were purchasing eternal salvation with the performance.

The second saltatory recreation was much like the first, but the time of the music was slower, and the persons went sliding about in a most sly and stealthy manner. Their movements were rather analogous to those of a person who finds himself mounted on skates for the first time. Satan was supposed to be on the prowl among them. After awhile, however, having successfully evaded him, they all broke into a quicker step and sprightlier song. I committed one verse of the latter to paper, and nearly got turned out for it. The words ran as follows:—

> "Strike upon the pleasant lyre
> To the music of our song;
> We will sing a joyful song
> To Mount Zion's king and queen."

In the next dance, the figure changed again, and the air to which they moved was more lively still. It was one of the popular negro melodies, with the time slightly altered. The Shak*ers* now formed themselves into a ring, and (singing and flapping as they went) trotted round as fast as possible one after the other (like the circular hobby-horse in a fair), while the Shaker*esses*, arranging themselves in another ring, within the former, revolved in an opposite direction. The scene was

really pretty, and, as a whole, now put me strongly in mind of a figure in the lancer quadrilles, or one of those artificial Chinese fireworks we see in a phantasmagoria. The words chanted were something to the following effect. They are, like the others, tame and tautological:—

"While we walk the golden streets
Of the New Jerusalem,
Holy angels march before us,
Playing on their harps of gold."

The spirit of the present dance, as did each of the previous ones, grew still more brisk and exciting towards the close, and ended in a similar manner, with a flap of extra strength, a caper nearly a yard high, and a deafening tramp, like eighty dragoons dismounting suddenly in a parlour.

The principal elder now came forward. He was much flushed, and quite out of breath. He looked complacently around, and said, "That is well, brothers and sisters. *I think our bodies are now fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in;*" and having offered up a short extempore prayer, he resumed his seat. A long pause ensued. It was broken by a young Shaker, who advanced, and opening his Bible, chose a text. The words were these, "I will stand when trials and afflictions come." The preacher had a bad delivery, and a most repulsive nasal twang. His discourse was a clumsy, ungrammatical, unconnected piece of vulgar rhapsody. He strongly advocated the Shaker doctrines, and stated in very plain terms that all those who did not embrace them would be burned everlastingly. Then, glancing toward the seat I occupied, he exhorted me not to tamper with my religious convictions, but enter the true fold at once, and suffer myself to be plucked like a brand from the general conflagration. He bade me beware also of rejecting his present proffers of grace, and going away with a hardened heart and conscience. But still, like an obstinate heretic, I "made no sign," and the young Shaker, after regarding me forbiddingly for several minutes, at length closed the book with a clash, as one who would not be played with, and had shut the gates of mercy for ever against me.

I have thus endeavoured to describe much of what I witnessed in the Shaker meeting-house at Niskayuna. Some may perhaps think that I have availed myself too liberally of the traveller's license. But I have not. It would be impossible for me to exaggerate absurdities like these, and there is a great deal that remains untold. I am not anxious to relate it. It is a painful thing to see a respectable-looking young woman place herself in the centre of a large room, and, moved as she believes by the Holy Spirit, with arms extended, whirl round until she becomes almost invisible. It is a still more painful thing to behold men and women, labouring under a similar delusion, rolling promiscuously about upon a hard floor, howling, weeping, groaning, and beating their bosoms until they grow black in the face. All these piteous spectacles may be witnessed, upon particular feast days of that sect, within the "sacred" walls of a Shaker house of worship.

I walked back in a thoughtful mood to the farm-house near which I had left my horse. He gave a loud neigh as I approached, and I had no sooner jumped into the calash behind him, than he laid his ears down, and scampered away homeward as fast as his legs could carry him, with the air of an animal that had come there quite against his will, and wished to get as quickly as possible out of a neighbourhood where such strange abominations were practised.

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A day or two after my visit to the Shaker village, I left Troy for New York. I shall not attempt to describe the magnificent scenery of the Hudson. It far exceeded my expectations, and reminded me forcibly of that along the shores of some of our own beautiful English lakes. The sweet villas and rural retirements, too, occasionally seen nestling among its green and romantic heights, are such as, having once caught the traveller's gaze, he allows to find a place among the other "beautiful pictures" that "hang upon memory's wall."

But it was not without a pang that I beheld the spot where the lamented Andre met an ignominious death. I am not, like many people, disposed to think the execution of this gallant

and promising young officer a blot upon the fair escutcheon of Washington's fame. An impartial consideration of the circumstances of the case will fully exculpate that great man from the charge of cruelty that has been preferred against him. Washington was deaf to Andre's request to be shot, because the offence of which he had been guilty deserved superior exposure and punishment. Major Andre well knew that Arnold was a traitor—a double traitor—and he should not have stooped to hold an instant's parley with so pitiful a character. The end did not sanctify the means. An honourable man should fight with honourable weapons, and to wink at the treachery of another, is almost equivalent to playing the traitor one's-self. Andre acted rashly, and few can deny it, though, at the same time, they will deplore the mistaken zeal that spurred him to the step, and drop a tear at the remembrance of his untimely end.

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FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND; WRITTEN AMONG THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON.

'Tis a beautiful land; 'tis a glorious one—
The richest and loveliest under the sun;
With its mountains, as noble, and stately, and high,
As ever held gossip with yonder blue sky;
With its forests, which stretch all untrodden away,
Till the wondering hunter turns back in dismay;
Its rivers—strewn over with numberless isles—
Rolling onward unwearied for thousands of miles;
Then its prairies, its lakes, its magnificent falls,
All that wins and that dazzles, attracts and appals,
Can this sunny clime boast, which, though soon we must part,
Long will hold a conspicuous place in my heart.
And be sure that, beside such bright fetters as those,
Which must link us till life itself draws to a close,
There are others the busy affections have wrought,
Some—many—hoped—sighed for—and others unsought,
To attach a fond heart, which feels more than 'twill tell,
To a land where such wonders and novelties dwell.

On the banks of the Hudson—that beautiful stream
Which surpasses all bard can imagine or dream—

At the close of a calm and a bright summer's day,
Thus I trifle the bliss-laden moments away:
Looking on with a sigh to that hour, when, at last,
All my wanderings o'er and anxieties past,
I again may set foot on my own happy shore,
To love it the better, and leave it no more.

HEAP THE SIXTY-NINTH.

I was very much struck with the appearance of New York; it was so entirely different from any town or city I had ever before seen. The houses were so red; the windows so bright; the blinds so green; the bell-pulls and brass-plates so highly polished; and the door-steps so prim-looking and so spotless. I was by no means displeased to find that I had imbibed a great many false notions respecting the ancient city of the Manhattoes.

"Come, come," thought I, as I hurried back to the Astor House, and began to rummage over my portmanteau for letters of introduction, "I can spend a month or two here very agreeably; the first step, however, will be to make a few acquaintances, without which, the time, after all, would pass but dully." But what had become of my packet of letters? They were not in my portmanteau. I had left them—I knew not where; perhaps at Buffalo; perhaps at Niagara; perhaps in Montreal; and there was a strong probability of my having safely deposited them in some quiet corner of Butternut Castle! Here was a deathblow to all my anticipations of social enjoyment, and I paced the room in despair.

"No matter," was my next reflection; "I will trust to my usual luck. I have sometimes found chance acquaintances preferable to prescribed ones; so, as fortune has denied me one friend, like Horace Walpole (or was it Swift?), I will go to the nearest coffeehouse, and take another. Meantime, I will leave this great noisy hotel, and get me to some quiet lodgings where I shall have peace and privacy." I rang the bell, and inquired

of the waiter if he knew of a respectable boarding-house to which he could recommend me. He ran to fetch a newspaper, and pointed to upwards of fifty advertisements, inserted by ladies who had just room left in their establishments for one domestically-disposed single gentleman: but I shook my head, and begged to hear of somebody who was not in the habit of advertising. "I have it, then," said the waiter; "there is a most select house of the kind in —— Square, No. —; Miss Westbrooke's. Shall I order a coach for you?" And, hastily defraying my bill, I was whirled away, portmanteau and all, to No. —, —— Square, in the suburbs, where I had an interview with a huge green parrot, of most impertinent propensities, and an elderly maiden lady, whose manners, personal appearance, and conversational powers, were all of a very superior order indeed. I expressed a desire to take up my abode under her roof, and she at once bowed acquiescence, but yet seemed to hesitate. As a mere matter of form, she begged a reference to some merchant, or other person, in the city. I could give none. "Phew!" whistled the parrot. "What, have you no letters of introduction?" asked the elderly lady.—"I had, but they have been mislaid." The parrot laughed heartily. "And have you no friend in New York?"—"None." The green parrot descended slowly from his perch, and, under the pretence of eating at the trough, said something of a rather disparaging nature in an under tone. I felt a little perplexed, and, considering the business settled, was about to take my hat and departure, when the maiden lady said, with a smile which instantly re-assured me, she should for once dispense with the formality of a reference, and begged that I would look upon her house as my home. So I sent a servant to discharge the coachman, and went to dress for dinner.

And now, since brother Jonathan is my theme, shall I join issue with those high-minded and generous Englishmen, who have gone to enjoy his kindness and hospitality, and then, like little dogs that do not think of barking until they have got to the other side of the gate, returned home to abuse him at leisure? I have no such illiberal feelings and uncharitable

intentions. I consider our brother Jonathan a very ill-used and much-injured man. Nine artists out of ten who have got him to sit for his portrait, were vile daubers. They have not hit the expression. None but the hand of a master can do him justice. It is a common thing for some disappointed emigrant to spend a few weeks in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, and mixing with none but the lower orders of society, fancy he is qualified to descant upon the habits and customs of the American people—or, at all events, he describes the disgusting propensities of the few dirty fellows he has met with, and leads us to suppose that Americans are all alike. Would a traveller from the United States be justified in judging of our English aristocracy by the manners and conversation of the passengers he encounters in a third-class railway carriage, or one of our penny city omnibuses? There are low and vulgar persons in all countries. We should quit the tavern, the cheap boarding-house, the public thoroughfare, and enter the homes and cultivate the acquaintance of the higher classes. And, *even then*, it would become us to be extremely cautious how we judge, and what we write, for no man is without his prejudices, and they are sure to colour his views and opinions. It is one of the most merciful features of our British law, that no prisoner shall be condemned until he is unanimously pronounced guilty by twelve of his countrymen. If a prisoner, a felon, is shown this handsome indulgence, shall a gentleman, a friend, a relative, be treated with less? Since it comes to the point, I do not believe, for the reason I have just stated, that any one man ought, or has a right, to pronounce a verdict in a matter of the kind. He may think what he pleases for himself, but not for the nation, who are too apt (more particularly as abuse has grown fashionable) to have a leaning to the side of sarcasm and ill-nature.

Such being my sentiments, therefore, I shall not be called upon, nor do I consider myself at liberty, to indulge in any severe strictures upon the habits and customs of the American people. I have no hesitation in saying, however (for, as the remark will injure nobody, I need not suppress it), that there

are, in proportion, as many polite, elegant, and clever persons, of both sexes, in New York, as there are in either London or Edinburgh. I can furthermore vouch, too, that the American ladies have no improper affectation of modesty, and that the more select of the gentlemen do *not* carry tobacco-boxes.

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I was much pleased with my new acquaintances. They consisted of five lady and three gentlemen boarders. Of the former, four were young, sprightly, handsome, and musical; and of the latter, one was a fine old man, with a perfectly bald head, and the most benevolent expression of countenance imaginable. He had a brother who stood high in Congress, and a son with the American army in Mexico. This old gentleman had been a great traveller, and his heart and mind were stored with every kind feeling and every beautiful image. Of the remaining two boarders, one was a sober, plodding merchant, said to be realising great sums of money; and the other, a slight, dapper youth of two-and-twenty, who had fallen desperately in love with one of the handsome young ladies before mentioned, and appeared to be labouring under a painful hopelessness of success. His name was Molson. The young ladies were introduced to me as the Miss Fitzherberts. The bald gentleman was addressed by the name of Merrivale. They called the merchant Mr Headley.

There is no happiness, however, without alloy. With all my new friends, and especially the lady part of them, I was quite charmed, but the green parrot and I were soon at open war, for he had one strain, among his selection of homely airs, to which I was seized with an immediate antipathy. This was a long shrill screech—a sort of war-whoop in miniature—that pierced the brain, and set the teeth horribly on edge. The maiden lady, too, seemed to think highly of the performance, and, much to my mortification, even encouraged him in it. It was quite enough to witness this ungainly bird's excessive nonchalance, and gouty walk, and his ugly clamber up the side of the cage, and overhear his sarcastic laughter and abusive language, without having to undergo the additional torture of this

prolonged yell, and before many days had elapsed, my dislike for the author of these nuisances settled into a most deadly hatred. Towards an ordinary parrot I could not have entertained so much ill-will, but there was a superior intelligence, and spirit of villany, and turn for repartee, about the present one, which were amazingly provoking, and I felt strongly disposed to take down some portion of his consequence. And yet, how to accomplish this was the question, for (as I had already observed) the moment a hand was slily raised to offer Nabob (that was the bird's name) chastisement, Nabob's sagacity forewarned him of the danger, and he would utter a shout that penetrated the remotest corner of the house, and was sure to bring the elderly maiden lady instantly to his relief. In vain, therefore, did I, and the most wicked of the three young ladies, and Mr Molson, and the old gentleman with the bald head, sigh in the absence of his mistress to be revenged upon the green parrot. There appeared to be no punishment for him short of poison, and we had not the courage to administer that, lest some disaffected person should succeed in tracing the murder to our door.

HEAP THE SEVENTIETH.

I used to delight in a summer morning ramble about the streets of New York. I always met with something novel and amusing. No wonder the houses look so clean, and the windows so bright. They are well washed every day. There is a plentiful supply of water running past each door, and a servant has merely to fit the hose upon the pipe, and direct it over the whole premises. I have seen fifteen or twenty housemaids at a time performing this refreshing operation, and appearing to enjoy the thing all the while very much. Nor is this the only use to which the water may be applied. I have seen obstinate and persevering pigs driven from door-steps; and a dirty fellow, who was too lazy to resort to soap and

towel, washed quite white by its aid. He has got a friend to play upon him, and gone away afterwards, if not a better, certainly a cleaner man. I have seen horses too brought to undergo a like ablution, and it was entertaining to me to observe how the animals, particularly in hot weather, appeared to relish it; turning first this way, and then that; now presenting their heads to the stream, and now their tails; and whisking the latter in a perfect ecstacy of delight. And I have seen them glance at other horses that were passing, with a look that seemed to say, "You have no idea of the luxury of this; try it."

There is an absence of formality, a sort of freemasonry of good-fellowship and kind feeling, among the Americans, that cannot fail to gratify a stranger. In the summer season it is a common thing, in the more retired streets and squares, for the people to bring their arm-chairs out to the fronts of their houses, and sit there enjoying the coolness of the evening. A door-step will sometimes present a whole family group, who are sure to be safe from both observation and insult. They are seen, and yet not noticed. The only rudeness they suffer is from the mosquitoes, which bite rather boldly after a shower. Indeed, the mosquitoes are a great nuisance at all times. They fix themselves quietly upon your chin, or your forehead, or your wrists, and ply their pumps until their dainty little stomachs are quite full; then they go away in a state of repletion, and hang themselves by one leg to the ceiling until their appetites return. If you open a window at night, the room is instantly swarming with mosquitoes, and there is a sound as though forty gentlemen were blowing key-bugles in an adjoining parlour. You need not think of retiring to rest unless your bed is provided with mosquito curtains.

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In England, the moment a mob have collected there is sure to be a fight. It runs in the British blood. Not so in America. I never saw such good-humoured mobs. No incivility, no jostling, no bad language. They will rob you of your watch and silver pencil-case, but they will be facetious over it,

and you cannot grumble. I once saw a stout old gentleman (a member of Congress most probably) leaving a crowd with a smile upon his face. All his pockets (of which he had about nine, lined with brown holland) had been turned inside out, and he looked, as he made away, with the wind flapping them about, something like a fine fish with a rather bountiful supply of fins.

When I spoke in high terms of the cleanliness of the American houses and door-steps, I did not mean my approbation to extend as far as the middle of any of the streets, which, owing to some want of vigilance on the part of those who should look after them, are made the repositories of every kind of offal and filth. There needs reform here. It is no uncommon occurrence for small-pox, fevers, plagues, and other diseases, to be viewed as angry visitations of Providence, when, in reality, they are nothing more than the natural result of some popular indiscretion similar to the one of which we are now treating. I have no doubt that the city pigs, who are permitted the free perambulation of all the streets and thoroughfares, would obstinately oppose any innovations that came in the shape of sanitary reform; but, as the purity and wholesomeness of the air that the people breathe should be the first consideration, the sooner the nuisance is removed the pleasanter will be the general aspect of things, and (it occurs to me) the more salubrious the climate.

The park, situated near, and running for some distance parallel with, Broadway, is a cool and agreeable retreat in summer. It boasts many shady trees and pleasant promenades, as well as a delicious fountain, which flings its spray to the height of (if I recollect aright) more than thirty feet. This fountain was a great favourite of mine, and I have sat many an hour quietly contemplating it. To me there is always something soothing and grateful in the sight of water—whether thrown up in a sparkling shower to the blue sky, as at present; or dancing merrily down the mossy side of a green lane, and making music among the pebbles as it goes; or gliding peacefully along the margin of a daisied meadow; or leaping furi-

ously from rock to rock; or precipitating itself, a mass of foam, from the top of some high steep into the dark abyss below. How often, too, when far at sea, have I stolen from my hammock in the dead of night, and sat, like a ghost, upon the taffrail of our good ship, watching her silver wake, as she breasted the buffets of the gale, and rode gallantly on her course over the moonlit billows!

HEAP THE SEVENTY-FIRST.

Perhaps there is no city in the world (and I believe it enjoys the credit of being a rather dissipated one) that boasts more pleasantry and entertainment for the traveller than the city of New York; and, as I had little else to do, I used to pass away the time by strolling from one place to another, seeing a little of everything. My favourite resort, however, was the Battery Garden, situated at the bottom of Broadway, and fronting the beautiful bay. There, in one of the most retired nooks, and under the grateful shelter of some noble trees, have I often sat gazing upon the giant sun, as he sank calmly to rest over the crimsoned waters; and there, I candidly confess, lulled by the rippling of the waves, and the cheery song of the mariners, and the hum of passing voices, and the natural poetry of the spot, have I enjoyed many a comfortable half-hour's repose. Who could forego the delights of a seductive little siesta like this in the very arms, as it were, of mother nature? Some of my happiest moments abroad were spent beneath the shelter of those trees in the Battery Garden.

I was reclining under their cool green canopy, one quiet evening in July, thoroughly abandoned to the numerous fancies and delights so romantic a situation suggested, when I felt the pressure of somebody's hand upon my shoulder. A tall, handsome, olive-complexioned young man, with dark curly hair, and black whiskers meeting under his chin, stood be-

fore me. He extended his hand in a frank sort of way, and I accepted it, making room for him at the same time upon the bench on which I sat. He seated himself, took from his breast pocket an elegant leather case, embossed with beads, and, opening it, offered me a cigar; which I accepted also, wondering very much to what all this ceremony and politeness was to lead. I was not left long in suspense. Striking a scented match for me, he said, "You were fast asleep, and, I have no doubt, dreaming very pleasantly. It was not the sleep of a turtle-fed alderman, but that of a happy child, who, with his hand full of primroses, stretches himself blissfully along the mossy bank of some sunny rill, and has visions of the 'better land.' Sleep is a telescope."

"Very pretty and poetical," thought I; "what next?" and not knowing exactly what to say, I made a slight gesture of approval.

"I passed and repassed several times, before I touched your shoulder. You remember me, of course?"

"No, I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"Look at me again."

"I am of that opinion still. Your features are quite unknown to me."

"Did we not take coffee together, and play chess in Montreal?"

"I recollect now, perfectly; yes, in Donegana's hotel. It was a drawn game, I think."

"You are right, and lasted upwards of six hours. It is very strange that the circumstance should have slipped your memory; but I am altered a little perhaps;" and my new acquaintance laughed in a musical and fascinating manner, removing the ash at the same time neatly from the cigar with his little finger.

"Your name is Log, I believe?" said he.

"Yes, and yours?"

"Tregenza—or Ernest—or Captain, if you like it better. Abel, too, is a much more agreeable word than Log. Log sounds heavy, lumpish. Are you residing in New York?"

"For a season—a month or two, perhaps."

"I hope we shall be better acquainted."

I bowed, rather coldly, for I did not know into what company I had fallen. He continued, "There is a fine view from this Battery Garden. Are you fond of water scenery?"

"Yes; I have been admiring yonder pretty yacht. Is she of American build?"

Captain Tregenza shaded his eyes, and gazed steadily at the vessel alluded to.

"A Spaniard, I fancy," said he; "she has a very rakish look, upon my word. A fast sailer, I have no doubt. Have the goodness to excuse me for one second." And he went to salute a group of ladies and gentlemen who were advancing. They were respectable people, and I felt re-assured. There was some easy conversation, a little laughter, a good deal of shaking of hands, and my new companion again took his seat by my side. One of the young ladies was handsome, and it seemed to me—or it was fancy—that Captain Tregenza thought so too. He fell into a reverie which lasted several minutes, then roused himself, and inquired if I had many friends in the city.

"Scarcely one," returned I, "for I have lost all my letters of introduction."

"Heyday! you must feel awkward; come and stay with me. I promise you I am no ascetic;" and he laughed again. "We will board together, but be no clog to each other's movements. You shall tell me candidly when my company will be disagreeable to you; and I will not fail to hint as much when yours is likely to prove irksome to me. What say you?"

"The offer is tempting, but it comes late; I have already engaged lodgings."

"No matter; shall we meet here to-morrow night, and smoke another cigar?"

"If you will; I shall be found under this tree;" and, with a mutual nod and smile, Captain Tregenza and I parted. He walked slowly for a hundred yards, and then, having reached the garden gate, passed rapidly up the left side of Broadway.

No doubt he was going to sup with the pleasant family to whom I had seen him speaking only a few minutes before.

When I arose to return homeward, I found myself almost covered with small yellow grubs. The Battery Gardens are infested with these. They let themselves down from the trees by means of a fine thread, and hang dangling by dozens in the air. They are quite harmless, of course, but a score or two of them, creeping stealthily about a gentleman's hat and neckcloth, are by no means an enhancement of his personal attractions.

* * * * * * *

Before I had spent a week in the society of my new friends at No. —, —— Square, I was perfectly reconciled to the loss of my letters of introduction. Indeed, I felt so satisfied with my present quarters, that, one morning as I was passing the Astor House, I was seized with a sudden fit of generosity, and ran in to push a dollar upon the waiter who had recommended me to them. The Miss Fitzherberts (particularly Fanny, the youngest of the orphans) played the piano and the guitar very touchingly; Mr Merrivale performed accompaniments on the flute; Mr Molson was a proficient upon the cornopean; and Mr Headley, the mercantile gentleman, had an extremely fine rich manly voice, which was always at our service when we wished to get up a duet or glee. The elderly maiden lady, too, liked to see us cheerful, and took pleasure in anticipating our wants, and contributing to our amusement. Indeed, we had every comfort and enjoyment that we could possibly sigh for. The only drawback to our happiness was the loquacity and impertinence of the green parrot, who daily grew more personal and abusive.

It was toward Mr Molson, however, that Nabob seemed to cherish the largest amount of ill-feeling. He made a butt of poor Mr Molson on all occasions, and said such exasperating things, that I was in hourly expectation of seeing the green parrot a corpse at the bottom of the cage. One evening, in particular, I recollect Mr Molson was paying some select attention and speaking tenderly to Fanny Fitzherbert, the object of his amour, as they sat together at the dinner-table, when

Nabob, without attempting in any way to soften the severity of the stricture, cried, "Pooh, pooh! put him out—turn him out!" It was in vain that we strove to suppress our merriment; everybody laughed, except Mr Molson, and he sat silently brooding over the insult. Soon afterwards the elderly maiden lady left the room, and Mr Molson, who was unable to nurse his indignation longer, springing from his chair, thrust a thin walking-stick through the bars of Nabob's cage, and began to persecute him sorely. Nabob at first viewed the attack as a little sally of mirth and kind feeling on the part of Mr Molson, but at length, observing it to assume an aspect of determined hostility, he clambered hastily to the topmost turret of his castle, and, throwing all his energy into the words, cried, "Miss Westbrook!—here! here!" A minute had scarcely elapsed before descending footsteps were heard upon the stairs; the door opened, and Miss Westbrook presented herself.

"What is the matter?" inquired the little maiden lady. (Mr Molson was reading.) "I am afraid that somebody was teasing you. What did you call me for, Nabob?"

The green parrot, who, sagacious as he was, did not know how to follow up an advantage, instead of replying in a respectful manner, and recounting his wrongs, merely inquired in a facetious way after the little lady's health, and then burst into a shrill fit of laughter; whereupon Miss Westbrook, expressing her unwillingness to be hoaxed so again, snatched a bunch of keys indignantly from the table, and resumed her domestic duties.

The same evening, Mr Molson intimated a wish to have a few words with me in private; and, upon our retiring to another room, he closed the door, and asked whether I had any serious intentions in a certain quarter. I was a little in the dark at first as to his meaning, but soon seeing the drift of the inquiry, assured him he had no grounds whatever for a suspicion of the kind. He grasped my hand warmly.

"You have of course observed that I entertain a slight partiality for Fanny?" said Mr Molson.

I had observed it.

"You are often in conversation with her; what do you talk about?"

"Eh? my dear sir ——"

"No offence, I hope; I merely wished to know whether you think I have much prospect of success. Does she mention my name at all?"

"Oh, yes; frequently."

"In what way? Does she call me 'Molson?' or 'Mr Molson?' or 'Leonard?' Tell me the exact words, if you can."

"I would rather not."

"Nay, but I shall esteem it a great kindness if you will."

"I cannot recollect the precise words."

"Do you think she said 'Mr Molson?'"

"I think she did."

"She never called me 'Molson?'"

"Never."

"And you are sure she did not call me 'poor Mr Molson?'"

"I believe that was the expression."

"What! '*poor Mr Molson?*'"

"Yes."

"Oh!"—Mr Molson leaned his brow against the wall, and closed his eyes.

"Come, come," said I, "this will do no good; it is not manly. Never mope; never whine. Be cheerful; your suit will prosper much better. Do you recollect what Sir John Suckling says—

> 'Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
> Why so wan and pale?
> Will, when looking well can't move her,
> Looking *ill* prevail?
> Prythee, why so pale?'"

"I will take your advice," said Mr Molson, his face brightening suddenly. "Ha! ha! very true; you shall not see me dismal again, I assure you."

"But take care not to run to the other extreme, or you ruin all."

"No, no; I understand. Let us go down—I hear the piano, and Fanny's voice;" and we descended together to the drawing-room.

Two of the Miss Fitzherberts, Mr Headley, and Mr Merrivale, were singing a glee, "Hail, rising morn." The window happened to be open, and, attracted by the melody, a number of people had collected before the house. Among them I saw Captain Tregenza, who, with his fine profile turned towards us, was standing apparently spell-bound, and gazing upon vacancy. He was attired in a most becoming undress naval uniform, and a blue cap decorated with a gold band, which harmonised very well with his rich curly hair and dark beard. I thought I had never seen a more graceful and manly figure. His sudden apparition reminded me of our appointment to meet at sunset in the Battery Gardens.

The glee concluded, Mr Molson expressed himself particularly delighted with it. He inquired the name of the piece and the composer, and criticised it with so sprightly an air, that Miss Westbrook, whose chair was near mine, whispered me that Mr Leonard was in spirits to-night. He insisted, too, upon handing Miss Fitzherbert back to her seat; and, when anything droll was said by Mr Merrivale, or the wicked Fanny, he burst into such an ecstacy of merriment, that Nabob felt himself called upon to catch it up in an adjoining room, and make the walls echo again. Then poor Mr Molson would grow suddenly grave, and bite his lip with vexation. He made another effort, however, to be cheerful, and, to the astonishment of the whole company, volunteered a song. It was a very sentimental one, and suggestive of the deepest melancholy; but the first verse had no sooner come to a close, than Nabob, in the gravest possible voice, added, "With a tol de rol lol, tol de rol lol;" and then, going through the whole of his vocal achievements, one after the other, ended with the thanksgiving that Mr Merrivale usually repeated after meals. The effect was ludicrous in the extreme, and Mr Molson bounced suddenly from the room in a perfect frenzy of wrath and indignation.

HEAP THE SEVENTY-SECOND.

I was walking slowly down in the direction of the Battery, when I encountered Doctor Lyon. He was just turning a corner, but caught sight of me, checked himself, wheeled about, and extended, not one finger, but his whole hand, which I (being in a rather amiable mood) shook very cordially. "This way," said he, pulling me by the arm. "I am just married. Come with me; I will introduce you to the bride."

I had a few minutes to spare, and followed Doctor Lyon, more because I wished to see what sort of a lady his wife was, than with any wish to improve the acquaintance. He stopped at a handsome house, took a key from his waistcoat pocket, opened the door, and, ushering me up-stairs to the drawing-room, said he would return in five seconds. A pretty little girl, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, sat upon the sofa. Now I have always entertained a strong predilection for little maids, who are, as it were, fresh from the hand of Providence, and yet untainted by the world; and, seating myself by the young lady with the blue eyes, I drew her, with the air of an elder brother, towards me, and began to toy with the glossy curls that adorned her temples.

"And what is your name?" said I, soothingly. "Mary—or Alice—or Agnes—or Caroline—which?"

"Isabella—Isabella Lyon."

"Lyon? Oh, I see: your papa was a widower. You have come home for the holidays, I suppose?"

"No," said she, smiling; "I have left school."

At this moment Doctor Lyon entered, but he had no sooner put his head in at the door than he stopped, stared, passed his hand twice backwards and forwards over his hair, and cried, "Hallo! sir! sir! sir! put her down directly. That is a cool proceeding, upon my word—upon my word!"

"What is the matter?" cried I, equally bewildered.

"*The matter?* What do you mean by patting my wife's head in that way—before my very face too?"

"Your wife?"

"My wife. Did I not tell you that I was a married man?"

I was amused in spite of my astonishment, and stammered an apology. Doctor Lyon accepted the apology, laughed too, and, introducing me in form, rang the bell for cake and wine.

"Don't say another word about it," said he; "I see that it was a mistake. She looks young certainly, and will improve. Do you think I meant to marry some old frump with a wig and false teeth? I have not lived to the age of five-and-thirty for that."

Doctor Lyon might safely have said five-and-forty. Most people, however, have a weakness somewhere. His wife, it appears (he had eloped with her), was about fourteen, but she was a Virginian, a fact I had not taken into consideration. They had been wedded only a few weeks. I began to like the doctor, and accepted an invitation to dine with him the next day.

* * * * * * *

Captain Tregenza was punctual to his appointment. He produced the embroidered cigar-case again, and I helped myself.

"Was that the gift of some enamoured fair one?" I asked, as I returned it into his hand. He nodded, and then sighed in a way which proved that thereby hung a tale.

"I will give you the whole history some day," said he. "What have you been doing with yourself all this hot evening?"

I made a fitting reply, and propounded a similar query as touching his own movements.

"Oh, as usual, sauntering up and down Broadway; staring at the fountains; looking at the people."

"And eavesdropping at windows—eh?"

Ernest did not appear at all surprised; he had evidently great presence of mind.

"The glee did you great credit, I will not deny," he said. "Pray, who was the pretty girl with the dark eyes and the braided her? I met her twice yesterday in the gardens. Will you ——" He would have proceeded, but a short, powerfully built, gruff-looking, seafaring man (apparently the skipper of

some merchant vessel) placed himself before us, and, staring fixedly at Ernest, asked, "Have I seen you before?"

"How can I reply to such a stupid question? Stand aside —I was watching the sunset."

The man moved a step. "Have *you* seen *me* then?" he inquired.

"No; I never beheld anything half so ugly."

"I am sure we have met somewhere."

"It would be no miracle; I walk in this place nightly."

"I do not mean *here*—at sea—off the Mexican coast."

"It is a mistake; I don't remember encountering a pirate in that quarter."

The seafaring man gnashed his teeth with rage, shook his head in a strange manner, thrust his hand into his bosom, and passed on.

"Have you any engagement this evening?" I asked of Ernest.

"Yes; a friend will sup with me. Why?"

"I should like to board yonder roguish-looking schooner, the one I drew your attention to last night. She has certainly been a slaver; observe her shallow hull, and the rake of those masts."

"I shall grow jealous, if you say much more about her. I thought my own little craft something of a clipper—but come, you must not be disappointed." And, jumping into a boat, of which there were plenty at hand, together we pulled toward the object of my curiosity.

"'Pon deck there," cried I, availing myself of the approved nautical phraseology, for nothing irritates a sailor more than to talk to him in a long-shore dialect.

"May I inquire your business, sir?" said a fair-haired, light-complexioned young man, leaning over the vessel's side as we drifted under her quarter.

"I shall be much obliged by your allowing myself and friend to step on board. Is the captain at hand?"

"No; he has gone ashore, and I have no orders to admit strangers here."

"In that case, we have had our pull for nothing, and will

return." Ernest was sitting very composedly in the stern-sheets, smoking his cigar.

"Avast a moment, sir," cried the sailor with the chestnut curls; "I have passed the word down to Mr Sparrs." Then in a minute, "You may come on board;" and up Captain Tregenza and I went accordingly.

"What is the name of this vessel?"

"The Dodo."

"Whither bound?"

"California."

"What do you carry?"

"Provisions for the gold-diggers."

"Was she not originally a slaver?"

"Yes; would you like to see Long Tom?" and tossing a tarpaulin from amidships, I beheld the implement named. The tar with the light locks tapped the brass breech of the gun affectionately. "Will you go below?" said he.

"Yes, if you please," returned Ernest; and, descending the companion, we found ourselves in the cabin. It was small but commodious, and tastefully decorated. A surly-looking man, with immense black whiskers, which met beneath his chin, sat at the table writing.

"Do you want me?" he inquired, without raising his head, and in a most repulsive tone of voice.

I said (quite as gruffly), "No, we don't."

"What are you doing here, then?"

"Looking about us; nothing more."

"Humph!—who are you?"

"First, however, who are you?"

"The owner of this craft."

"I don't believe it. You are most probably the mate."

"At all events you had better be civil."

"Then somebody else should have set the example."

"Bah! we do not stand upon ceremony here. Will you eat?"

"Not at your expense."

"Will you drink?"

"Not in your company."

The last retort rather nettled Mr Sparrs, and, putting his hand suddenly upon a decanter that stood at his elbow, he was about to launch it at my head, when Ernest planted a chair close to the table, seated himself exactly opposite our gruff interrogator, and, leaning forward, stared sternly into his face. The mate of the Dodo (for such he in reality was) returned the compliment with interest, and, as the pair sat glaring upon each other thus, like two gamecocks, their foreheads almost met. A more ridiculous scene I have seldom witnessed. Mr Sparrs was the first to break the charm, and proceed with his writing. Captain Tregenza then rose from the chair, and telegraphed to me that it was growing late, and time for us to go ashore.

"Well, what do you think of the schooner?" said he, as we leaped to land. Then, on my expressing my admiration of everything I had seen, he shook his head gravely, and remarked that he hoped all was right, but he had his suspicions respecting her honesty. "I do not altogether like the look of that fellow who sat below quilldriving so industriously," said Ernest, "and if there is not something wrong, I am much mistaken."

HEAP THE SEVENTY-THIRD.

It was the cool of the evening. I had not stirred from the house the whole day, the thermometer having stood at a hundred and one in the shade. I was now about to take a pleasant canter into the country with Miss Fanny Fitzherbert. The horses were waiting at the door. Mr Molson entered my room rather abruptly, and flung himself upon the sofa.

"You are going to ride out with Fanny?" said he, in a dismal manner.

"I thought of doing so."

"And have you changed your mind?"

"Yes; you may go instead. I will excuse myself to Miss Fitzherbert. By the by, are you a good horseman?"

"Very; but are you in earnest, and shall I get ready?"

"At once."

Mr Molson had been looking so wobegone for the past week, that, little suspecting in what my kindness was to result, I was glad to find that I could administer a cordial to his melancholy. I felt pleased to observe, too, that my proposal gave Miss Fitzherbert pleasure. Her cheeks wore a rosier tint, and her eye sparkled with a superior animation. Mr Molson came bounding down the stair six steps at a time, and nearly pitched upon his nose as he skipped out at the front-door into the street. Fanny was mounted in a moment.

"He is going to get up the wrong side," said Mr Headley, who, together with Mr Merrivale, was looking out of the window.

The face of Mr Molson was visible for a moment over the back of the horse, and then it as suddenly disappeared. Fanny, thinking that her escort was in the saddle, touched her palfrey gaily with the whip, and away she went. The groom rectified Mr Molson's error, and then away he went also, with his unstrapped trousers exhibiting a large development of stocking, and his knees upon a level with the horse's ears.

I had a pleasant book, and took it with me to my favourite haunt, a shady bower at the bottom of Miss Westbrook's garden, where I remained reading until the hour grew late. I then lighted one of the delicious cigars that Captain Tregenza had given me, and fell into another of those agreeable reveries of which my nature is so susceptible. One by one the stars came out, and the moon majestically rising "tipped with silver all the fruit-tree tops." I am not merely making a quotation here; I am relating facts, for the bower overlooked a narrow slip of green orchard, which contained many picturesque old trees, whose motionless leaves looked white in the ray. I was enjoying the quiet of the hour and the picturesqueness of the scene, when suddenly a figure flitted across the avenue, mounted the crumbling old wall to the right, and disappeared.

My curiosity and love of the marvellous were roused; and,

stepping lightly to the turf below, I walked through the gloom to the spot where the mysterious object had melted from my view. I laid my cigar upon the wall, and looked over, but saw nothing. Then I heard light advancing steps, and withdrew quickly into the shade. The figure (it was that of a man) leaped nimbly back into the orchard, but stopped, pried cautiously about, and seemed to hesitate; then seizing my unextinguished cigar, threw it down, stamped upon it, and withdrew (precisely as I had already done) into the gloom of an apple-tree.

"This gay Lothario," said I to myself, "loves some pretty girl on the other side of that wall, but the parents of the lady are averse to the match, and have forbidden him the house. He, nothing daunted, visits her occasionally by moonlight; but this evening the green-eyed monster has possession of him. How odd that a little harmless puff of tobacco smoke should have the power to put a man in such a rage! He suspects that he has a rival in the garden, and is now waiting, like a grave old spider in a nook, to pounce upon him as he returns; but he would wait a long time; so I had better put an end to the farce;" and I walked from under the tree which concealed me. The gentleman walked out as promptly, and we eyed each other for upwards of a minute. He appeared very jealous and angry at first, but he cooled down fast. His name I knew to be Lascelles, and he lived at the next door upon the left.

"What are you doing in this orchard?" said he.

"What were you doing on the other side of the wall?" said I.

"You were playing the spy."

"While somebody else played the fool."

"Come, come; you will not betray a secret; promise me that?"

"I will not promise anything till you have answered my question."

"Then walk this way, and we will talk it over."

"No; follow me into yonder bower, which is quite private."

"Agreed; I will be there as soon as you;" and placing his

hand on the wall to the left—not the one to the right, over which he had gone to meet the lady—he leaped it, and was gone.

"I shall see no more of him," thought I; but I was wrong. I had scarcely sat down ere Lascelles made his entré, with a box of cigars under one arm, and two bottles of wine under the other. He then produced a couple of glasses from his pocket, drew a knotty, crabbed-looking old wooden bench to the stone table, and said, "Now we shall be snug." There was certainly a dash of joviality in these proceedings.

"I have forgotten the corkscrew," cried Lascelles.

"Never mind; knock off the neck;" and he suited the action to the word.

The jasmine arbour became strongly redolent of savoury old port; cigars were lighted; glasses filled; and my new acquaintance, resting his feet luxuriously upon a gnarled branch, entered into the promised explanations:—

"It frequently happens to people residing in a town, that they will spend half their lives in it without knowing their next-door neighbour. This would have been the case, perhaps, with you and myself, if the adventure of to-night had not brought us into collision. I have often seen you pacing the old orchard yonder, and wondered who you were; and once or twice almost harboured a presentiment that you had a tender penchant for the lady to whom I was about to pay one of my customary evening visits a few minutes ago. Guess my annoyance, therefore, when I found your cigar on the wall. My suspicions seemed confirmed; my jealousy was roused, and I was about to give vent to my indignation and anger, but the moment I had caught sight of your features, which (excuse my plainness of speech) are not the most prepossessing I have ever seen, I felt re-assured—I saw I had nothing to fear. But to my explanation.

"My family, which is one of the oldest and most respected in the city, have for many generations dwelt in the house here to the left, and I am the last of—of the Mohicans. Not a relative have I in the world. I was going to add, not a friend; but I should have been overstepping the bounds of truth there,

for I have several friends, and shall most probably retain them —as long as a bottle of that old port (the bin is getting low) remains in my cellar. Not any longer; and in fact there is nothing like cutting one's prosy, long-standing acquaintance now and then—changing the suit of life's cards, as it were, and few of mine have turned up trumps. However, to the story. Of my father I have little recollection—he died when I was a mere boy; but of my grandfather I can tell you a good deal. He was a colonel in the army, and served under General Washington, whose life he once saved. The wars over, he sheathed his sword, and settled down here, hoping to spend the evening of his days in tranquillity. He had brought up a large family, but, like the bottles of choice old port I before alluded to, they have dropped away one by one, and I alone am left. The colonel—who has not long been dead, for he lived to a great age—was a choleric old gentleman, and when once he had taken a thing into his head, nothing would turn him. While he was yet a lieutenant, Washington one day sent him to reduce a fort which had occasioned the American army some annoyance. He was repulsed six times; his troops fought well, but the greater part were shot down—some were bayoneted, others pitched neck and crop from their scaling ladders, a few were blown to pieces, and many more tomahawked by a party of Indians, who sallied out upon them, and returned laden with scalps. That very sally, however, won my grandfather the victory, for, as they ran out, he, with his few surviving comrades, ran in, laid about him furiously, left his sword in the body of the commandant, pistolled a captain, spitted a serjeant, thumped a corporal, and soundly pommelled several privates; then turned the guns upon them, hauled down the enemy's flag, and hoisted his own. I merely mention this little occurrence to prove to you that my grandfather was not a man to be trifled with. As he grew older, too, he grew fiercer, and more obstinate and determined to carry his point. One afternoon as his coachman was driving him out, the latter had occasion to go through a very narrow street, where there was not room for two carriages to pass each other. It happened

to be a gay day in the city, and a grand concourse of citizens, headed by a band of musicians and a party of horsemen carrying regalia and banners, were proceeding up the street as my grandfather was jogging down it. 'Make way, make way there in front!' cried the advanced guard of the mob. 'Ride them down, if they don't move.' This note of defiance put the old gentleman instantly on his mettle. He had intended to wheel about when he saw that the carriage was an obstacle to their progress, but, like fat John Falstaff, he would do nothing on compulsion, and he refused to budge an inch. There was a great uproar, as you will suppose, and they threatened to turn the horses' heads. 'Do, if you dare,' said my grandfather, and he dragged an old horse-pistol (he always carried one with him, in case of accidents) from under the carriage cushion, and cocked it in their faces. Louder and louder grew the din, but there sat my grandfather in the carriage, and the coachman on the dickey. The coachman was a grim old serjeant of the colonel's, and had smelt powder. 'Are you going to move?' roared the party of horsemen.—'No!' bellowed my grandfather in return; 'I told you that before;' and he looked to his priming and flint.—'You will not go back?'—'I will not.'—'Then you shall not advance.'—'Very good,' said my grandfather, 'I am in no hurry;' and drawing a newspaper from under another cushion, he began to read.

"In about ten minutes, as he was turning the sheet and commencing the perusal of a fresh column, the mob held a council of war, the musicians struck up 'Yankee doodle,' and the procession faced about. Then the colonel, shutting up the newspaper, deliberately gave the serjeant the word to advance. Now it so happened that my grandfather's two horses were particularly vicious ones, and growing restive, I suppose, at the bad music, they bit one or two of the flag-carriers, and caught up between them the chief trumpeter by the waistband of his small-clothes; whereupon his brother musicians called upon those in front to move quicker, and pressed so upon their heels, that the party of cavalry were thrown into confusion, a complete panic seized the crowd, and presently my grandfather

drove them all, like a conquered enemy leaving a sacked city, helter-skelter before him. But this is a digression; I am not getting on with my tale.

"My grandfather, I told you, was getting old, and as I was the last of the line, the Uncas of his race, he wished me to marry and settle; a matter which had as yet not much occupied my thoughts. I promised him, however, that I would take it into my consideration. 'Pooh! nonsense about consideration,' cried he; 'do it at once. Never procrastinate. Do as I did.' And by the by, I must let you know how that was, said Lascelles.

"My grandmother was a fine woman, a sensible woman, a strong-minded woman, and when my grandfather proposed to her she rejected him. He knew that (so he used to say) to be all stuff, and prepared for his wedding just as though everything had been satisfactorily arranged between himself and her. He fixed the day, furnished his house, invited his friends, engaged the parson, and the rumour of his projected marriage spread abroad. The lady heard of it, and was perhaps a little piqued to find (as she supposed) that another had so soon supplanted her in the colonel's affections. When she saw him again, she congratulated him upon his prospects, and inquired upon whom his choice had fallen.

"'Eh?' said my grandfather—and he was really a handsome soldier-like man—'the lady? Why, I am going to marry you, to be sure.'

"'I am sure you are not,' said she.

"'I will marry nobody else, madam; you may depend upon that,' said my grandfather. 'This very day week we shall be man and wife.'

"The next evening she again met the colonel at a party. Washington himself happened to be present. 'Introduce me to your intended wife, Lascelles,' said the general; and my grandfather led him to the lady in question. She wondered at his impudence, and presently asked him how he dare circulate a report of the kind.

"'Truth will out, madam,' said the veteran.

"'You think to carry me by storm,' replied the colonel's intended, 'but you will not do it, sir.'

"'I shall carry you in some way or other, madam, I make small doubt,' said the colonel, smoothing his moustache; and, to the lady's great astonishment, on the very morning that my grandfather had fixed for the wedding, a carriage drew up at her door, the colonel alighted, walked in, offered her his arm, walked out again, ordered the coachman (no other than the trusty serjeant) to drive to the church, made her his wife, and lived with her very comfortably for upwards of forty years afterwards. In fact, my grandfather never appeared to think anything impossible. If he had coveted a slice from the moon, or the tail of a young comet, I verily believe he would have found some means of accomplishing its capture.

"I shall never get on with my story. I told you that my grandfather wished me to marry. I begged him to make choice of a wife for me.

"'What do you think of Kate Flodden?' said he; 'the old barrister's niece at the next door but one.'

"'I should like her very well.'

My grandfather seized his hat at once, and was about to leave the house. I inquired whither he was going.

"'To get her for you,' he replied.

"'Stay; the affair grows serious. The uncle is a proud old man, and ——'

"'Pooh!' cried the colonel; 'when you set about a thing, go to it with a will. To a man of resolution there is nothing impossible. If you won't let *me* go, go yourself.'

"'Well, perhaps you had better undertake the matter—I could not speak in my own praise.'

"And he went, but returned quickly, with his eye flashing, and his whiskers standing on end.

"'Is it all right?' I asked.

"'Quite—quite satisfactory, Laurence,' was the response; 'the garrison refuses to surrender, and must be reduced in the regular way. Kate must be yours, and if one drop of the true Lascelles blood runs in your veins ——'

"'I will have her—that's flat,' cried I; and I began to form my plans of attack. I had already danced with Kate on one or two occasions, and we had often promenaded the Battery Gardens together. I was on speaking terms, too, with her old curmudgeon of an uncle, who shuns the society of all his neighbours. But at this stage of the siege my poor old grandfather died, and his death, and the grief it occasioned me, drove all lighter matters from my thoughts. Grief, after all, however, is merely the summer-cloud upon youth's sky, and my spirits soon recovered their wonted gaiety. The old colonel's parting words to me, too, were, 'Persevere, my dear Laurence—make Kate Flodden your own.' After a decent interval, therefore, I began to consider in what way I should best advance my interests with Kate. 'I have no chance of softening the heart of the uncle,' said I, 'so I must bring all my artillery to bear upon that of the niece. I can thrum a little on the guitar, and will serenade her by moonlight.' I did so. I learned the room in which she slept, and placed myself under the window. I played a touching air, and sang a few dismal words which I had composed expressly for the occasion. 'She is affected—I hear somebody at the casement above. Again—she is opening the window—the dear creature!' The window did open, and the next moment a flood of cold water deluged my person from head to foot. I just caught a sight of the tassel of the old gentleman's nightcap, as he drew in his head and slammed down the sash. Conceive my mortification and humbled pride. I have never thrummed a note since; but this rebuff, though it damped my enthusiasm a little, did not for one instant cause me to waver in my resolution.

"One beautiful evening, about a month afterwards (for I thought it best to let the adventure of the guitar blow over first), I scrambled at dusk over yonder wall, crossed the orchard, and secreted myself among the shrubbery in the old barrister's garden, in the hope that, if Kate ever walked at that witching hour, I might catch a glimpse of her as she passed. All was silence, and stealing forth, I tripped quickly along the grass-plot till I came to a sort of bower, or grotto, in

the middle of which a little fountain was playing, and sprinkling its freshness over the group of pink shells that surrounded it. 'This is evidently the retreat of Kate Flodden,' said I; 'yes—ah, what is that?—a book!' I stole out with the volume into the moonlight, and found it to be an illustrated edition of 'Lalla Rookh.' It was lying open, and she had been reading the 'Fire-worshippers.' I scaled the wall again, recrossed the orchard, scampered into my own garden, plucked a handful of the choicest flowers, and, forming them into a little bouquet, returned to place it on the friendly page. That will do, I will come again to-morrow night; and, kissing the flowers, like a great amorous booby, as you will no doubt think me, away I went.

"The next evening I repeated the visit. The flowers had disappeared, and the book lay open at the 'Light of the Harem.' I placed another bouquet upon it, and returned homeward with a light heart. I did the same the next night, and the next—in fact, for upwards of a week—and on each occasion the flowers had been appropriated, and the book lay open at a fresh page. At length my gardener (and he was no other than my grandfather's trusty old serjeant, of whom you have heard me speak) told me that he was sure somebody was in the habit of stealing the flowers, for he saw the print of a man's foot every morning upon the beds, and he talked of keeping watch with a loaded musket; so I was obliged to let the serjeant into the secret of my amour.

"On the last occasion of my having placed the bouquet upon the opened book, and as I was in the act of turning to leave the grotto, Kate entered it. She was much startled, of course, but I could not help fancying from her manner that she was in some measure prepared for a meeting of the kind. Kate was about to fly from the spot, but I interposed, begged that she would hear me, and in a few hurried words unburdened myself of the tale of my long attachment, &c. I assured Kate I had the most delicate notion of what was due to one of her sex, and that nothing but the hopelessness of my case had induced me to intrude thus upon her privacy. I declared, more-

over, that I pined dreadfully for her in secret, and that my health was suffering severely in consequence; but I had such a robust round face all the while, that I fear she would hardly be able to credit that assertion. I could see, however, that she was softened.

"'Only assure me of one thing, Mr Lascelles,' said Kate, laughing, 'and I will promise to pardon these repeated intrusions; tell me you had nothing whatever to do with that absurd serenade scene, or I shall never be able to think of you with any degree of gravity. Say that you have no knowledge of the circumstance.'

"'Serenade!' echoed I. 'A serenade—what serenade?'

"'I allude to the midnight visit of some romantic cavalier, who was so foolish as to place himself under a wrong window, and over whom my indignant uncle (for unfortunately he has no ear for music) precipitated the jug of cold water that had been intended for his morning ablutions.'

"'Is it possible, Miss Flodden,' was my artless response, 'that you can suppose?—do you believe for one moment ——'

"'You, then, were *not* the proprietor of the guitar and plaintive ditty?'

"'Hear me swear ——' exclaimed I, passionately.

"'No, no, no; let us have no swearing, if you please,' returned Kate; 'that is enough. I am satisfied. Now, pray go, or my uncle and the servants will overhear you. There—there.'

"I seized her hand, kissed it, and leaped the wall.

"I need scarcely tell you that I now became pretty regular in my attendance. Kate, in spite of her coquettish way, and strong sense of the ridiculous, really loved me, and I was happy; but one evening, about a fortnight since, I had nearly the ill luck to ruin all. I went, as usual, to chat in the grotto with Kate. I entered it boldly, and sat down.

"'Is that you, Kate?' asked Mr Flodden, who was reclining in the gloom, enjoying the coolness of the fountain, and a temporary respite from the combined attacks of a myriad mosquitoes.

"I was struck dumb. Mr Flodden was rather infirm, and nearly blind; he had not recognised me, but if I opened my lips, the truth would out.

"'Is that you, Kate?' asked the old barrister again; and, leaning forward, he put his hand upon my arm. He jumped almost from his seat, and cried, 'Speak! who are you, sir? and what is your business here?'

"At this moment Kate entered.

"'Laurence Lascelles,' said I; for, now that the discovery had been made, I felt calm, and ready to dare the worst that could befall me. 'You were aware that I loved your niece, but denied me your house, and compelled me to seek an interview with Miss Flodden here. My intentions are, and ever have been, strictly honourable, and I candidly tell you, that, if I am denied the privilege of paying my addresses in one way, I shall seek an opportunity of doing so in another. You were acquainted with the peculiarities of my grandfather, and will find that I inherit a tolerable share of his firmness.'

"'His *obstinacy*, sir,' cried Mr Flodden, thumping the stone table angrily with clenched fist.

"'Call it what you please,' said I.

"'Kate, desire this young man to quit your presence and my garden for ever,' said Mr Flodden, with a trembling voice.

"Kate spoke not a word.

"'Kate, do you hesitate?'

"Still not a word; though a sound something between a sob and a sigh was plainly audible.

"'Come hither, sir,' said the old barrister, in an altered tone, and taking my hand with that of his niece, he locked them together.

"'Kate is a dutiful child, and cannot have set her regard upon an unworthy person. In future, sir, make your entrance by the front-door.'"

"And here," said Lascelles, "my story, which has been a much longer one than I intended, ends."

"One thing puzzles me yet," said I. "As Mr Flodden has

given your suit his countenance, why clamber stealthily over the garden wall to-night?"

"Oh, that query is soon solved. A front-door is a tame thing in a love affair. There is nothing like a garden wall, and jasmine-wreathed windows; besides, it is a short cut, and grown sacred by custom. Are you satisfied?" asked Lascelles.

"Oh perfectly," said I, rising to leave the arbour.

HEAP THE SEVENTY-FOURTH.

I had just parted with Lascelles, and was about to return to the house, when Mr Headley met me in the garden, and begged that I would follow him immediately, for that poor Molson had been brought home upon somebody's shutter.

"He attempted to drown himself," said Mr Headley, "and I fear has partially succeeded. Miss Fitzherbert requests you will not lose a moment, as she considers herself in some measure the cause of the catastrophe."

I found Mr Molson in his chamber. They were holding him heels uppermost, under the supposition that the water he had swallowed would under this treatment be induced to eject itself from his stomach. I was somewhat ridiculed, therefore, when I stated that he had not swallowed any water at all, and laying him on the bed with his head a little raised, resorted to the usual mode of resuscitating drowned persons. My labours were soon crowned with success, and Mr Molson opened his eyes, but immediately shut them again. I am constrained to acknowledge that he was not quite so poorly as he pretended to be. He recovered his senses rather unexpectedly. I intimated my suspicions to Mr Merrivale.

"Where am I?" asked Mr Molson.

"Oh, come, come, let us have none of this nonsense," said Mr Merrivale; "you know very well where you are. Do not talk

in this way, or I shall believe you to be a greater goose than I was disposed to think you."

"Pray how did the accident happen?" I inquired of Mr Headley, who was endeavouring to disentagle Leonard's dishevelled locks, and reduce them to some order with a brush and comb.

"Accident!—it was no accident at all," chimed in Mr Merrivale. "He made some absurd proposal to our friend Fanny as they rode out together on horseback, and, not meeting with the reception he expected, what does my gentleman do but dismount very gravely, and walk into the Hudson. In justice to his own prudence, I should tell you he did not believe the depth to exceed three feet; but, finding it more than that, he squalled lustily for help, and had the luck, just as he was about to be drowned in good earnest, to be rescued by one of the North Carolina's crew, who hooked him up by the small clothes, and had the humanity to convey him up hither. If I have wronged you by any misstatement, Molson, pray speak," said Mr Merrivale.

Here there was a knock at the door, and a tender inquiry after Mr Leonard's health.

"There is not the least occasion for alarm, ladies, I assure you," replied Mr Merrivale; "he is in a very fair way of recovery. Mr Molson improves rapidly, and will be able to thank you for your kindness in person to-morrow."

I went in again the last thing before I retired for the night, to see Mr Molson. He looked pale, and motioned me to a seat by the bedside.

"Remember that my watch and seals are for my mother," he said, sepulchrally; "my writing-desk and books I give to you."

"What, are you determined to die, then, after all?"

"Will you oblige me by opening that drawer, and handing me the square box it contains?"

I obeyed. Mr Molson opened the box, and took from it a pair of handsome rifle pistols. I supposed he was about to bequeath them to me also, but, oh dear no. He loaded one of

them, with a frightful calmness of manner, capped it, cocked it, and begged that, if I entertained the slightest regard for him, I would not stay his hand. I promised on my word of honour that I would not. He gave me a snappish look, by way of thanks, and put his left hand upon his forehead.

"A pistol-ball will soon reach the brain, will it not?" he asked.

"It depends upon circumstances—not always."

"Good-by!"

"Oh, good-by!"

There was a step upon the stair. Mr Molson clapped the pistol into the case, tucked the case under the bed-clothes, drew the bed-clothes up to his chin, and left nothing but his nose visible. I wished him a good night's rest, and left the room.

The next morning found Mr Molson not only alive, but perfectly well, and at the breakfast-table. There was a certain roguish twinkle in the eyes of every one present; but, with a delicacy and kindness that did them credit, not the slightest allusion was made to the occurrence of the night before, and it would have provoked no comment or attention whatever, had not Mr Molson's old and inveterate enemy, the parrot, crammed his head suddenly through the bars of the cage, and, surveying the repentant suicide with a droll leer that was quite irresistible, cried, "Poor Molson!" and then burst into another of those loud and insulting fits of laughter, which were always so irritating to the individual against whom they were directed. Nor did Nabob's merriment appear to be at all feigned, for he several times repeated the words "Poor Molson!" and continued to laugh, until (like some elderly gentleman troubled with short breath) he was obliged to stoop with the violence of it, and at last ended in a species of choke. Miss Westbrook, therefore, very considerately ordered a servant to remove Nabob to an adjoining parlour; and Mr Molson, who had all the time kept his eyes fixed heroically upon the ceiling, to our great relief shortly afterwards quitted the room also.

* * * * * * *

One morning I received a letter from Captain Tregenza. It ran as follows:—

"Brooklyn, Tuesday Evening.
Date doubtful.

"Mon cher Abel,—My numerous engagements (and none of them of a tender nature, believe me) have prevented my seeing you for the last few days, or even taking my customary stroll round the Battery Gardens. Those accursed mosquitoes, too, bite so plaguily toward sunset, that one has scarcely any comfort in venturing abroad. It would be some consolation to me to see you bitten half as badly as I have been on one or two occasions.

"To talk soberly: I have a proposal to make you. I think I stated the other day (at all events I meant to do so), that my little vessel (why have you not accompanied me on board here ere this?) will sail very shortly. You know her destination. What say you to make the trip with me? A cruise to sea would do you good. I want a companion, and, as you have seen a little of the world, and learned to laugh at it, and have now and then a pleasant knack at tagging couplets together, I think you would suit me charming well. To the point, then: I will take you out, and bring you back again. Time is of no particular value to you, and variety, as somebody says, is pleasing. I can promise you pure air, constant change of scene, and (though *that*, you will say, is a gross inducement) the best of good cheer. If you should be seized with one of your studious fits, too, there are books—at any rate there shall be, as I was about to order a dozen or two volumes for my cabin shelves. Go thou into the best store Broadway boasts, and make a selection for, very sincerely thine,

"Abel Log, Esquire. Ernest Tregenza.

"P.S.—I forgot to tell you that we shall be absent about twelve months—not longer—unless we touch at some of those romantic islands of which we spoke. The gentlemen are truly barbarous, but the ladies are particularly friendly and agreeable.

"P.P.S.—My mate is a most refined and polished personage

—a perfect Lord Chesterfield: but we can either have his company or not, just as you may wish and arrange."

I read Tregenza's friendly letter several times. What he had stated was very true. I was fond of change, and time, just at present, was of no particular value to me. Ernest was a pleasant fellow, and I had a strong inclination to accept his proposal. But then, on the other hand, I was anxious to see the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and to visit Boston, more particularly as I had been promised an introduction to that talented lady, Miss Sedgwick; and I had a friend to seek out in Philadelphia, and I had a number of other places to visit and things to do which could not be neglected or forgotten. "The captain's offer is a very handsome and seductive one," pondered I, "but I cannot accept it—I must not do so; and I had better write him to that effect at once."

Tregenza replied again in person. He used every argument that he thought likely to make me waver in my resolution, and, finding me firm, went away in a pet. He left his walking-cane behind him, and, as I was admiring it, the lower part slid off, and discovered a beautiful little rapier. The point for two inches and upwards had a dull stain upon it. Mr Headley pronounced it to be blood; and Mr Merrivale scraping off a portion of the dust, and applying it to his nostril, nodded his head. Ernest had evidently pinked somebody with it very lately.

HEAP THE SEVENTY-FIFTH.

It was the noon of a sultry day in August. One could not walk—it was too hot for that; one could not ride—it would have come under the head of cruelty to animals; one could not read—a book had to be held, and that was a fatigue; one could not sleep—the mosquitoes would not let you. Fans were flapping in all directions; and in the front of the Astor House, down Broadway, five-and-twenty travellers were sitting in the

shade, with their weary legs elevated to a level with their chins, and the rims of their straw hats resting on their noses. Few people were to be seen in the streets, for they were afraid of receiving a sun-stroke.

I was sitting in the arbour at the bottom of Miss Westbrook's garden, and talking to Lascelles. I heard the large bell up at the house ring violently, and ran to see what was the matter. I found the little elderly maiden lady, Miss Fanny Fitzherbert and her sisters, Mr Merrivale, Mr Headley, and Mr Molson, standing round the parrot's cage. I inquired if anything had happened to Nabob.

"He is dying," said Miss Westbrook, wringing her hands; "I am sure he is dying. He has been poisoned." The bird certainly looked ill. He was poising himself upon one leg on the bottom of the cage, and turning up his eyes frightfully. "Oh, I am convinced that somebody has poisoned Nabob; I will never believe to the contrary!" cried Miss Westbrook, in a tremulous voice.

I glanced towards Mr Molson. He was very pale, and he gave a gulp like a person in the last stage of suffocation.

"He—he will get better, I have no doubt," stammered Mr Molson; "perhaps the heat affects him. Poor Nabob!"

"Poor Molson!" replied the bird; and then he tried to laugh, but couldn't.

"Poor Nabob!" cried Miss Westbrook, with a flood of tears; "you have been poisoned, I know."

Mr Molson applied a handkerchief to his brow, and sat down in an exhausted manner. A few minutes afterwards Nabob called for Miss Westbrook; he was going fast. He next (for the green parrot had caught up everything that was said at table) ordered the bell to be rung, probably that all the household might be summoned to witness his peaceful end. In another moment he closed his vermilion-coloured eyes, gave a long shrill whistle, then a short laugh, issued directions to a servant to carry him out, repeated his usual grace, and fell down dead. The murder was eventually traced to the door of Mr Molson, and he received a hint to supply himself with a

suite of apartments elsewhere. I have not since had the pleasure of receiving tidings of him.

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As I was returning one night from a saunter in the picturesque neighbourhood of the Battery (I had Ernest's rapier-cane under my arm), some very beautiful music fell upon my ear, and I traced it to a retired garden which is much frequented by the gentlemen of New York, when they wish to indulge in the luxury of an ice-cream, and enjoy the gratification of hearing a few of their most select and popular melodies performed upon a fine band. Music is always an attraction to me. They were just playing Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" as I entered the garden, and seated myself in an arbour, under the shade of some pleasant trees. The romance of the scene was in some measure weakened by the occasional transit of a waiter, with a towel over his arm and glasses upon a tray; but I winked at this, and, ordering some refreshment by way of keeping up appearances, reclined blissfully in a corner, with my eyes half closed. Presently the well-known voice of some person in an adjoining arbour struck upon my ear. It was that of Captain Tregenza. I wondered who his companion was. The voice was familiar to me also, but I failed to recognise it.

"Eighteen will not be sufficient," I heard Ernest say; "we must have six-and-twenty. What are you to do when half your hands get disabled? We had twenty-six before, and we will have twenty-six again. Don't say any more about it; I will have my way." A few words of remonstrance were here offered, but Tregenza cried, "I have spoken, sir!" and there was a heavy clash, as though he had struck his fist upon the table, and upset several glasses.

A silence of some minutes succeeded, and then the gruff voice observed, "Hans Korck is a whole gang of boarders in himself. Did you ever see him handle a pike?"

"He can do his duty, I have no doubt," said Tregenza; "and so he ought, for I have not spared his schooling!"

Duty, thought I—what does this duty consist in, I wonder?

And, feeling conscious that I was playing the paltry part of an eavesdropper, I coughed in a manner which left it to the option of the speakers whether they continued the conversation or not. Ernest abruptly entered the bower in which I sat, and put his face close to mine, to see if he had compromised himself in any way by his freedom of speech. I was sitting in the gloom, and at first he did not recognise my features; but, when he had done so, he drew me by the button from my corner into the next box. Opposite him sat Mr Sparrs, the surly mate of the Dodo. I now saw through the whole thing. Captain Tregenza observed that I had made a discovery, and said in a pleasant way, "Come, come, I know if there is any secret in the matter it will rest safe with you." I must confess that I felt a little disappointed. Ernest was a fine-looking young man, and I had supposed, also, a high-spirited and an honourable one; but now, how was he fallen in my estimation! He had degenerated into a mere ruffian—a common cut-throat, without one spark of gentlemanly feeling or right principle.

"You are a very pretty pair," said I, banteringly, and gazing first on him, and then upon the sulky Mr Sparrs. "That rakish craft yonder is in the merchant service, is she? You carry provisions to the gold-diggings, eh? And what else do you carry? Has Long Tom any family? Are there any little Toms?"

"Hush, hush, my dear fellow; do be quiet," cried Ernest. "Upon my word, you are very incautious. If it had not been for that noisy varlet with the trombone yonder, who is fast blowing himself into a consumption, somebody would have overheard you."

"Is this your walking-stick?" said I, producing the rapier-cane.

"Yes; I left it at your lodgings. Rather a pretty toy, isn't it?"

"Particularly so," unsheathing it; "and pray," pointing to the blood, "do you generally perform the part of ship-surgeon, and phlebotomise your patients with this?"

"Oh, there is a droll story connected with that; I will relate

it to you some day. Come, brother Sparrs, do not look so sour; this is a friend of ours, and one not given to gossipping. Won't you stay with us?"

"No; I must return on board."

"Then go, you owl!" and the mate of the Dodo, killing a large mosquito with his palm as he arose, left the garden.

"Murder will out, you see, mon cher capitaine," said I. "I thought you a very pretty fellow until to-night, and now ——"

"You know my real character, you think, but you do not, nor shall you leave this place until I have in some measure undeceived you. Hear a short story. I shall cut it as short as possible, that you may not yawn. I am a gentleman by birth, as well as by education, and by feeling, too, I believe, but I was born under an unlucky planet. The Fates have not treated me handsomely. I have experienced a heavy misfortune. Of my parents I shall not speak now; I shall confine this tale to those particulars which immediately concern myself. From my earliest childhood I was always fond of the sea; and a voyage or two across the Atlantic, backed up by my previous knowledge of naval matters, made me a perfect sailor. The more the winds blew, and the billows leaped and roared, the more I liked it; so, as I had money at command, I bought a little vessel (not the Dodo), fitted her out in the most beautiful manner imaginable, and made several successful cruises. But during one of these, as I was on my return homeward, and hugging the Mexican coast, I had the luck, one dark night, to be boarded by a scoundrel of a pirate, who mistook me for a rich Spanish galleon, laden with gold dust, of which he had long been in search. As I was napping unsuspiciously below, I knew nothing of the affair until it was over, and the rascal had got safely away. I then found three of my crew dead upon deck, several more lying bathed in their blood, and my cabin completely ransacked. Among other things, they had taken a hamper of wine, and my chronometer, without which, you know, a captain is almost helpless upon a wide ocean. I could have put up with the loss of these, but there was a cool impudence about the whole business which exasperated me

very much; and the moment morning had dawned, seeing a sail in the offing, I clapped on every stitch of canvas I could carry, and gave her chase. I had no doubt that it was the pirate; but a stern chase, they say, is a long chase, and I did not come up with her until night, when, laying my little vessel skilfully alongside, followed by my crew, cutlass in hand, I leaped upon her deck. 'No quarter!' cried I; 'down with the dogs!' There was a smart scuffle, you may suppose, but they did not make half the resistance I expected they would. In fact, I was quite surprised to obtain a victory upon such easy terms. Seven of my brave lads were wounded, but none killed. The pirates, however, had suffered severely. Nine of them never moved again, a great many (the cowards!) had jumped overboard in their fright, and several others were gashed and mutilated in a shocking manner.

"'Which is the captain of your gang?' I asked.

"'I am the captain,' said a tall, athletic seaman, with a sabre-cut that reached from lip to ear.

"'Choose—the plank, or the yardarm?'

"'The plank—it will be the death of a sailor; the other is more suitable to one of your profession.'

"'Be civil, sir, or I will tie you up to the gangway, and give you a dozen before you go.'

"'Work your will; I am at your mercy now. I ask no quarter, and it were all one if I did.'

"'You put on the air of an honest man, and no pirate.'

"'I am an honest man. I do not know what you mean by calling me a pirate; I fought in defence of my ship.'

"'And did not overhaul me last night as I lay napping; nor kill three of my men, of course, nor carry away my chronometer?'

"'I did not.'

"A cold sweat broke out upon my forehead, and I almost fell upon the deck. I had made a mistake: this was not the pirate. I frankly confessed my error, and told the merchant captain he was free. He smiled scornfully, as evidently not believing one word of my tale; and the moment I had returned

on board my own ship, and he had once more got possession of his, he began to blaze away at me with his only gun, but it was loaded with grape, and took fatal effect. Another of my crew was killed, and three more were wounded; I was hit too. A minute afterwards I heard the cry, 'Boarders on the bow!' and now commenced the most desperate hand-to-hand fight I have ever witnessed. But we had the majority of numbers, and the enemy, if I may call them such, were cut down to a man. The merchant captain and I crossed sabres last. I would have spared a better man than myself, but he would have no quarter, and I buried my blade up to the hilt in his body. I was obliged to do it in self-defence. The few remaining hands in the merchant-brig, seeing how matters went, sheered off, and we saw no more of them. Sparrs, my mate, advised me to give chase again, and blow her up, that the survivors of her crew might tell no tales; but I refused to shed more blood. God knows I never intended to shed any; I merely wished to redress a wrong.

"Months elapsed. Meantime (as I afterwards found) the brig had reached New York, and given a description of our brush with her, as well as all the particulars of the first attack; and one night, as I was on my voyage homeward, I was hailed by an American sloop of war. I had orders to heave to while she sent a party to board me. I should have submitted, and all might yet have gone well, but my temper would not allow me, and I beat them off. They gave chase, of course. I had no shot left, and very little powder. What little I had I crammed into a carronade, with a quantity of old broken bottles; then, levelling the gun with my own hand, blew its contents into their faces, and, favoured by the darkness, slipped quietly away.

"America was now no place for me, and, tossing the greater part of my cargo to the fishes, I stood over to the coast of Africa. While there, I had the good fortune one night to fall in with a slaver. I knew that she could be after no good, for the moment she caught sight of us, she shook out all her canvas, and showed us her heels. I thought the adventure might

be turned to account, gave chase again in my turn, came up with her, had a brush for it, drove her crew overboard, and set the slaves at liberty. Poor devils! Never was such a hullaballoo heard before; you would have thought Pandemonium had broken loose. Such knocking off of fetters, and such chattering, and such an exhibition of red lips and white teeth, and such a capering of black figures about the decks! They were almost mad with joy, and I was some time in restoring order. When I had done that, I shipped them all on board my own vessel, took possession of the slaver, and left them to their fate, while I made sail westward with my prize, and in the course of time reached New York.

"You will wonder how I could summon the assurance to present myself in New York; but I had been absent so long, and was so changed in appearance, that I felt sure nobody would know me, and, if things came to the worst, I could at any time make a straightforward statement of my grievances, and put aside the charge of piracy upon the high seas that had been preferred against me. I took care to have my vessel properly consigned to a merchant here, so that I was asked no awkward questions; and it is generally understood that this gentleman purchased her from your government, whose cruisers enjoy the honour of having captured her. I have been urged to make a confession of the little affair with the merchant captain and his crew, but I am too indolent, and fear it might involve my liberty. There, you are in possession of the whole story. I am now going to make a voyage to California, nominally to carry provisions to the gold-diggings, but in reality to try and fall in with that vagabond pirate, who boarded me in the dark, and carried away my chronometer. I trace all my troubles back to the adventure of that night, and the grudge I owe him has been gathering interest ever since."

"But do you expect to catch him?"

"Yes, for this reason: a pirate is like an old rat—he has a particular run, and likes to keep to it. He may burrow elsewhere for a time, but he is certain eventually to return to his old haunts. I know the latitude in which he may be found, as

well as the nooks and corners in which he hides, and shall be sure to pounce upon him some day."

"'But may you not make another mistake? There will be a great many vessels returning from California, laden with gold—may you not be so shortsighted as to confound one of these with your old friend who eased you of the hamper of wine?"

Captain Tregenza appeared to be enjoying his cigar very much. As he made no reply, I supposed him to be chuckling over the prospects of a speedy reckoning with his friend the pirate.

"At all events," said I, "you will have to be cautious how you mouse about with that rakish schooner of yours. She puts me in mind of a wicked old horse, with his ears laid back. Her appearance is by no means a letter of recommendation. Take care of the American cruisers."

"Pooh! I have no fear."

"Then take care of our British men-of-war."

"That for them!" said Ernest, snapping his fingers. "They might pepper their shot about her for an hour, and not stir a plank. She has nothing above water. Look at her shallow hull."

"The better for boarders."

"Ha! has she no wings?"

"But the race is not always to the swift."

"I see what you mean. She shall never be taken; I will blow her to the moon first!"

"Who was the stout seafaring man that we encountered in the Battery Garden one evening, and asked if you and he had not met before?"

"I have some recollection of running short of water once, and wanting to borrow a little of his. As he was rather saucy, however, we had recourse to the persuasive powers of Long Tom, who soon obtained permission for us to help ourselves. Come, they are locking the gates; it is time we retired."

HEAP THE SEVENTY-SIXTH.

I was seized one day with a sudden whim to inspect Captain Tregenza's symmetrical little vessel again; and jumping into a boat, pulled towards her. Ernest, who was on the point of sailing, happened to be in a rather jocular mood, and refused to let me board him. He pushed a great horse-pistol into my face, and put on his most terrible look. I was not to be beaten off, however, and effected a lodgment upon the deck, without experiencing any very serious loss of blood.

"Ah! we should have our boarding nettings ready for such as you," cried he, laughing; and repairing to the cabin, we drank our last bottle of wine together. The surly mate was there, and we pledged each other grimly.

"You must not go away under the impression that Sparrs is at all a bad fellow," said Ernest, "for a more worthy creature and a better sailor never cracked biscuit. But he is pure mastiff, and must be known to be appreciated. He is no beauty, to be sure, particularly about the figure-head."

"Rather bluff in the bows certainly," said I, anxious to be revenged upon Mr Sparrs for his continued sulkiness toward me. Much to my astonishment, however, he viewed the remark quite as a compliment, and, stretching an enormous bronze hand across the table, gave mine a squeeze that I shall not easily forget; then, without prefacing his intention in any way whatever, he roared, rather than sang, the first verse of "All in the Downs the fleet was moored." So sublime and extemporaneous a piece of vocalism was fatal to the gravity of both Ernest and myself, and we laughed till the tears rolled down our cheeks; but this unbecoming merriment did by no means ruffle the equanimity of Mr Sparrs, who was not a man to be discomposed by trifles, and resting his palms upon the table, he arose with the view of giving his lungs better play. I cannot describe the effect this sudden and unlooked-for ebullition of naval enthusiasm had upon me. The feelings with which I had hitherto regarded Mr Sparrs underwent a com-

plete revolution. He was evidently a man of strong poetical tastes and sterling merit, and, as a proof that I was seriously moved, I expressed myself willing to forgive him the three remaining verses of the song.

Ernest now took me over every part of his pet schooner, and, after pointing out all her good qualities, concluded by putting a sabre into my hand, and giving me a lesson in the sword exercise. I knew something of it, and was within an ace of chopping a piece off one of his ears, but he said that he in return could have me any moment he pleased; in proof of which assertion he gave my sabre a whisk, and laid the flat of his own suddenly upon my head. He then showed me a very pretty feint and cut of his own invention, to which he defied me to produce a ready parry; and furthermore made it apparent that, if you gave a man the first point instantly upon your having guarded the St George, you were sure to lay him at your feet, with other neat and dexterous manœuvres of the kind, which I doubt not I shall be able to turn to account if I should ever find myself at close quarters with a dismounted dragoon. This was the last interview I had with Captain Tregenza. He was to sail the next day, and as we parted, he looked over the Dodo's side, and said, "Don't forget to glance over the foreign intelligence in the papers now and then, when you have returned to England."

"Why! what shall I see there?"

"Did you not say that there would be a good many ships returning from the diggings, laden to the very water's edge with gold ingots?"

"Yes; well?"

"Put your ear closer. Ah, never mind, Sparrs is calling me. Here, take this old rapier-stick, it will bring me to your thoughts sometimes when we are far apart. Farewell!"

Ernest waved his hand, and I pulled away. My gaze dwelt upon the roguish schooner. She put me more than ever in mind of a wicked old horse, with a Roman nose, and his ears laid parallel with the horizon.

* * * * * * *

A clock striking; strange voices in my ear; the room itself strange to me, and everything strange in the room. The furniture, the pictures, the gilt chandelier that hung from the ceiling, I had never seen them before. And what an odd bewildering sensation I had in my brain; and what a languor of limb! "Tell me the meaning of this, somebody," cried I, looking round; "what have I been doing: and why am I stretched out here; and for what purpose are all those phials, with the long labels hanging from their necks, like thin gentlemen with their cloaks blown out by the wind? And why do you talk in whispers to each other?"

"Because, though you are getting better fast, you are far from strong yet," said a genteel-looking, elderly gentleman, who sat at my bedside. I afterwards knew his name to be Dr Trehearn.

"But what am I here for at all?"

"Oh, yes, I should have told you that first; of course you are unconscious of everything that has transpired lately. Have you any recollection of going into the park, and sitting on one of those benches near the fountain?"

"Yes; how long was it since? I have no idea?"

"Several days; can you recollect anything further?"

"I remember feeling ill, nothing more."

"I daresay not. Well, you were picked up insensible, and happened to be recognised by a certain Dr Lyon, who, forgetting your address, had you conveyed hither, and sent for me. This is Hudson Street, and you are in very good hands, I assure you. You have been delirious, and we were consulting upon the expediency of having your head shaved. Oh, you need not clap your hand on it so; we did not actually get it done, and the crisis is past; but, as I remarked before, you are far from well, and will have to lie in bed for some time. In addition to your other ailments, too, you have a most desperate attack of what is termed Canadian cholera, a complaint very common to strangers in this country. It requires careful treatment. Sip a little of this."

"What is it?"

"Decoction of the slippery elm-bark, a very palatable beverage indeed."

I tasted it, and pulled a wry face.

"And pray what delicacy have you in the other jug?"

"Catnip-tea, a most inviting liqueur. Give me your hand," feeling my pulse; "thank you; oh, you are doing very nicely."

"Pray are you acquainted with a Miss Westbrook?"

"Quite well. Westbrook! That was the name Lyon tried to think of. We will send at once to her, or she will be getting the Hudson dragged."

In the evening Doctor Trehearn came again, made me put out my tongue, examined my symptoms, and cried, "You must have it; no half measures will do now;" and he began to prepare a mixture. "I have known it administered with great success in the West Indies," he continued, "and I am disposed to give it a trial. You will find this sharp, perhaps, but agreeable withal; are you ready?"

"Tell me what this is."

"We do not allow our patients to inquire what medicines we administer to them."

"Then I will tell you. It is the strongest pyroligneous acid, saturated with salt. I shall be choked."

"Swallow this instantly," said Doctor Trehearn, holding the cup to my teeth, "or I have four men in the lobby, who will come in and hold you while I pour it down your throat."

I saw that the doctor was in earnest, and took the potion, which I had no sooner done, than I began to feel much as Mount Vesuvius must do an hour previous to a grand eruption.

"We only give this in obstinate cases," said Doctor Trehearn, "and yours is one. Lie quiet now; talk if you will, but don't move."

"Is there any danger?"

"There has been, but your constitution will pull you through it. I do not think you will die this time. I see you are not feeling very comfortable just now. Shall I relate you an anecdote or two?"

"One, if you please; and, if I like it, I can ask for another."

"We physicians sometimes see droll things. A fit of illness has a fine effect upon the conscience. A sick bed is the best possible stimulus to one's reflective powers—that is, if one happens to possess any. I have known many strong men, who have led the lives of beasts of prey, quake like very cowards when they suspected that their last hour drew near. I am glad of it. If the villain and the atheist could die with the calmness of the Christian, where would be the moral? But I was going to tell you a story—not a story, a fact, upon my honour. It occurred only the other day.

"There dwelt in this city, about two years since, an old gentleman of the name of Withers. He was very rich, and the father of a large family, who had a right to his wealth when it should please God to take him. But old Mr Withers, at the age of eighty-five, had a fancy for a second wife. He conceived a regard for one of his daughters' maids, an impudent baggage; and, to the infinite chagrin of all those who had the honour of being connected with him, married her. She soon, as might have been expected, gave herself fine airs, and cooked up a quarrel between Mr Withers and his children, whom the old gentleman eventually disinherited, and expelled his house. He made a fresh will, and settled everything upon the impudent baggage alluded to.

"One day Mr Withers was taken alarmingly ill, and I was sent for in great haste. I had heard all the particulars of his courtship and wedding, and happened to be intimate with several members of his family, at whose misfortunes I felt seriously grieved. Well, I went to see the old gentleman, and found that he had not long to live. His constitution was breaking up rapidly. He looked in my face, and read his doom there. He asked if I had no hope of his recovery. I shook my head, and begged that if he had any little worldly matters to arrange, he would not neglect them. He said all was arranged. 'Would he not see his children?' Here that puss, his wife, who was standing by the side of the bed, stuck her arms akimbo, and said, it was not Mr Withers's wish or

intention to have his last moments made uneasy by any interviews of the kind; and, for her part, she would rather the subject were dropped. I took a savage pinch of snuff, and looked again at Mr Withers. He said he wished to die in peace with everybody; but eventually decided upon seeing no one save myself and his wife.

"'Perhaps you may have no objection to a little conversation with a clergyman,' I was beginning to add.

"'Bah!' cried Mr Withers, turning his back suddenly upon me, and upsetting all my snuff.

"The next morning I drew a chair to his bedside again, and examined his symptoms attentively. The prospect of death terrified him; and, pressing my hand, he begged that I would exert my utmost skill in his case.

"'I have already done that, my dear sir,' said I; 'and we must leave the issue in the hands of Him, without whose permission, we are told, not even a sparrow falls to the ground—I can do no more. Your conscience is so perfectly at rest, too, that I can hope for no amelioration of the symptoms. I merely allude to that matter, because it sometimes happens that a weight upon a person's conscience, when his body is emaciated, has a tendency to pull him still lower; whereas, on the contrary, I have known instances of—of—but this has nothing to do with a case like the present. You are—excuse me, if it looks like flattery—one in a thousand.'

"A movement of the bedclothes.

"'You enjoy the respect of all around you.'

"A groan.

"'You are the idol of your family.'

"More groans.

"'You have been an affectionate parent to them.'

"Great excitement.

"'A better father, a more exemplary man, a more perfect Christian—stay, my dear sir, you must not get up—have the goodness to draw that leg in again. If I can do anything for you, say the word.'

"'Send for my lawyer.'

"'I would rather not. I think him a rogue; he would do you no good, believe me.'

"'Send for another, then—any one whom you please.'

"I had a brother-in-law in the profession, and ran for him. He seized his blue bag, we jumped into a coach, and reached Mr Withers's house before the old gentleman had fallen asleep again, or had time to change his mind. My brother-in-law was a good-humoured little dumpling of a man, full of business, and with a system of doing things peculiar to himself. He planted a table by the bedside, put two chairs, one for me, and one for his own use, drew some documents from the blue bag, nibbed his pen, plumped it to the bottom of the inkstand, and went through the preliminaries usual to a business like the one on hand. At this stage of the proceedings, however, Mrs Withers made her appearance, with an air; whereupon my brother-in-law pushed his pen suddenly into the inkstand, threw himself suddenly back in the chair, twirled his thumbs, and hummed a tune.

"'Why do you hesitate?' asked Mr Withers.

"'We are not alone, my dear sir; excuse me, we are not alone. I like—I enjoy the society of ladies (my brother-in-law pulled up his collar, and trimmed his hair)—I delight in the sex; but—pardon my weakness, my dear sir—business is business; with a lovely, a fascinating creature like your wife in the room, I should never be able to confine my attention to—to—in fact, I—you understand me, perhaps, for really ——'

"'Charlotte, have the goodness to leave us,' murmured Mr Withers.

"My brother-in-law bounced from his chair, and, advancing in a most insinuating manner, offered the lady his arm (she appeared moved by this gallantry), stuck his small crop of hair up in a steeple upon his head, and, winking humorously at me over his shoulder as he went, led Mrs Withers to the door, the key of which he turned very gravely, and then walked in a buoyant way back to his chair. Business was now proceeded with in earnest.

"'To Mary, my eldest daughter—what did you say, sir?' he asked.

"'All my freehold property in Wall Street, consisting ——'

"'Yes, yes, never mind that; I will arrange the particulars. Very good; then comes the farm and land at Hoboken.'

"'To Caroline, my second daughter, provided that she has the old well (for I tumbled down it once, and had to be wound up in the bucket) filled, and a pump put in its place.'

"'Very good; and now to little Agnes, with the golden hair and dark blue eyes ——'

"'My four houses at Brooklyn, facing the river-side, together with all my jewellery and plate.'

"'Yes, just so. Now, there comes Tom, whom you directed me to leave till the last. A nice boy, Tom—know him well—a promising lad—very fond of killing cats. Five thousand, I think you said, and all your horses.'

"'Stay, he called me an old curmudgeon.'

"'Well, then, we can make it six thousand, and throw in the old family carriage. Now, as regards this house; to your wife, if I did not misunderstand you; and was it *two* or *three* hundred a-year for life, together with the residue—hum—ha—yes—after my just debts shall have—that will do, thank you. We will have it properly drawn out and attested at once——'

"And here the story, which has reached to a greater length than I intended, may end. The old gentleman lived four-and-twenty hours after he had made his will, and his family are now enjoying the property."

Having finished his anecdote, Dr Trehearn said, "Now I am going to leave you; if you should feel thirsty by and by, sip some of that slippery elm-bark, and do not spare the catnip-tea, which is really excellent—almost an inducement to one to be ill. I think I hear the voice of Dr Lyon in the passage. Good-by."

In a few days I was pronounced out of danger, and in a fair way of recovery. But I was still so weak, that Dr Trehearn ordered me to remain in bed. He visited me twice every day,

and always related some agreeable anecdote, calculated to put me in a good humour. Mr Headley and Mr Merrivale, too, came to sit with me occasionally, and Miss Westbrook hourly sent me some delicacy, of which Dr Trehearn forbade my touching one morsel. One evening I awoke from a refreshing sleep, and saw him sitting by my bedside, with a tray before him, and a knife and fork in his hand. He appeared to be enjoying something very much.

"Oh, you are awake, eh? A foolish woman—a most foolish woman," said Dr Trehearn, pushing the tray away, and wiping his lips with the cloth.

"Why, who? Do you mean Miss Westbrook? What has she done. There is a very savoury smell; what is it?"

"Never mind, sir; in the present debilitated state of your digestive organs, it was not fit cheer for you. Here," handing me a jug and glass, "do not spare the catnip-tea, which is admirable. I never tasted finer. I shall let you get up tomorrow."

"I don't care how soon, for I am anxious to get down into Kentucky."

"I shall be anxious to get you into a strait-jacket, if you continue to talk such nonsense. You will never see Kentucky, if I have any voice in the matter."

"What! not visit the Mammoth Cave?"

"No."

"Nor Boston?"

"No."

"Nor Philadelphia?"

"Nor Philadelphia. This climate does not suit your constitution. The moment you are well enough, you must leave for England. A sea voyage will bring you round again. Another month's sojourn in this country would put an end to you, and I should have to experience the melancholy gratification of following you to the grave. By the by, what nonsense you talked the other day when you were *non compos*. Who was the little, amphibious, toad-complexioned man you raved so about?"

"I have no recollection of so distinguished an acquaintance."

"Look here; I took down these lines at your dictation. Shall I read them?"

"If you please."

The doctor put a gold glass to his eye, and read as follows:—

A little man, not four feet high,
An ugly, dwarfish mannikin,
With leering lip, and evil eye,
And yellow teeth, and tawny skin.

Away, thou hideous fiend, away!
When wilt thou vanish from my sight—
Haunting my fancy all the day,
And gliding through my dreams by night?

In every clime, in every place,
At home—abroad—by land or sea—
That wither'd form and hated face
Are ever visible to me.

If to the forest's gloom I hie,
Where step has never trod save mine,
Still there that demon shape I spy,
Coil'd at the foot of some old pine.

And when, with wild and headlong leap,
I cleave Ontario's depths of blue,
Still, like some phantom of the deep,
Thou'lt mark me—mock me—and pursue.

Loathed image of the evil one,
Or spirit of some secret foe,
Who art thou, and what have I done,
That thou wilt dog my footsteps so?

And folding the paper leisurely up, and replacing it in his pocket, Dr Trehearn bustled away, to complete his morning calls.

HEAP THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH.

One morning I received two letters. The handwriting of both were strange to me. I broke the seal of the first, which was from Twobears Ramsay, and ran as follows:—

"Butternut Castle, May 6,
Year of our Lord, one eight four seven.

"My Dear Abel,—I write you a line—as the certain man we read of in Scripture drew his bow—at a venture; for you may, long ere this, have crossed the sea, and trodden the shores of your native land. Health and happiness to my old friend, whithersoever the vagabond Fates may lead him.

"The captain is sitting at my elbow, and dictating, though I have told him several times that I do not require his assistance. So, if I indite you an unintelligible letter, you will know whom you have to thank for it. He desires me to express his regrets that you did not remain the winter with us; and begs that, if you ever conceive any sudden disgust for the world, and all therein, you will clap your knapsack on your shoulder, and set your face for Butternut. I told him the other day that I gave you the few first sheets of his memoirs, and he fell into a violent rage, but presently smoothed his moustache, pulled my ear in a friendly way, and asked if I did not think you had better have the remainder of them also. These, therefore, and anything else we have, are quite at your service.

"Tom Fling and Hummingbird have been united in holy wedlock. The captain performed the service; there was nobody to forbid the banns, and everything passed off smoothly. Fling was a little at fault in the matter of the responses, but, upon the whole, acquitted himself with much decency. Both he and Hummingbird send their loves to you. They thought of going to reside in the settlements, but when it came to the point, neither of them had the heart to leave us, and we shall most probably perform the remainder of life's strange pilgrimage together. We could not have lived asunder.

"Nickstick, who often talks of his friend Heap-of-hair, made an attempt in the fall to get westward, but the snow set in, and obliged him to return. He has been practising with the pistols you gave him, and can hit a dollar-piece at thirty paces. I never knew till the other day that the poor lad loved Hummingbird. He told Fling so flatly, but gave him to under-

stand at the same time, that henceforth he should always regard her as a sister. He said he should have to look at her with the other side of his heart in future.

"Poll Crake (who is busy skinning a deer) had a narrow escape of his life a week since. He received orders from the captain to fell a stout tamarack, and, finding the tree rather obstinate in yielding to his wishes, ran at it with his head, but missed the mark, rolled over into a ravine, and put his collar-bone out. The captain set it for him, and he is doing well.

"I have merely given you a short summary of events; I will epistolise you at length when I can learn your proper address. So, in the interim, believe me, &c., &c.

"Abel Log, Esq.

"P.S.—Nothing more of the Thorns. Diver has just brought me in a large white hare. I shall make the skin into a winter cap for Hummingbird."

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I am sensible that there are a great many subjects and scenes connected with New York (as well, indeed, as with many other localities I have visited) of which, in place of dwelling upon lighter topics, I ought to have treated. But I must remind the reader again that the hasty memoranda I have thrown together were never intended as a seriously descriptive work, nor as a guide-book to the places at which I have barely touched. Tastes differ, and it is very probable that I have depicted many scenes for which the majority of persons have no relish at all, and omitted accounts of others that would have afforded them much edification. I cannot help this now, but I regret it. We will suppose a party of gentlemen let loose upon a desert island. One has a turn for botany; he falls to work instantly, with glass on nose, to inspect every novel plant he meets with. A second is a geologist; he thumps stones to pieces, looks for fossils, and examines strata. A third is a lover of the picturesque, and a landscape painter; he sits down upon a knoll of turf, half closes his eyes, and lets "contemplation have her fill." A fourth is an ornithologist; he discovers a nest of young birds under the brow of a cliff, and deposits

them in his hat. A fifth, who likes nature very well, but something to eat and drink better, has a lunch in his pocket, and finds immediate occupation. A sixth is a sportsman; he has his dog and gun, he goes in search of wolves or wild fowl. A seventh has his book, and seeks no better company. An eighth—but I need not go further; I merely intend to show that we each have our whims and fancies, and are sure to talk of and dwell upon those themes which have most interest for us; nor should the botanist quarrel with the sportsman, nor the sportsman grumble at the student. There are certain matters, nevertheless, which should more have engaged my attention, and many a useful and elevating moral that I might have drawn, which I have neglected altogether. In my defence, I can only state, that the slides of my magic lantern were painted in a hurry; many of them are illustrations of little and unimportant subjects; other glasses have been broken, and thrown aside; some have got lost; a few were too whimsical and grotesque for exhibition; and those of which I have availed myself would look to much better advantage, if they had received each a new coat of varnish. The worst of it all, too, is, that the company—those who have been invited to see the show—are on the other side of the screen, and I cannot tell, as they have remained profoundly silent, whether they have been moved to laughter, or vexed to tears; or whether, indeed (what is far more likely), they have not all long since fallen asleep.

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The second letter was from Mr Benjamin Chaffers, formerly of the Hotel du C——, Montreal.

"Temperance Coffee-house, near the Mountain,
July 17, 1847.

"Dear and respected Sir,—I have been at very considerable trouble in procuring your address. I repaired to your old lodgings, in the hope of obtaining it there, but they refused to give me any tidings of your movements, and had the additional assurance to shut the door in my face. I and a few of the most select of my companions, therefore, resort thither

regularly once a-week, at the hour of midnight, to serenade the landlady upon trombones, and blow asafœtida through the key-hole. My next application was to Colonel Banjo, who supplied me with the requisite information at once, but intimated that, as his fortunes were rather changed, he hoped to be excused the formality of inviting me to dinner.

"You can form no conception of the base treatment I have received at the hands of Madame St ———. It was a hard thing to be ejected at a moment's warning from the door of that very hotel which I had been instrumental in pushing up into popularity. But the hour of retribution will arrive. I owe that unworthy woman one hundred dollars (I will not be particular in stating the exact amount of odd pence). *I will pay them*—and if she has a heart, sir—if she has a heart—it will be moved. The revenge would be terrible, but I believe I could go through it. Do not attempt to dissuade me from my purpose. It would be of no use. I am adamant. My mind is made up.

"You were once so kind, my dear sir, as to oblige me with the loan of a few shillings. I liked the way in which you pushed it upon me, and had too much delicacy to think of returning it, the sum was so paltry. I thought I might some day have occasion to apply to you again, and then the two amounts might be put into one, and remitted pleasantly by bank order. I am anxious not to have the matter delayed, and would be glad, therefore, if you can now oblige me with the loan of about fifteen pounds. I should have asked for less, but feared you would feel offended if I did so. I shall not want the money for more than a week, or a fortnight at furthest, and if the sum should happen to be a larger one, the obligation will be greater, and the term of accommodation less—say four, or, lest any unforeseen event should occur in the interim, *eight* days.

"I should be delighted to seek you out in New York. Have you comfortable rooms? What a rouse we would give them! Take the will for the deed at present, and believe me to remain—Yours till death,

"Abel Log, Esq. BENJAMIN CHAFFERS.

"P.S.—You will not feel displeased, perhaps, to learn that I have changed my religious views. I had for a long time been solicited to attend the Unitarian Church. Several of the heads of that respectable community waited on me the other day, and were so polite, that I was induced to acknowledge myself a convert to their way of thinking. Will you be so good as to hint, by return, what the more prominent tenets of these gentlemen's faith are; and whether you consider them safe."

* * * * * * *

I have alluded more than once to the droll scenes that I sometimes witnessed in the streets of New York. The following, however, in point of humour, eclipsed all others:—It was about the hour of midnight. The full moon shone serenely down upon the deserted street, and lent a radiance almost equal to that of the sun. The window of my room looked immediately upon an avenue of trees in front of the house, and I lay watching the gleam of silver glory that now and then shot through the foliage, and illuminated the gravel walk beneath it. Presently, a respectably-dressed man, wearing the air of one who had been partaking pretty freely of the creature comforts under some friend's hospitable roof, staggered into the shade of the avenue, and deposited himself, with a ludicrous despatch, upon the ground, back to a tree, and facing my window. It was plain that he was in merry pin, for he began to warble a fragment of some bacchanalian song, while his white hat, which was ornamented by a broad black crape band, slid gradually from its proper position, downwards to the bridge of his nose. He had not been there long, when three city pigs, who had likewise been spending the evening out, and were jogging decently homeward, espied him under the tree, and gathered round. The gentleman, who was evidently a cheerful, chirping soul, took their visit in good part, continued to sing, and, as though he had one of the most select audiences possible, waved his hand, now to this side, now to that, by way of giving the words of the song a proper effect. Upon this, one of the pigs, who was of a more poetical temperament than either of his brothers, and liked to study cha-

racter, sat himself down in a lounging way, as one who had fallen in with something that pleased him, and kept up a steady, good-natured stare upon the worthy against the tree. The second pig had less of the meditative cast of disposition. He was for turning the adventure to account, and, thrusting his snout into the bosom of the gentleman's waistcoat, seemed to be bent upon searching for his pocket-book and purse; while the third pig, who had grosser tastes still, and inherited all the greedy propensities of his fraternity, got possession of the white hat, and, probably with the intention of examining whether it contained anything eatable, plunged his head forcibly into it. The result not being satisfactory to his wishes, he attempted to withdraw himself, but the lining had got over one of his ears, and the effort was not crowned with success. Without imprudently exhausting himself by ineffectual struggles, therefore, or appearing to be in any way disconcerted by the calamity, he quietly quitted the company of his friends, and, with the white hat fixed gracefully upon his brow, and the black band, which had become loosened, streaming out behind him, sauntered demurely away up the centre of the street. It may have little entertainment for the reader, but to the whimsicality of this scene I believe I am mainly indebted for my speedy recovery from a tedious illness; at all events, I found myself so well the next morning, that Dr Trehearn said he should call in an hour or two to take me for an airing in his carriage.

The doctor kept his word; and, as we rode out together, I begged that he would relate another of those little anecdotes with which he had expressed himself willing to oblige me.

"The very thing I was about to do—the very thing of all others I was about to do," said Dr Trehearn. "That splendid house yonder, among the trees, suggests it. Patients of mine, my dear sir, but proud people—high people—the giraffes of the human species. The Cadogans. I was called in some time since to attend the daughter, who was secretly attached to a friend of mine, a Captain Lechmere. They had been children together, and the friendship of their childhood had ripened into a more important feeling, but quite as pure and honourable to

both parties. However, we shall come to that presently. She was ill; nobody knew what was the matter with her. She was pining away like a sick lily. It was one of those delicate cases that we professional men sometimes meet with. She had a complaint of which young ladies at her age are extremely susceptible. In vulgar parlance, Miss Cadogan was in love. She was a noble, artless girl; but refrained, of course, from alluding to the real cause of her melancholy. 'My dear Miss Cadogan,' said I, 'I am an old man, as you see, with grey hair, and one foot in the grave; you may talk to me as you would to your grandfather; pray do. Besides, I may be of use to you. Do not attempt to conceal the truth; all may be well yet. I am sure your affections are set upon a worthy object, and I have little doubt that your sufferings on his account are a trifle to what he is undergoing on yours. I know it, for I happen to be in Captain Lechmere's confidence.' You should have seen the look this poor girl gave me! I shall never forget it, and then she blushed in the most beautiful manner possible. I asked her to leave the matter in my hands, as I considered it my duty to break it to her parents.

"'Oh no, no, Dr Trehearn; pray make no allusion to it; Mr Cadogan is so averse to the mention of Captain Lechmere's name, and mamma has such strange notions of delicacy, that ——'

"'Tut, tut, my dear girl, there is no crime in your entertaining a proper regard for a worthy young man, who is entirely devoted to you. Hush, not another word; I know the peculiarities of your parents, and undertake to combat them successfully. Indeed, I am under a promise to Captain Lechmere to break the ice for him, and I will do it, though I tumble in and drown myself in the attempt.' And away I went to hold a conversation with Mr and Mrs Cadogan.

"'Can you explain to what the indisposition of our daughter is owing, sir?' asked the former, stiffly. 'I believe her lungs are good.'

"'There is nothing the matter with the lungs, Mr Cadogan.'

"'The spine may be affected. I have always feared that

Emma had some affection of the spine,' observed Mrs Cadogan.

"'The spine, madam, is in a perfectly healthy state; her spine is as good as yours, or' (observing that he was standing in a very erect and poker-like posture) 'as Mr Cadogan's. The seat of the disorder is the heart.'

"'The heart!' echoed Mr and Mrs Cadogan, raising their hands in alarm. 'Oh, that is fatal indeed.'

"'Not so fatal as you suppose, if we proceed advisedly. The affections of the heart are many and various.'

"'Pray, how many years do you think she will be spared to us?' inquired the lady.

"'About seventy-five from to-day, madam, I hope.'

"'She will not die suddenly, then,' said the gentleman.

"'Not if you follow my advice. I said that your daughter laboured under a disease of the heart. I mistook. She has no heart at all.'

"'Is it possible? How singular! I never heard of a case of the kind before!' cried Mr and Mrs Cadogan. 'Oh dear!'

"'In plain terms, she is in love.'

"'Good heavens, this is indeed a blow,' gasped Mrs Cadogan, sinking into a chair; while her husband (who aspired to a high connection for his daughter) slapped his brow with the palm of his hand, in a way which implied that chaos had come again.

"'Love,' repeated I; 'and a very proper thing, too, I can assure you. A flower of God's own planting in the soil of the human affections.'

"'Dr Trehearn, this is indelicate; have the goodness, sir, to let me know what I am indebted to you, for henceforth ——'

"'Henceforth you will carry on a system of persecution against your child, aggravate her melancholy, and drive her into an early grave. Then, sir and madam, as you are bent on acting so cruel and absurd a part, I will publish the whole case in the "Lancet;" and be sure I will paint your folly and cruelty in the colours they deserve. Your daughter is a highly

virtuous young lady, and attached to a gallant officer, who has distinguished himself, and been complimented publicly by his general. Can you do better for her? He is your equal in position, and your superior in many things I could name. I am in the habit of speaking my mind. Pray, is love a crime? Did not Eve love Adam? did not Rachel love Jacob? did not Mary the Virgin love Joseph the carpenter? What a to-do is here, about the most likely thing that ever happened in this world! I speak warmly, for I have your own interest and your daughter's at heart. Can I tamely see her wasting away day by day? Can I be silent when the happiness of so lovely a being is at stake? I have expressed my sentiments and feelings, and will now withdraw. You do not wish me to repeat my visit. I am too plain-spoken for you. You must have a professional man of the modern school, who will lisp prettily, and wear rings, and play the courtier, and smell of eau de cologne. I wish you good morning!'

"'Stay, Dr Trehearn,' cried Mr Cadogan, who appeared to be coming to his senses; 'I—I have perhaps taken a wrong view of this matter. There is some sense in what you say.'

"'Nay, I have said a good deal more than I intended. I have gone too far. I was rude.'

"'No, no, I admired your warmth; it was honest.'

"'I have offended Mrs Cadogan; but she must remember that I am a father, and Captain Lechmere is my friend.'

"'You have my perfect forgiveness, sir,' said Mrs Cadogan, who was always ruled by her husband; 'our daughter's health must of course be the first consideration, and if Captain Lechmere ——' she glanced at Mr Cadogan.

"'Oh, I shall be glad to see Captain Lechmere,' said that gentleman."

Here Dr Trehearn paused, and used the whip to his horse.

"Well, and how did all this end?" asked I; "finish the story."

"In the proper way, to be sure; the young couple were married about a month since, and I still attend the families. The air grows cold, and I must not keep you out longer."

HEAP THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH.

By and by I was able to walk out, but so feeble and attenuated was I, that, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner,

> "I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
> I was so light, almost
> I thought that I had died in sleep,
> And was a blessed ghost."

Dr Trehearn, too, urged me not to delay my return to England, as he feared, if I remained in New York, the climate would eventually kill me. And, in fact, it is a rather fickle one. In the morning (toward the fall of the year), if you go out, you will sometimes require your greatcoat. After breakfast, you can dispense with your greatcoat, and would be glad to part with your other also. About mid-day, the heat grows oppressive—it ceases to be heat, it is vapour—and you are compelled to attire yourself in a straw hat, and the thinnest possible linen jacket and nankeen trousers. In the afternoon, the temperature alters again, and at night you must wrap up as you did in the early part of the day. These sudden changes from heat to cold are very trying to a delicate constitution, and in some cases prove fatal. At all other seasons of the year, however, I believe the climate of New York to be an exceedingly healthy one; indeed, Americans have told me that it is one of the most delightful and salubrious in the world.

It was accordingly arranged that I should take my passage by the first ship that left for England. At an earlier period of my pilgrimage I should have ridiculed Dr Trehearn's dismal prophecy, and followed the bent of my roving propensities; but I had been absent nearly eighteen months, and for the present had my fill of sight-seeing and adventure. The C——, a fine vessel of about 1500 tons, being advertised to sail in a few days, therefore, and my old friend Mr Carrol of Montreal happening to be bound for England also, we agreed to make the voyage together.

I had but few acquaintances in the city, and these were most of them of so recent a date, that my farewells were soon

taken, my portmanteau (I never allowed myself to be encumbered with much luggage) packed, and the next morning was to find me once more at sea.

"I have been absent about a year and a-half," said I, as I lay on my bed, beating off the mosquitoes; "and during that year and a-half, what a variety of droll incidents have occurred, and how many odd characters have I met with! But what is the meaning of all this?" As I spoke, the walls of the room began to recede; the ceiling was lifted high into the air; the deafening thunder of tumbling waters smote upon my ear; and I found myself at the foot of a tremendous cataract, hemmed in on all sides by lofty precipices of slippery rock, which were clothed with every parasite plant, and overhung by beautiful trees, whose green foliage was wet with the spray of the torrent, and glittering as though it had been sprinkled with diamond dust. A great rattlesnake was wriggling himself into a hole close by, and a majestic bear sat on a crag above, looking down upon me with a demure air. It occurred to me that I had seen this wild spot before. I could not be mistaken—these were the falls of Shawinnegamme, upon the black St Maurice! As I was gazing upward, a canoe suddenly appeared upon the edge of the steep, and the next moment it had shot safely down. Two figures leaped from it, and began to dash the dew from their curls. "Baptiste!" cried I; "Baptiste and Jacques! are you mad? What can have induced you to brave the horrors of a shute like that? What is the height, pray?"

"Oh, something between two and three hundred feet, monsieur; but what matter? did you not expect us? were we not invited? Jacques and I left Trois Rivieres before daybreak this morning, to kill a buck for you; come, the sooner the fire is lighted the better."

While I was yet talking to Baptiste, two more figures appeared on the height above, shot nimbly down the milk-white torrent, and rolled to my feet. One of them, putting his hand suddenly upon his back, began to use some rather exceptionable language. I recognised the voice in a moment; it was

Captain Tophamper, of the Golightly. Baptiste and Jacques ran to help him upon his legs, while I assisted the other. The second was no less a personage than Mr Tongs. They apologised for being late. "But where's Major?" cried Captain Tophamper; "I left him lighting his pipe at the fork of the river. Oh, here he comes!" and down slid Mr Major at the word. He alighted gracefully upon his feet, paused a moment to resuscitate his pipe, and then, catching my eye, wiped a horny hand upon his tarry trousers, and gave me joyous greeting. He had yet hold of me, when the sound of voices were again heard above, and down came the jolly-boat, with Mr Chin and all the Golightly's crew in it. They set up a prodigious cheer as soon as they had landed, and, pulling each his forelock, made a scrape at the same time with one foot, in the most approved nautical manner. They then went to assist Baptiste and Jacques in kindling the fire. I now saw the drift of the whole thing. It was evident that I had invited all my old friends and travelling companions to a last carouse before I quitted the shores of America for those of England. I wondered at my previous stupidity, and began to perform the duties of host with proper spirit.

There was an interval of a few minutes, and then Monsieur Bonbon of Quebec, with his wig tied to a button-hole, to prevent it blowing away, was seen making the descent. Next came the Rev. Mr Tombs of Connecticut, and after him Pierre, the calash-driver, astride his vicious horse Bonaparte; he was followed by the Huron chief Tsoohahissen, in a red blanket, and the brothers Bullfrog in white ones, and by Monsieur Philippe (of the log-hut below) in no blanket at all. He had his three dogs with him, but apologised for not having brought his wife and daughter, by observing, that, as they were rather susceptible of the cold, he had objected to their shooting the fall so late in the season.

"All hands down on their knees and blow the fire," cried Captain Tophamper, through his brazen speaking-trumpet; "we shall have it out, if we don't mind."

There was so quick a succession of parties shooting the fall

now, that I grew bewildered, and got quite weary of shaking hands with them; my arm ached, and I retired slily behind a tree, that I might see without being seen. In the midst of the arrivals, I saw Major Tommycod lying upon his face among the foam. Mr Dudge (of the Hotel du C——), with the heavy barrel-organ depending from his neck, had fallen upon the top of him, and the major was being raised to his feet by the humane Mr Date. When I discovered my friend Colonel Banjo, however, in the press, I could no longer restrain myself, and dashing from my concealment, I welcomed the noble veteran cordially. Luke Squiff was wiping the spray from his master's military surtout with a silk pocket-handkerchief, while the colonel stood gazing upon the motley group of guests with an expression of countenance that would have formed an admirable subject for the pencil of a Hogarth or Cruikshank. Nor was his gravity in any way restored by the arrival of mine host Ali Baba, mounted upon his black steed the Caliph, who cared nothing for a simple snaffle-bit, and had come all the journey at his own pace. The landlord of the Forty Thieves had picked up Mr Knagg and another gentleman on his way. But the Caliph, who was not accustomed to carry more than one at a time, had whisked them off as they crossed the river, and Ali Baba feared they were drowned. I inquired who the third gentleman was.

"I don't know," replied Ali, "but he had a large wart, with five hairs upon it, just under his left eye."

"Did he squint?"

"Horribly."

"It was Abraham Thorn; he had no invitation; I am glad you got rid of him. Shall we see Captain Ramsay to-night, think you?"

"I fear not; he dislikes company, and Twobears, I know, is up at Round Island. Look yonder—bravely done; what a splash!"

I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turning round, saw Harry Tiber, mounted on Brigand. Brigand had the bit between his teeth, and his eye glistened like a live coal. As I patted his

arched neck, he gave his tail a crack by way of acknowledgment, and threw a shower of the spray it had gathered in descending the cataract over Mr Tongs and the black steward of the Golightly, who were passing with some logs for the fire. Baptiste now came forward to say that the deer was cooked, and the company might take their seats. But there were no seats for them to take; so Captain Tophamper gave the word to his crew to unship an immense piece of rock that towered near, and break it up into blocks suitable for the purpose. Mr Tiber afterwards said grace, and the smoking venison, under the superintendence of Baptiste and Jacques, was cut up and circulated among the guests. We were at first a little at a loss for wine, but it was soon discovered that Colonel Banjo had been so thoughtful as to bring about four dozen bottles of the choicest sherry in either pocket of his military surtout; so many healths, inclusive of those of the absent, were drunk, and we contrived to pass an extremely sociable evening. It would have been objected by some, perhaps, that the meeting was a rather noisy one, but with Shawinnegamme, swollen by recent rains, thundering his deepest bass in our ears, how was it to be otherwise?

It was toward midnight that Mr Dudge, who had come as proxy for his particular friend Benjamin Chaffers (that gentleman having got into trouble for assaulting two of the Montreal watchmen), arose with the view of responding to one of the toasts that had been given, but, finding himself at a loss for words, he suddenly seized the handle of the barrel-organ, which hung from his neck, and whirled it round with an energy that caused the whole of the company to spring to their feet, and clap their hands upon their ears. By no means daunted, however, Mr Dudge, instead of taking the hint to spare himself further exertion, began to play quicker and louder, until at length, wound up to a pitch of frenzy, Captain Tophamper, seizing the rock on which he sat, launched it at the head of the indefatigable musician; but Mr Dudge had already taken the alarm, and, making a dash at the perpendicular crag, began to clamber it successfully, grinding as he went, and followed by all the company, pitching rock after rock at him, till

the air was absolutely dark with the formidable missiles, and the scene resembled the furious eruption of some volcanic mountain. Still, in spite of all our activity and address, Mr Dudge, leaving the most hideous strain of barrel-music behind him, was distancing us fast, when, with one last prodigious effort, I grasped an enormous fragment of cliff, and standing on tiptoe ——

"Heyday! what is all this?" cried Dr Trehearn, seizing me suddenly by the wrist; "is this the way you treat your friends? You were not satisfied with hurling three pillows at my head, but now you must knock me down with a chair and table! Come, the wind is fair, and your ship will sail in half an hour. I am going to accompany you on board, so lose no time in despatching your toilet."

A few hours afterwards, the balmy gales of the blue Atlantic fanned my cheek, and the hospitable shores of America were but a dim speck upon the horizon.

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